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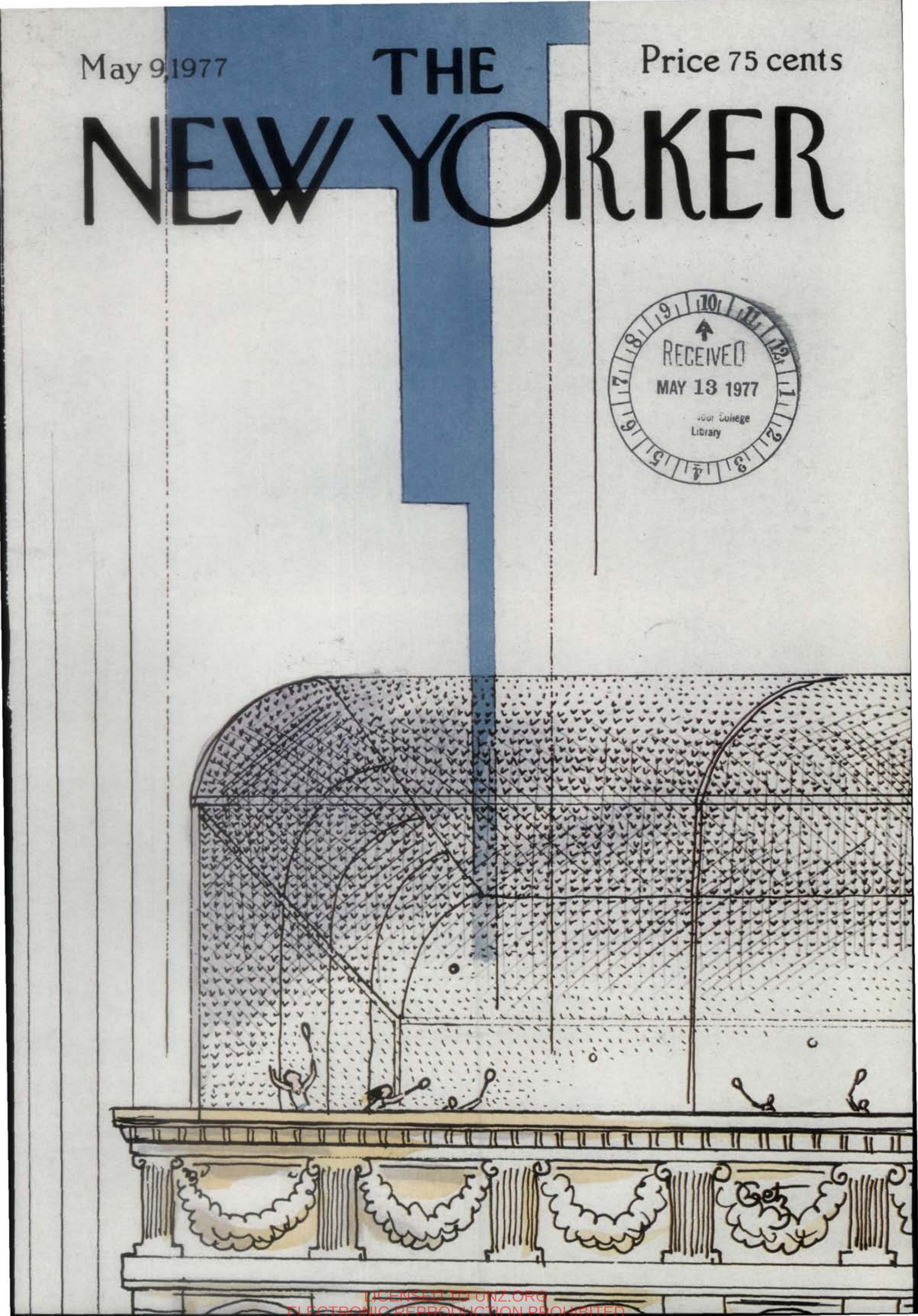

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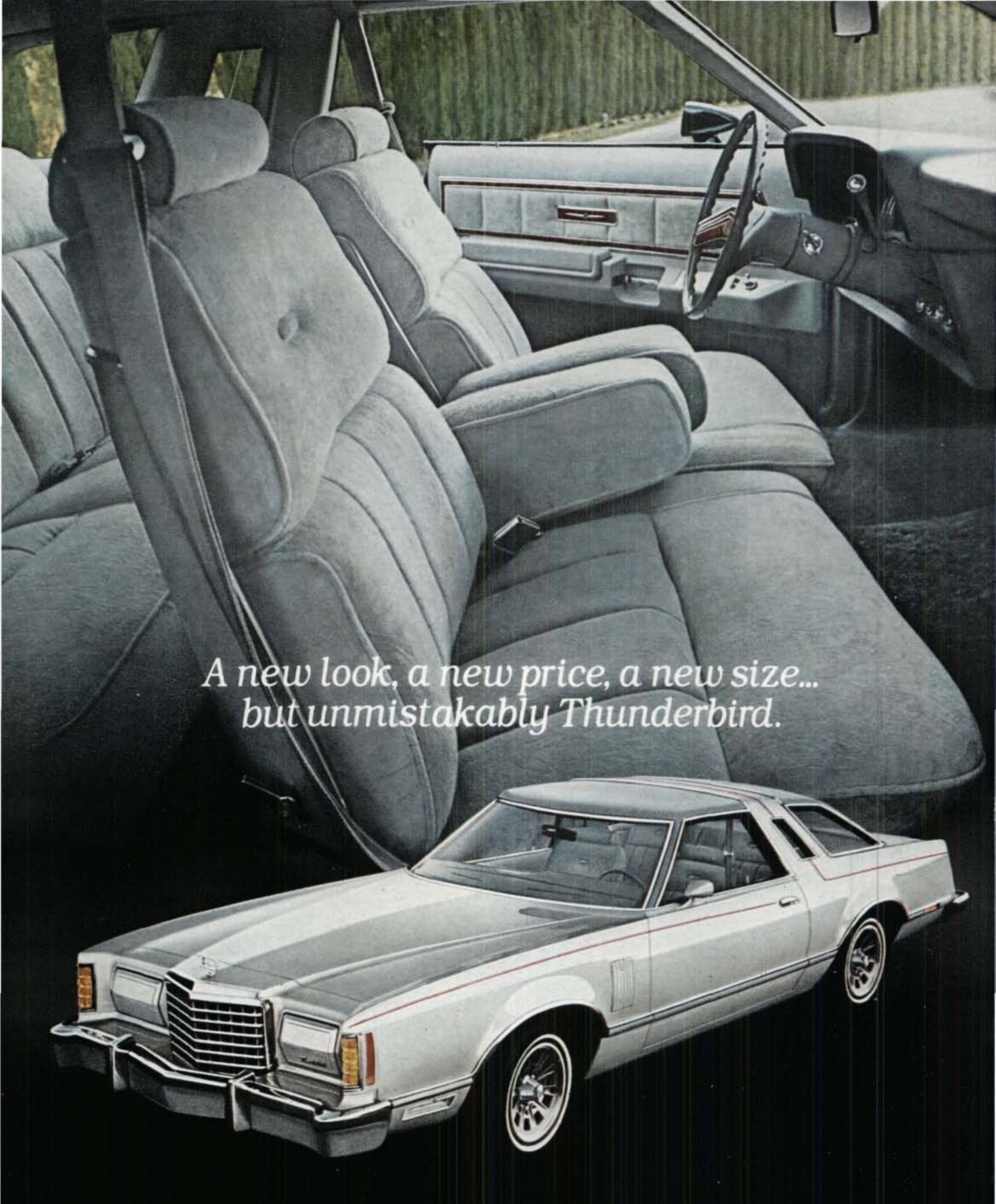
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agamemnon—Aeschylus's tragedy (in Edith Hamilton's translation), with Priscilla Smith and John Cazale, and music by Elizabeth Swados. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Directed by Andrei Serban. Previews through Wednesday, May 11. Opens officially on Thursday, May 12, and will run through Sunday, June 19. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, May 4, at 2.)

American Buffalo—A garrulous melodrama about some small-time crooks in Chicago. The author is David Mamet, and the brilliant cast consists of Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Anna Christie—O'Neill's early and silly melodrama makes a creaking vehicle for Liv Ullmann. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—Al Pacino is superb in a revival of David Rabe's passionate play about the U.S. Army in Vietnam. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cold Storage—Most of the action of Ronald Ribman's comedy about suffering takes place on the roof of a hospital, and most of the funniest lines are delivered, with masterly skill and relish, by Martin Balsam, as a terminal-cancer patient. With Paul Sparer and Michael Lipton. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

Dance on a Country Grave—Using the themes and characters of "The Return of the Native," Kelly Hamilton—composer, lyricist, and librettist—has made an enchanting, very musical musical that is all his own yet manages to preserve the spirit of Thomas Hardy's novel. Distinguished sylvan setting by Tom Warren, and distinguished performances by the entire cast, under Robert Brewer's direction. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

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Dirty Linen—Tom Stoppard's playlet, which *ought never to have left Mother England.* (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Endgame—A revival of the Samuel Beckett play. Gene Feist is the director. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season will be a revival of the musical **Silk Stockings**, with a book by George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows, and music and lyrics by Cole Porter. Preview Wednesday, May 4. Opens officially on Thursday, May 5, and will run through Sunday, May 22. (Equity Library Theatre 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, excep Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about ticket for which contributions are requested, cal 663-2028.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A revival, with Zero Mostel, of what is evidently an indestructible musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 Closes Saturday, May 21.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visi by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-d brother and sister from Cambridge—and i thrown into a panic that at first appears to b social, but is actually sexual. With Dann Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, amon other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221 6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays, excep Wednesday and Thursday, May 4-5, at 8 Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, May 11 at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Great MacDaddy—This revival, the second offering this season of the Negro Ensemble

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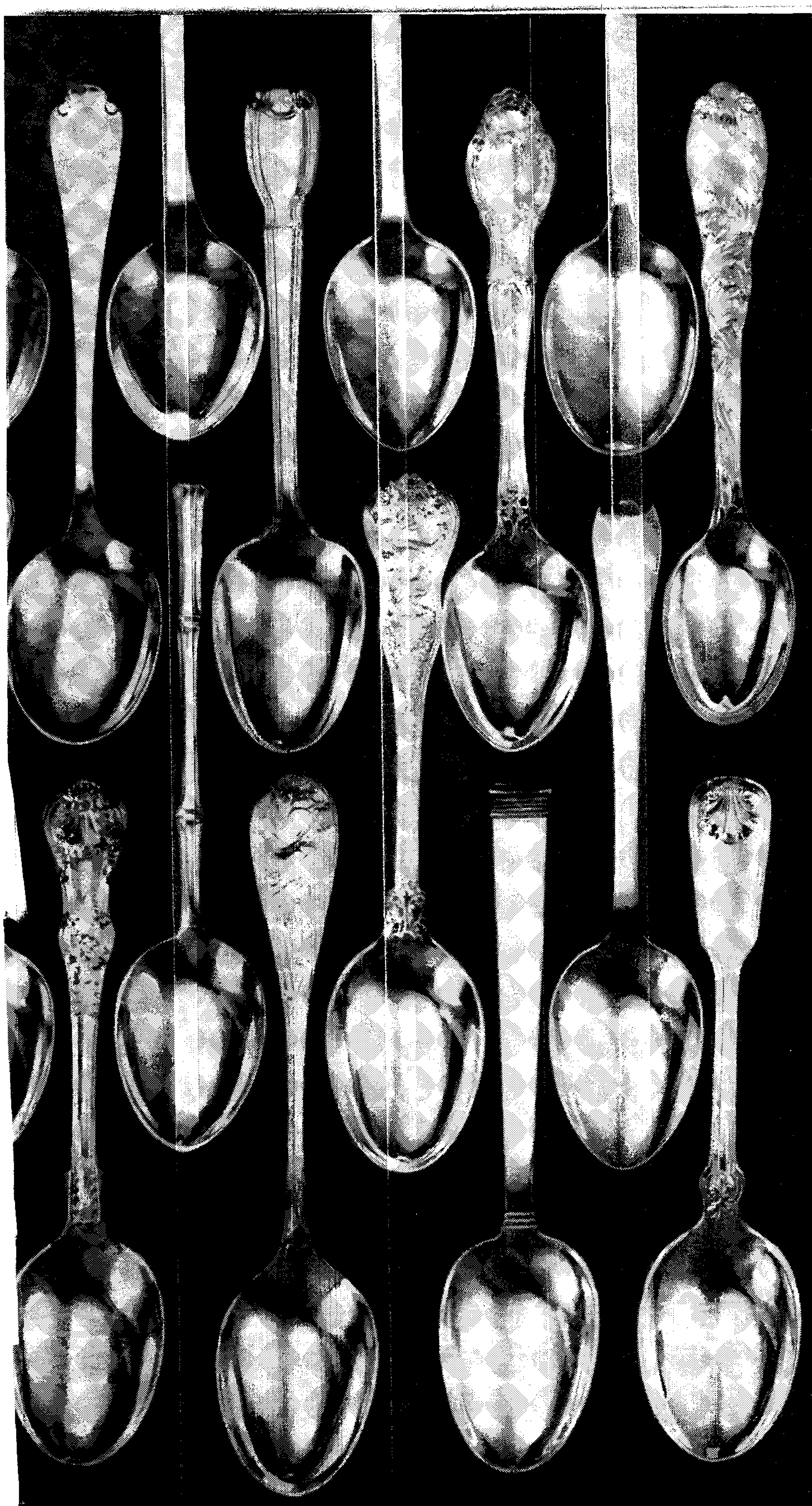

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With Charles Weldon, in the title role, and Graham Brown, Frankie R. Faison, and Barbara Montgomery, among others. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Hagar's Children—This play by Ernest Joselovitz about the effects of kindness and affection on five "unmanageable" adolescents at a correctional farm is sentimental and riddled with hokum, but it makes an acceptable evening, all the same, mostly because of the sincere and credible performances by the young cast, under Robert Graham Small's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

Happy End—Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill set this musical about a Salvation Army lass who loves a gangster in what was for them, in 1929, an imaginary Chicago. Meryl Streep is charming as the heroine, and Bob Gunton does well opposite her, but it is the marvellous score, including such songs as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song," that makes the evening indelible. Translation by Michael Feingold, direction by Robert Kalfin. Opens Saturday, May 7. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—Cy Coleman's charming music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me! A revue—entertaining more often than not—adapted from comic strips that Mr. Feiffer has drawn and written over the past twenty years. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner and Constance Towers in a new production of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Directed by Yuriko. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lily Tomlin in "Appearing Nitely"—Miss Tomlin does impersonations and tells homely jokes à la Will Rogers, but the performer continuously and exhilaratingly outwits the performance. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrès Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sunday through Tuesday, May 8-10, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

New York City Street Show—An anthology of some of the best numbers from among the shows that Peter Copani has written and directed for street theatre over the past few years, with a script by Mr. Copani and a young, appealing cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Nightclub Cantata—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

On the Lock-In—The witty and gifted David Langston Smyrl wrote the music and words and also plays one of the prisoners who sing or recite their own stories in this virtually plotless show set in a prison. Under Robert Macbeth's subtle direction, the evening achieves cohesiveness and style, although much of the material is familiar by now. The singing and the music, by a three-piece combo, are very good indeed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Courtenay, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Peg o' My Heart—A creditable revival of the delightful comedy that J. Hartley Manners wrote for Laurette Taylor in 1912. Sofia Landon does well as Irish Peg, and Jim Ricketts is very funny and stylish as her *nouveau*-poor English cousin. Miguel Romero designed the impressive setting. Reopens Wednesday, May 4. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Opening-night curtain at 6:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet—A lavish, strenuous, on-and-off amusing, and interminable prank by Charles Ludlam's prankish Ridiculous Theatrical Company. The title describes all. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 228-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Romeo and Juliet—Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright star in this scrupulous, uninspired production of Shakespeare's romantic tragedy. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

The Shadow Box—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable fact that we die; contrary to what one might expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superb cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, well sung by some English admirers of our local laureate. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. Starting Tuesday, May 10, Robert Preston will replace Mr. Scott. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starting Here, Starting Now—The agreeable songs of Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics) and David Shire (music) as very well sung, with a minimum of performance, by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews. It all adds up to an evening of tuneful merriment that is more cabaret than theatre. (Barbarann, 349 W. 46th St. 581-3866 Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

The Three Sisters—A revival of Chekhov's play presented by the BAM Theatre Company with Ellen Burstyn, Tovah Feldshuh, Rosemary Harris, Barnard Hughes, and Austin Pendleton. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, excep Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

Vieux Carré—A new play by Tennessee Williams, with Sylvia Sidney, Diane Kagan, Tom Aldredge, Richard Alfieri, and John William Reilly. Directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman Previews through Tuesday, May 10. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 11. (St. James 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897 Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Mat nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, ar Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twe ties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellingt Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (AN Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Tammy Grimes, David McCallum, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittentl comes to life, thanks to Jerry Orbach. Bo Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-427 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHOR LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet i rehearsal, and by the time the evening over we know everything about all of ther A brilliant, innovative musical, conceive choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics l Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwoo and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44t St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exci ing dance of exploration through the mind a boy who loves horses, worships the quali of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crin in the name of that worship. With Anthoı Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Beverly Ma (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-638 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunda at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,089 performanc so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Su livan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesda through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 1 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays 3.). . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDER SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of a American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spol en and danced to by seven remarkably gifte young black women. The director, Oz Scot must be given high credit for the captivatin result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Boot 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays throug Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **GOI SPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book c Matthew, and once a numbing prologue over, it becomes a joyful celebration of thea tre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (An

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30-0 Dry Brakes	☐	41.0 (FT)	☑	38.0 (FT)
60-0 Wet Brakes	☑	162.0 (FT)	☐	168.0 (FT)
30-0 Wet Brakes	☑	43.0 (FT)	☐	45.0 (FT)

Fact—Although BMW has a well-deserved image as a super car, when the American Testing Institute matched a SAAB EMS against a BMW 320i in Feb. '77, SAAB was the consistent winner.**

Fact—The base price of that winning car is $1032 less than the BMW 320i.

Fact—SAAB's base price includes 4 wheel disc brakes, fully adjustable, heated driver's seat, fold-down rear seat, aluminum alloy wheels, gas filled Bilstein shocks, leather-covered steering wheel, and front wheel drive, while BMW's does not.

Check the facts for yourself. Test drive a SAAB at your nearest dealer.

THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE CAR.

*Prices shown above for BMW 320i and SAAB EMS are P.O.E. SAAB's price includes dealer prep, and BMW's does not. Taxes, title, destination charges and options for both models are additional. **Methodology & Details on file at SAAB Scania of America, Orange, Connecticut.

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bassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is William Chapman. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The hundred-and-seventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's circus. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays, except May 11, and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

DANCE

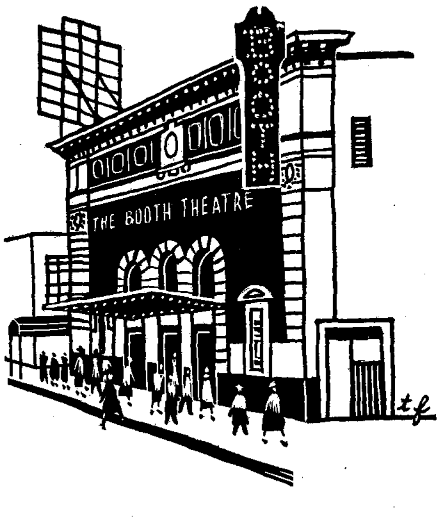
NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday through Friday, May 4-6, at 8; Saturday, May 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 8, at 1 and 7: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 10, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Square Dance," "Pas de Deux," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 11, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, May 13, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 14, at 2: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 14, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Pas de Deux," and "Cortège Hongrois." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 3.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 4: "La Sylphide" and "Voluntaries." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 5-6; Saturday matinée and evening, May 7; and Monday through Thursday evenings, May 9-12: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13: "Les Noces," "Voluntaries," "Pas de Deux," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 14: "The River," "Voluntaries," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 14: "Les Noces," "Voluntaries," "Other Dances," and "The River." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 22—Wednesday, May 4, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 935-1840): "Crossword" (New York première), "The Wait" (première), and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 5, at 8: "Gazelle," "Coverage II" (company première), "Myth," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, May 6, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Countdown" (company première), and "Blood Memories." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 2: "Gazelle," "Hobo Sapiens," "Crossword," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8: "Three Black Kings," "Facets," "Hobo Sapiens," "Myth," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 8, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Crossword," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 8, at 7:30: "Three Black Kings," "Hobo Sapiens," and "Blood Memories." . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 10, at 8: "Gazelle," "Cry," "According to Eve," and "Crossword." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 11, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Journey," "After Eden," "Myth," and "Night Creature." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 8: "Ancestral Voices" (New York première), "Hobo Sapiens," "Crossword," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, May 13, at 8: "Three Black Kings," "The Wait," "Ancestral Voices," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 14, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Crossword," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 14, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Facets," "Ancestral Voices," "Countdown," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

RUDY PEREZ DANCE THEATRE—"New Annual," "System," "Rally; or, Variations on a Theme for a Small Space with Less People," and ". . . Just for the Sake of It." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, May 5-7, at 8, and Sunday, May 8, at 2.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—A program of works by Anna Sokolow, Kazuko Hirabayashi, and José Limón, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Stephe Colvin, and the Juilliard Chorus, directed b Abraham Kaplan. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W 65th St. Saturday, May 7, at 8; Sunday, Ma 8, at 3; and Monday, May 9, at 8. For ticket call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)



TWYLA THARP AND DANCERS—Opening performances of a brief engagement that will ru through Sunday, May 22—Thursday, Ma 12, at 7:30 (a benefit performance): "Th Hodge Podge," with Paul Simon, singer-composer; "Mud" (première); and "The Bi Pieces," with Hermione Gingold, narrator. . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, at 8 "Country Dances," "Cacklin' Hen," "Hal the One Hundreds," and "Sue's Leg. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayett Ave. 636-4100.)

KATHERINE LITZ—With her dance company, in program of her own works. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursda through Saturday, May 12-14, at 8, an Sunday, May 15, at 2. For tickets, call 924 5451.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-fac type is used to pick out a few of the more no *table performers in town.)*

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring an Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The proprietor o this ground-floor loft is Rashied Ali, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, mos exploratory period. Alto saxophonist **OLIVE LAKE,** who was a member of Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians before he moved to New York, lead his quartet through Saturday, May 7. O Tuesday, May 10, **MICHAEL CARVIN,** a fine young drummer who honed his craft in Motow recording studios, will arrive with his band On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over th **LOUD MINORITY,** a spirited, head-turning bi noise (twenty-two free-lance musicians, som young and promising, others older and ful filled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive; Foster has stated that he hires onl players who are able to solo—"I don't wan people who can read, *I want people who ca play.*" They play. Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

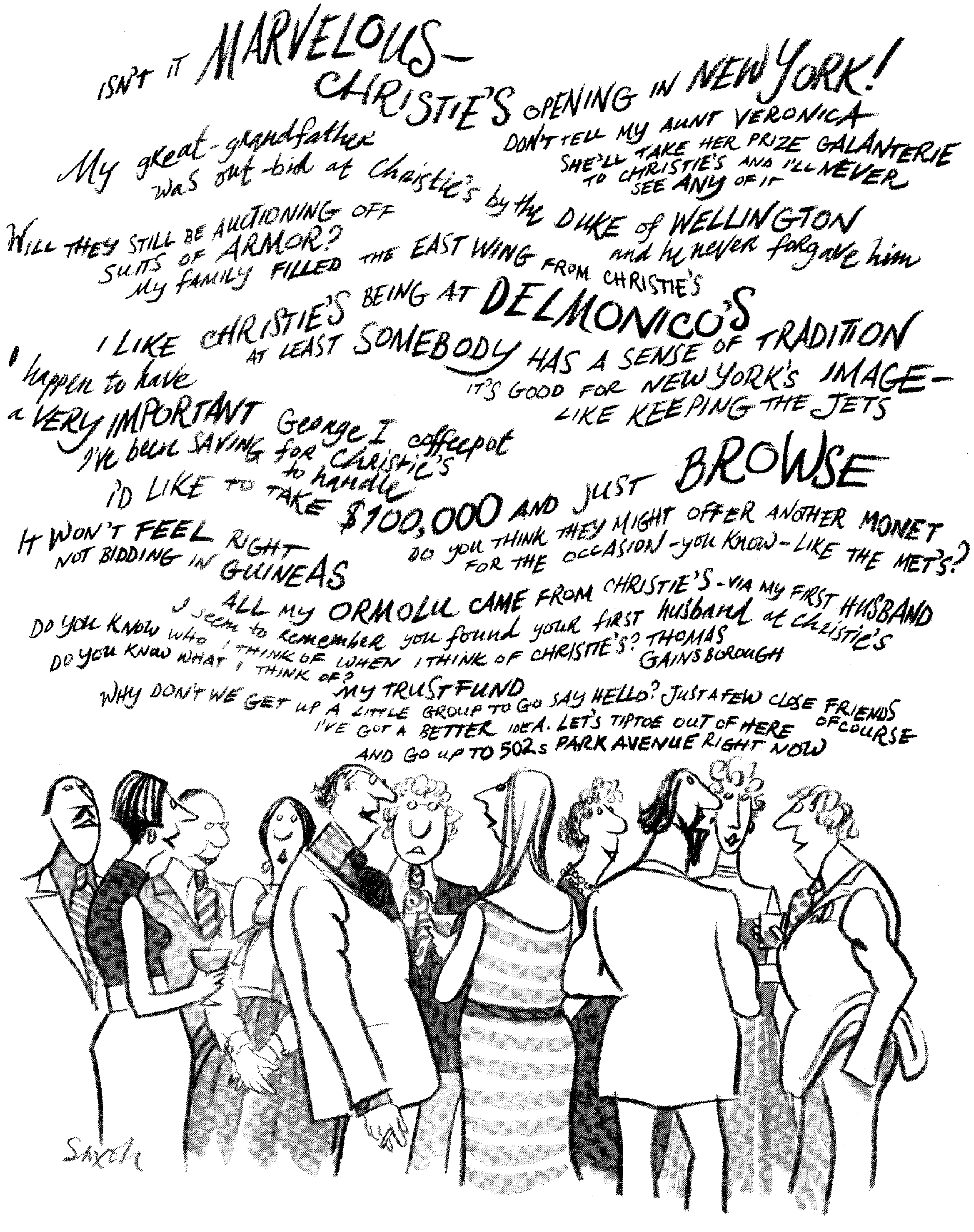
BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Hou ton and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—**BABY JA DEXTER** is a trumpeting, growling contralt whose sins and virtues come in an equal mi Reshaped and redirected, she could mo easily down the swinging path that Jan Joplin was aimed at. Through Saturday, M 7. Singer and composer Michael Brown w come in on Tuesday, May 10. Tuesda through Thursdays at eight-thirty and te thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nin thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesda through Saturdays. Her playing is gente Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, a delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th S (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-ri dorms of New York University, the pleasan ly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaura lures in fine musicians and a healthy numb of customers—many of them students. anist **JIMMY ROWLES** performs through Satu day, May 7; and Wednesday through Satu day, May 11-14, seven-string guitarist **BUC PIZZARELLI** will be present. Music from ni until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, a from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher S (243-0245)—Hard-bop tenor saxophoni **CLIFFORD JORDAN** leads a quartet Thursd through Saturday, May 5-7; on Tuesda May 10, **BOB MOVER,** a young, impressive driving alto saxophonist, will head up h quintet; and on Wednesday, May 11, piani Hal Galper, whose quintet in recent wee has included the Brecker brothers—trumpet Randy and saxophonist Mike—will bring h fivesome in. Music from nine-thirty. Clos Sundays and Mondays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (22 6300)—Here's the lineup: Singer and gu tarist Jesse Winchester performs with h


ISN'T IT MARVELOUS—
CHRISTIE'S OPENING IN NEW YORK!
My great-grandfather
was out-bid at Christie's by the DUKE of WELLINGTON
and he never forgave him
DON'T TELL MY AUNT VERONICA
SHE'LL TAKE HER PRIZE GALANTERIE
TO CHRISTIE'S AND I'LL NEVER
SEE ANY OF IT
WILL THEY STILL BE AUCTIONING OFF
SUITS OF ARMOR?
My family FILLED THE EAST WING FROM CHRISTIE'S
I LIKE CHRISTIE'S BEING AT DELMONICO'S
AT LEAST SOMEBODY HAS A SENSE OF TRADITION
I happen to have
a VERY IMPORTANT George I coffeepot
I've been SAVING for CHRISTIE'S
to handle
IT'S GOOD FOR NEW YORK'S IMAGE—
LIKE KEEPING THE JETS
I'D LIKE TO TAKE $100,000 AND JUST BROWSE
IT WON'T FEEL RIGHT
NOT BIDDING IN GUINEAS
DO YOU THINK THEY MIGHT OFFER ANOTHER MONET
FOR THE OCCASION—YOU KNOW—LIKE THE MET'S?
ALL MY ORMOLU CAME FROM CHRISTIE'S—VIA MY FIRST HUSBAND
I seem to remember you found your first husband at Christie's
DO YOU KNOW WHO I THINK OF WHEN I THINK OF CHRISTIE'S? THOMAS
GAINSBOROUGH
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK OF? MY TRUST FUND
WHY DON'T WE GET UP A LITTLE GROUP TO GO SAY HELLO? JUST A FEW CLOSE FRIENDS
OF COURSE
I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA. LET'S TIPTOE OUT OF HERE
AND GO UP TO 502 PARK AVENUE RIGHT NOW
Saxon

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

band through Saturday, May 7; on Sunday, May 8, Gallagher and Lyle, Scottish rockers, will be onstage; Monday through Wednesday, May 9-11, **LOU REED**, the former lead singer and composer for the now defunct Velvet Underground and the patron saint of C.B.G.B., will be here with his backup band; and on Thursday, May 12, country singer and composer **DOLLY PARTON**, who is currently trying to broaden her appeal to rock and pop fans—she used to tour with her Travelling Family Band, which included members of her family, but now she has eight studio slickers from Nashville behind her—will begin a three-night visit. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Right now (through Saturday, May 7), it's **ROLAND HANNA**, who hunches over the keyboard, digs into each key, and coerces the music out, and his bassist, **GEORGE MRAZ**. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** does traditional and very exuberant interpretations of classic popular songs, aided by his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. . . . **DICK WELLSTOOD** commands the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—*The* Kansas City blues singer **JOE TURNER** has come back for an extended stay, and he's treating his young and old admirers to "Honey Hush," "Cherry Red," "An Hour in Your Garden," and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," to name a few. With him are pianist **LLOYD GLENN**, the where-have-you-been-all-my-life blues and boogie-woogie marvel, and rhythm guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT**. On Monday, May 9, Adam Makowicz, a Polish pianist with a large European following, will begin his first engagement in this country. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, May 10, **BARBARA LEA** will sing along with the regulars. Sundays have been placed in the hands of **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, his quartet, and a weekly guest jammer, who all begin playing at eight; on May 8, **HAROLD ASHBY**, a middle-aged swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, will be the guest performer. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Good things do come in small packages: five nights a week—Wednesday through Sunday, from ten to three—genuine swing music prevails inside this tiny bar. Drummer **SONNY GREER**, an eighty-one-year-old former Ellington associate (they started hanging out together in 1919); clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight and an ex-Ellington section man; and pianist **HOD O'BRIAN**, who has temporarily replaced Brooks Kerr, are the players. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sunday, May 8, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will join up with pianist Ron Burton and bassist Cameron Brown from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Weeknights, from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

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HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** is supported by his fine sidepersons—pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN**, drummer **BILLY HART**, and bassist **MIKE RICHMOND**—through Saturday, May 7. On Monday, May 9, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will come in with his quartet. Music Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**JIMMY MC PARTLAND** (filling in for Roy Eldridge) is supported five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and drummer Ernie Hackett. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**RED NORVO**, the father of the vibraharp, is the paterfamilias to a quartet—it comprises pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS**, bassist **MILT HINTON**, and drummer **RONNIE BEDFORD**—Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

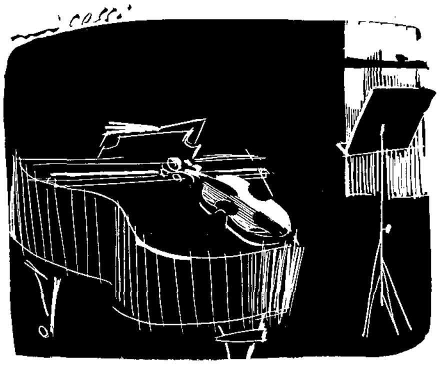
MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Mission Mountain Wood Band performs through Sunday, May 8; on Wednesday and Thursday, May 11-12, and Saturday and Sunday, May 14-15, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will lead a quintet. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of a septet that plays for dancing and listening Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret in town. F. T. H.—Formerly The Harlettes, which is the vocal trio that used to back up Bette Midler—occupies the checkerboard-tiled stage Tuesdays through Sundays. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. **IRENE REID**, a robust, expressive singer who contributed blues and ballads when she was with Count Basie in the early sixties, is here with her trio and guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** through Saturday, May 7; on Tuesday, May 10, singer and bebop-vocal pathfinder **EDDIE JEFFERSON** will arrive with a quintet. Music from ten to two-thirty.



STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave (874-8754)—The **NEW CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS** are here Tuesdays, and they are probably the best of all the repertory groups. The splendid personnel includes **RICHARD SUDHALTER** on cornet (he is the leader, too) and the magisteria **JIMMY MAXWELL** on trumpet, **SAM PARKINS** on tenor saxophone, **MARTY GROSZ** on guitar **VINCE GIORDANO** on tuba, bass, and bass saxophone, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, who was there when Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver and Armstrong were putting it all together. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts. On Wednesday, May 4, trombonist Rod Levitt is in charge of an octet; on Thursdays, David Friedman and David Samuels, on vibraharp and marimba, respectively, co-lead a quartet; on Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** performs with his quartet; on Wednesday, May 11, **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, will direct his nonet; and on Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, Janet Lawson sings with a backing trio. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist **TED DUNBAR** and his trio finish up on Saturday, May 7; on Sunday and Monday, May 8-9, saxophonist Teo Macero, who is probably best known as Miles Davis's recording-studio producer, will lead a trio; and on Tuesday, May 10, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY** will begin collaborating. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-fifteen to midnight. Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, bassist **CHARLES MINGUS** will inspire a quintet opposite the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON**. The following Friday and Saturday (May 13-14) will be devoted to Latin music performed by Willie Bobo and Joe Cuba and their respective combos. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11t St. (989-9011)—Trombonist and arrange **SLIDE HAMPTON** leads a septet that include three other trombonists through Sunday, Ma 8. On Tuesday, May 10, **DEXTER GORDON**, wh was once regarded as *the* bop tenor saxc phonist, and who is still in top form, will re turn to the stage here with trumpeter **WOOD SHAW** and a quintet. Mondays are **THAD JONES MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th S (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York Cit truck route but not much else, this bar ha red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gol Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from th ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet soul-food kitchen. Other assets include stur dy, animated piano-bass duos that hold fort every night from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th S (666-8750)—Nearly all the music is pre-fi ties jazz in this the Columbia Universit branch of the Jazz Hall of Fame. Th M.V.P.s: Mondays and Tuesdays, trum peter Franc Williams is responsible for quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seate behind his drums and is very much in com mand of a quartet; Thursdays and Friday guitarist **TINY GRIMES**, who still bebops on ju four strings, heads a trio; and Saturdays an Sundays, the Countsmen—former Basie sec tion men such as saxophonists **BUDDY TAT EARLE WARREN**, and **PAUL QUINICHETTE** along wit a rhythm section—are on hand. Music fro nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long per formances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 4, at 5:45: **CELESTE HOLM**. . . ¶ Wednesday, May 11, at 5:45: **MAC FRAMP TON TRIO**.

GEORGE BENSON—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditori

Volkswagen celebrates the millionth Rabbit with cars that look like a million.

No one ever introduced a car so successfully before! So to mark the occasion we've made some very special Volkswagens: Rabbit—with a soft velour interior and two glowing metallic colors. Dasher—now more elegant with its own handsome metallic glow and plush interior. Scirocco—with sport bucket seats and side stripes. But if you want one, you'll have to hurry. Limited editions like these don't last forever.

DASHER
RABBIT
SCIROCCO

The limited Champagne Editions from Volkswagen

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When they compliment your taste, it won't be just for the wine.

Gorham Crystal is for today.

Reflections of the good life. Dazzling full-lead Crystal by Gorham. Exquisitely multi-faceted for the clearest, whitest diamond brilliance. When you hold this "King Edward" goblet in your hand, you'll realize only one company could have signed an Original like this. Gorham.

GORHAM TEXTRON
Gorham Division of Textron Inc.

Illustrated is King Edward in Gorham full-lead Crystal, $9.95 the stem. Shown with Strasbourg Sterling Cheese Serving Knife, silverplated Beaker and Tray. All by Gorham, Providence, Rhode Island 02907.

unmistakably Gorham

**ORIGINALS
IN STERLING,
CHINA, CRYSTAL
AND PEWTER**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

um, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Friday, May 6, at 8, with Les Paul, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Gabor Szabo. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.... ¶ Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 7, at 8, with Minnie Riperton. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.... ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, May 8, at 8, with the Dance Theatre of Harlem; and Monday, May 9, at 8, with Alphonso Johnson and others.

esse Colin Young and **the Pousette-Dart Band**—Palladium. Friday, May 6, at 8.

ittle Feat and **Ian Matthews**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, May 7, at 8.

unior Mance Trio—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, May 8, at 2, 3, and 4.

livia Newton-John—Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Sunday, May 8, at 8.

topia—Palladium. Sunday, May 8, at 8.

obert Klein—A benefit performance. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

il Evans Orchestra—A benefit concert. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Friday, May 13, at 8. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

oy Buchanan, the James Cotton Blues Band, and **Lightnin' Hopkins**—Palladium. Friday, May 13, at 8.

ob James Orchestra, Ron Carter's Quartet, and **Marlena Shaw**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 13, at 8.

oco—Palladium. Saturday, May 14, at 8.

ART

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open uesdays through Saturdays from around 10 r 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

llen Adler—Still-lifes showing a profusion of apples and pears, an arrangement of ceramic pitchers and bowls, or a scattering of mushrooms on a table, plus a few small landscapes of eastern Long Island potato fields. Through Saturday, May 14. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

ermit Adler—Watercolors of outsize clams on the half shell, potted plants, and other still-lifes in interiors. Through May 28. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

arol Anthony—Linen-mâché sculptures of clothed figures, and drawings. Through June 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

uy Bardone / Robert Frame—The Jura Mountains in summer and winter and other landscapes, plus still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 7. / Landscapes in the Burchfield-Hopper tradition. Through May 21. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

mare Bearden—Twenty extraordinary collages in which black cutout figures, set against richly colored backgrounds, depict the Odyssey, from the fall of Troy to the homecoming. The one of Ulysses lashed to the mast while the Sirens sing is particularly effective. Through May 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

odrag Djuric Dado—Large, skillfully executed paintings of frightful monsters doing horrid things on a tortured landscape under a curiously pacific blue sky. Through June 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ix Deonna—Surrealist drawings, many of them concentrating on manic eyes and others depicting nude figures that have taken root in the ground and are sprouting vegetable extensions. Through Saturday, May 7. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ünter Grass—Etchings by the German novelist, most of them focussed on homely subjects—fish heads, old shoes, ashtray debris—and some of them mildly raunchy. Through Friday, May 6. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

y Gussow—Forged stainless-steel sculptures in a range of sizes. Through May 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

hn Heliker—Traditionalist paintings—still-lifes, figures, portraits, landscapes—by an heir to the Impressionist heritage, whose works have a deft, sketchy quality. Through Saturday, May 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

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Helen Hoie—What appear to be collages incorporating furls of transparent fabrics and fragments of paper are actually oil paintings, done in soft colors. Through May 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Budd Hopkins—Multi-panelled abstractions. Through May 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Gabriel Laderman—Realistic paintings of Malaysian interiors and landscapes, including some showing the Islamic domes on the skyline of Kuala Lumpur. Through Saturday, May 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sidney Laufman and Marina Stern—The works of these two artists are admirably melded in this show—first one of his, then one of hers. Mr. Laufman, at the age of eighty-six, is still painting busily, turning out landscapes that are reminiscent of Cézanne in the organization of their composition and the freshness of their color, and Mrs. Stern, a hard-edge realist in the line of Sheeler, depicts grain hoppers, lime kilns, oil refineries, and the like. Through Saturday, May 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Hayley Lever (1876-1958)—Old-fashioned oils and watercolors by an Australian-born painter who studied in Paris and London and settled down in this country to do his urban landscapes and his scenes of Maine harbors. Through Saturday, May 7. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Minoru Niizuma / Herbert Schneider—Marble sculptures in which a polished pyramid seems to have pushed itself up through the rough stone and split the piece precisely in half. / Lively collages in which playful, simplified nude couples frolic in idyllic settings. Through May 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Heavily painted watercolors and brush drawings, mostly of nightmarish birdlike creatures, by a founding member of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, May 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

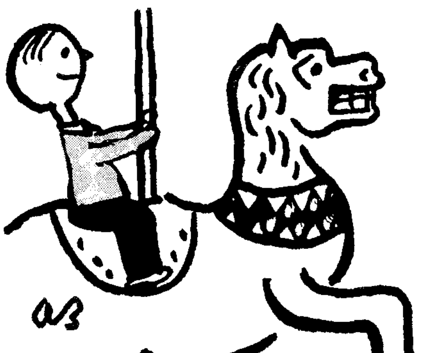
Maurice Prendergast (1859-1924)—A loan show of nearly ninety works from throughout his career. Through May 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

David Roth—Paintings and drawings. Through May 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Shapiro—Paintings and drawings in which a number of small geometric shapes are superimposed. Through May 28. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Anita Siegel—Collage paintings based on the figure. Through May 21. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Large, first-class examples of work by some of our big contemporary guns—Frankenthaler, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, Warhol. Through May 18. (Open Mondays.)... **La Boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: A single subject—woman—as portrayed in a variety of mediums by artists associated with such diverse schools as Impressionism and Abstract Expressionism; also some African sculptures. Through May 21.... **Ex Libris**, fifth floor, 25 E. 69th St.: A sampling of drawings, illustrated books, photographs, and other works by Russian Constructivists (Malevich, Moholy-Nagy, Berman, among them) and by comparable artists in other countries. Through Friday, May 13. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Three American realists—Louis Black, who works in ink wash on board; Michael Filmus, who does landscapes, primarily in charcoal and pastel; and Robert Kipniss, whose landscapes are in oil and pencil. Through Saturday, May 7.... **Hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Captivating examples of works by the Blaue Reiter artists, who included Kandinsky, Nolde, Klee, and Macke. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.)... **Nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A selection of works, including some by stars of the early days of this magazine, among them Mary Petty, Peter Arno, James Thurber, and Ralph Barton. Through Saturday, May 14. ... **Noyes, Van Cline & Davenport**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show called Celestial Phenomena includes panels that might have been stripped off the moon's surface, by Steve Agin; a lighted wall sculpture of a solar eclipse, by Joseph Scala; and a shaped canvas of brilliant receding stripes, by James Martindale. Through May 28.... **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The current exhibit includes a splendid Modigliani portrait (of green-eyed Marie Vasilieff), a colorful Vlaminck landscape, and a small wooden Calder stabile done in 1943, when all our metal was going into arms. Through May 28.... **Stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Photo-Realist paintings by Richard Estes, box constructions by Rosamond Berg, and drawings by Robert Quigley. Through May 28.... **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: About ninety works make up a show that is a benefit for and on loan from the University of Rochester's art gallery. Included are paintings (by El Greco, Ingres, Luks, and others), medieval sculptures, and decorative objects. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.)



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Robert Arneson—Three new self-portraits and other works by this ceramic sculptor. Through May 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Ernest Briggs—Abstract paintings. Through May 24. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Anthony Caro—Five large sculptures. Through May 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—New portraits. Through June 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Gene Davis—Twenty years ago, this artist, who is best known for his neat, precise paintings of stripes, cut loose for about six months with a series of rough-hewn paintings of rectangles, within a rectangular frame, and four of them make up this show, along with some subsequent grid paintings. Through Thursday, May 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Toni Dove / Carl Nicholas Titolo—Watercolors. / Miniature paintings. Through May 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jacob El Hanani—Large paintings made up of tiny groups of parallel pen-and-ink lines, so fine that they are almost invisible. The artist is an Israeli; first one-man show in New York. Through May 21. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Freedman—Landscapes in oil by a veteran New England artist. Through Saturday, May 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Harold Gregor—Large oil-and-acrylic paintings, done with photographic exactitude, of farm and dairy structures on the prairies just outside Chicago, and a couple depicting the fertile plains themselves. Through Thursday, May 12. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Recent landscape paintings. Through May 19. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bill Haendel / Barbara Smukler—Mr. Haendel works with raw, handmade paper before it hardens, pressing it into plaster molds. / Mrs. Smukler works in acrylics on large, unsized

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

canvases, laying down vertical strands of color that vary in width and intensity. Through Saturday, May 7. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Harbutt / Grégoire Müller—Drawings and caseins. / Paintings. Through May 24. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Patrick Ireland—Arrangements of tiny colored dots—in straight lines, in seemingly random constellations, and in dense patterns—that often play tricks on the eye. Through Saturday, May 14. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Dong Kingman—This ebullient master watercolorist has been off on his travels again—Bangkok, Venice, Puerto Vallerta, Budapest, Sydney, Hong Kong—and here are his postcards telling us all about it. Through Saturday, May 7. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—In addition to his characteristic studies of circus people, this exhibition includes a number of landscapes and still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 7. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Kurland—Small paintings (almost miniatures) by a young artist who lives in the upstate wilderness—of dead birds, filleted fish, and so on, plus delicate blossoms. Through Saturday, May 7. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Shozo Nagano—Paintings on shaped canvases that give the illusion of being three-dimensional. Through May 26. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Collage drawings. Through June 11. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Matt Phillips—Large monotypes, with shadowy figures and suggestions of figures, in pale, attenuated colors, and strongly Oriental in feeling. Through May 21. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jean-Paul Riopelle—Paintings done over the past twenty-odd years by this French-Canadian abstractionist. Through Saturday, May 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rodney Ripps—Long (almost nine feet) rectangular hangings composed of artificial leaves, wax, and paint, forming a sort of three-dimensional flower bed. Through Saturday, May 14. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

James Rosati—Recent metal sculptures, ranging in size from tabletop Cubist pieces to ceiling-high arrangements of simple abstract forms that fit together with a kind of precariously balanced symmetry. Some of the latter are working models for Herculean outdoor works done in the past few years. Through May 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Toko Shinoda / Marie Taylor—Elegant sumi paintings done on antique gold and silver papers by a celebrated Japanese woman artist. / Small sculptures by an artist who finds her subjects almost ready-made in the rock—a frog, a grasshopper, a sleeping lion—and releases them with a few deft chisel strokes. Through Saturday, May 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joe Stefanelli—Sun discs and Egyptian tomb entrances are the basis of a new series of abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Costas Tsoclis—Modish-looking wall pieces consisting of polished-steel frames faced over, or partially faced over, with polished-steel plates, plus floor pieces in which a big white cylinder—perhaps an outsize cigarette—is dipped in a bright-colored powder. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 14. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—An impressive survey of Minimal art, from its origins in Malevich and Mondrian on down through Albers, Kelly, Reinhardt, Rothko, Riley, and the rest. Through Saturday, May 7. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Sculpture—Kinetic pieces by Calder, di Suvero, Rickey, and Soto. Through May 21. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—New Minimal sculptures. Through May 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Stephen Antonakos / Joe Breidel—Vivid slashes of color "drawn" with neon on walls of a gently contrasting hue. / Color photographs of the ocean. Through Saturday, May 7. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Antonio Berni—Large and rather garish paintings by a South American artist who indulges in such entertainments as putting real clothes, collage style, on the figures he paints. Through Saturday, May 7. (Bonino, 98 Prince St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Miriam Brumer / Suzanne Weisberg—Abstract paintings and drawings, usually derived from a winged-insect form. / Abstract illusionist paintings. Through May 18. (Lotus, 81 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Gretchen Caracas / Stanley Lewis—Realist paintings of highways and gas stations. / Semi-abstract and wholly abstract cityscapes. Through Thursday, May 12. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Alan Cote—Large abstract paintings in which a heavy irregular latticework is painted over a sort of color-field background of strong hues. Through Wednesday, May 11. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Edward Evans—Abstract acrylic paintings whose surfaces resemble creased foil. Through Thursday, May 12. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Alan Finkel / Diane Karol—Wooden extension gates of the kind used to keep babies from falling down stairs are arranged in simple repeat patterns on the walls of the gallery. / Wide strips of heavy awning canvas stained in muted earth colors and hung on the wall in overlapping swatches. Through Wednesday, May 11. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Wallace French—Shaped canvases, some in several panels, painted steel gray. Through May 28. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Antonio Gaudí (1852-1926)—A loan show of his remarkably delicate architectural drawings (for palaces, residences, fountains, piers, and so on). Through May 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Yan Hsia / Frank Bramblett—Paintings of New York street scenes. / Totemic objects made of marble dust and mixed resins. Through May 21. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Valerie Jaudon / Nicholas Africano—Intricate patterns worked out in concentric circles interrupted by vertical, horizontal, and diagonal avenues, all done in low-key colors. / Two tiny half-round seated figures, made of multicolored paint and wax, shown against a disproportionately expansive background. Through Tuesday, May 10. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Penelope Jencks—Terra-cotta figures of women, about three-quarters life-size, standing in patient, pensive poses, except for one—th only nude, in bronze—who is recumbent Through Friday, May 13. (Landmark, 46 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Gene Matthews—This artist seals thin rice-pape tissue to a silver-foil background, burnishe it, and tints it with a pale pastel neutral tone forming a shimmery surface. . . . ¶ In the bac room of the gallery is a show of skilled surrealist pen-and-ink drawings by seven artists who call themselves the One Trillion People Falling off the Edge of the Earth School Through Wednesday, May 11. (Yu, 393 Wes Broadway.)

Robert Rauschenberg—A number of shows ar being held to coincide with his retrospectiv at the Museum of Modern Art. A double exhibit of new works through Saturday, May 1 at Castelli and Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Prints, handmade-paper works two clay sculptures, and other objects Through Saturday, May 14 at Getler-Pall, 5 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Silk screens through May 27 at Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.

Milton Resnick—Thickly painted oils. Through May 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jane Schneider—Objects from American-India and African cultures are the impulse behin these sculptures, but the materials (steel wool pantyhose, feathers, etc.) are largely contemporary. Through Wednesday, May 11. (1 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Eileen Spikol—Painted resin casts of anima skeletons, plus drawings. Through May 25 (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

David True—Paintings of the sea. Through May 21. (Thorp, 139 Spring St.)

Idelle Weber—Realist paintings of collections of

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on't spend an hour soaking in a sudsy hot tub. any dermatologists say those long sudsy oakings can take out too much of your skin's atural moisture. And actually leave it drier fter bathing than before.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

old beer bottles and cans, torn magazines, and other detritus. Through May 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Kes Zapkus—Large oil-and-acrylic paintings organized around a grid on which innumerable flecks of color, each as distinctive as a naval signal flag, are distributed. Through Wednesday, May 11. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Show—Paintings by Joyce Cole, who works with tape and produces glowing diagonal or horizontal striations seen through what appear to be heavy metal bars; Carol Haerer, who does misty white paintings on shaped canvases; and Fred Gutzeit, who has done twenty-one studies of a single area of sidewalk seen at various hours of the day, in fair weather and foul. Through Saturday, May 7. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Beatrix Potter (1866-1943)—A comprehensive exhibit of original works. Through Saturday, May 14. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Beat Art—Thirty-eight drawings by members of the Beat élite, including a number they made of one another. Of more than curatorial interest is Robert LaVigne's pencil drawing of a beardless Allen Ginsberg and Larry Rivers' quick sketch of Gregory Corso. Kerouac has one of Ginsberg with his head in William Burroughs' lap. Through May 19. (Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Friday, May 6, from 9 to 7; Friday, May 13, from 9 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Fifty vintage photographs of turn-of-the-century Paris. Through Saturday, May 7. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Ania Bien—Small black-and-white prints mounted in groups, in which the subject (a basketball court, a building façade, a row of tulips) is photographed in sequence from varied angles. Through May 21. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Dean Brown (1936-73)—Small-scale dye-transfer prints of Alaskan and Southwestern landscapes dominate this exhibit. Through May 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Louis Faurer—A selection of photographs of New York, covering the years before the Second World War through the mid-sixties. Through May 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—A retrospective of two hundred and twenty vintage prints, plus memorabilia and pictures by some of Hine's contemporaries, is on view at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

György Kepes—A retrospective of works by this photographer whose experiments with light and abstraction led him to join forces with his compatriot Moholy-Nagy at the latter's New Bauhaus in Chicago in 1937. Through May 21. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Irving Penn—A crumpled package of cigarettes, a mud-covered glove, and other discards found in the streets figure in the twenty-eight platinum prints on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Man Ray (1890-1976)—A selection of more than a hundred photographs, solarizations, and Rayographs by an artist whom Jean Cocteau once described as a "poet of the darkroom." The works include portraits of, among others, Buñuel, Ernst, and Thomas Mann, as well as a self-portrait with half of his mustache and beard neatly shaven off, and inscribed "for Roberta—as you like it." Through May 21. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Lilo Raymond—Still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through May 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Todd Webb—A retrospective of his works includes pictures of Paris, New York, and the Midwest. Through May 21. (Vitolo-Rinhart, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **Esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: "Photonotations II," an exhibit of photographs by painters and sculptors—Duchamp, Diebenkorn, and Wesselmann among them—who use the camera to produce studies. Through June 4. . . . **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: More than a hundred vintage prints from the Julien Levy collection, including works by, among others, Atget, Gertrude Käsebier, and George Platt Lynes. Through May 29. . . . ¶ Four series of photographs reminiscent of old family albums, by William DeLappa. Through Sunday, May 8. (Open Sundays.) . . . **Light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Alan Sonfist showing works that combine color photographs of forest scenes with twigs, leaves, and clumps of earth from the scenes pictured; Grant Mudford showing large-scale prints of industrial sites; and Josef Sudek showing landscapes and garden scenes. Through May 28. . . . **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Through June 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30. . . . **Photography**: Irving Penn. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of Robert Rauschenberg. Through May 17. (Complementary shows are at Blum-Helman Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.; Leo Castelli, 420 West Broadway; Getler-Pall Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.; and Sonnabend Gallery, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Landscapes in gouache by Australian painter Fred Williams. Through Sunday, May 8. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's collection of British drawings dating from the turn of the century to the present, with examples by Walter Richard Sickert, Henry Moore, David Hockney, and others. Through May 31. . . . **Photography**: Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Kenneth Noland includes more than a hundred paintings, plus a recently completed sculpture on exhibit for the first time. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The centerpiece of Robert Irwin's retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and photographs is a gauzy fabric stretched the length of the fourth floor (the partitions have been removed) and suspended from the ceiling to eye level. Through May 29. . . . ¶ Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through June 19. . . . ¶ Fifty prints, drawings, and watercolors, culled from the permanent collection, centering on New York life. Artists include Isabel Bishop, George Bellows, and Richard Haas. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Pri and drawings depicting the artist's world studio, art school, and so on—including se portraits (Alfred Leslie, Whistler, other and four portraits of the ambitious Abrah Walkowitz, who once asked a hundred arti to use him as a subject and, as a result, "l fifteen pounds and occasionally fainted fr the strain of posing." Through May 22. . **Photography**: Lewis W. Hine. Through M 15. (Open Wednesdays through Sunda Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Cent Park W. at 79th St.—A small slide and pl tographic exhibit about the career of the n seum's laureate anthropologist, Marga Mead. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hou Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A display of C nese pottery that was made for the Japan market between 618 and 1644. All the piec which include tea-ceremony utensils a vases, come from collections in Jap Through June 26. (Open daily. Hou Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenii until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. Furniture and decorations from the Ro Pavilion at Brighton, as well as architectu drawings and sketches of the place. Throu May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hou Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission char Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Su days, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhi commemorating the quincentenary of the fi English-language publisher, William Caxt Forty-five of the books he printed, includi the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthu can be seen. Through July 30. (Open da except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays throu Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St. Paintings by New York State folk artists, cluding Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Pe Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mo days, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 5 St.—The current show here is called "Gras and that's just what it is—a surprising va ety of articles made of grass. (Bamboo i grass, which helps.) Through June 19. (Op daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesd through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 4 St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virgi Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, William Inge among them) from the sev teenth century on make up the new sl from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. (Open every day except Thursdays and S days. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. 125th St.—An exhibit that re-crea through photographs, architectural mo and drawings, the history of housing blacks in New York. Through June 12. (C daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesd through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednes evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sunday to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher] *is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7 and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other*] *office numbers are included in the listings.)*

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances Daniel François Auber's "Fra Diavolo,' English, staged by Charles Kondek, with Bronx Opera Orchestra and Repert Chorus directed by Michael Spiern (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. 68th St. Saturday, May 14, at 8, and Sun May 15, at 3. Tickets at the box office at formance times.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher H Pierre Boulez conducting the final perfo ances of the regular season—Thursday, M 5, at 8:30; Friday, May 6, at 2; and Sat day, May 7, and Tuesday, May 10, at 8 (all with David Gilbert, assistant conduc and Irene Gubrud, soprano); and perfo ances of Berlioz' dramatic legend "The D

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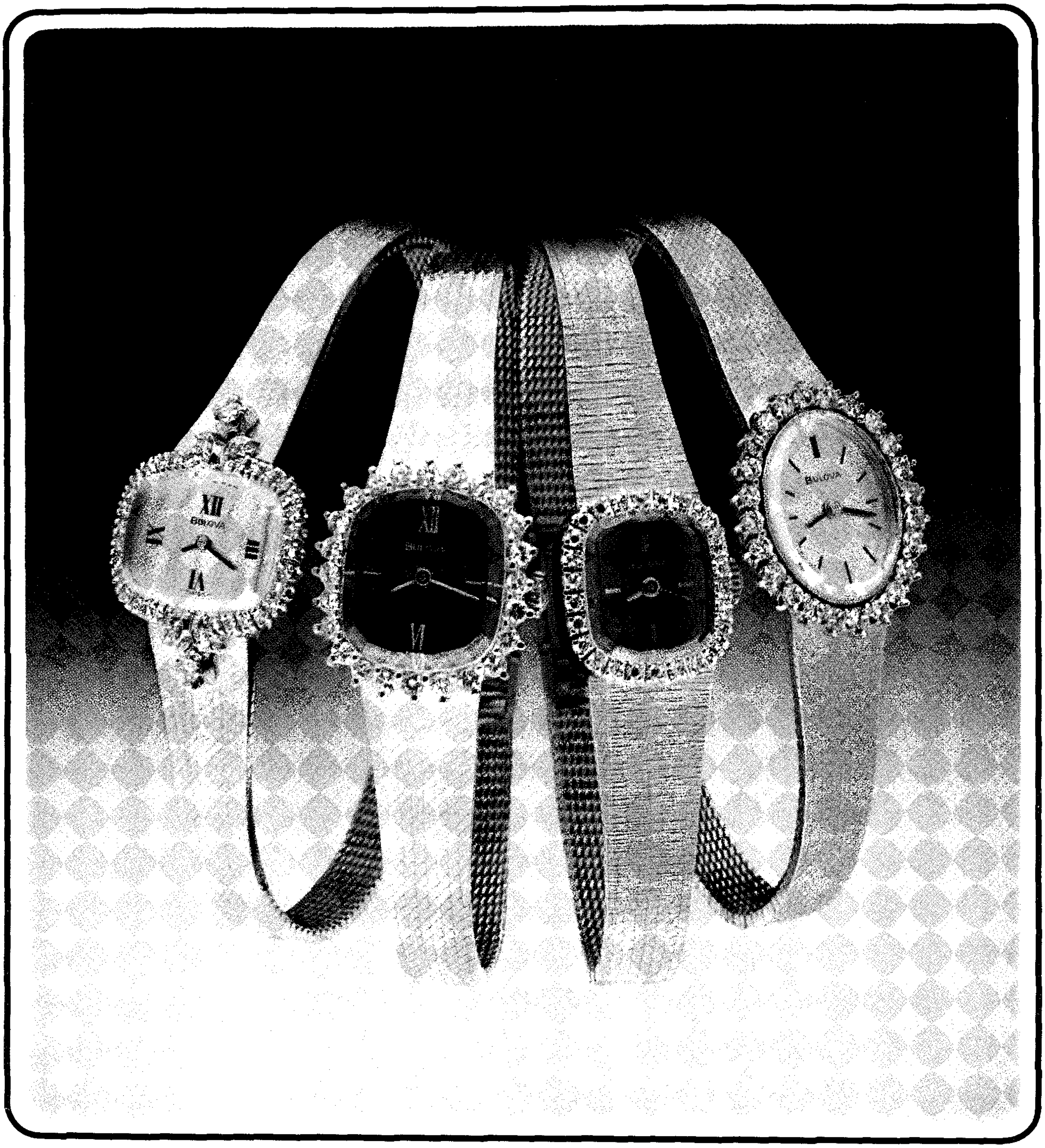

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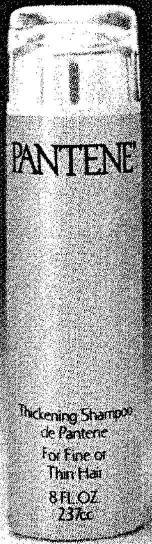

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nation of Faust" on Thursday, May 12, at 8:30; Friday, May 13, at 2; and Saturday, May 14, at 8:30 (with Jessye Norman, soprano; Werner Hollweg, tenor; Justino Diaz, bass-baritone; William Parker, bass; and the Westminster Choir).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Monday, May 9, at 8: A varied program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 11, at 8: A Mozart-Mahler program. . . . ¶ Friday, May 13, at 8: A performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Lucia Popp, soprano; Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass; and the Chicago Symphony Chorus.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing performances of Beethoven's Fourth and Ninth Symphonies, with Benita Valente, soprano; Claudine Carlson, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Michael Devlin, baritone; and the Singing City Choirs. The final concert of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 10, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—The final performances of the season—Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, May 8, at 2: Lukas Foss directing an all-Beethoven program, with Jeanne Distell, soprano; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; the C. W. Post College Chorus; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 14, at 2: David Amram conducting a program entitled "From Handel to Benjamin Britten," with Karen Lindquist, harp; Richard Fitz, timpani; and the Charles Moore Dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Gerald Tarack conducting the last in a series of concerts presenting the cycle of Handel's Concerti Grossi. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Wind Ensemble—David Simon and George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, May 11, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Ridgefield Orchestra—Beatrice Brown conducting, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, this one with Harry Belafonte, narrator; an orchestra; and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 6, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Muriel Costa-Greenspon, alto; Ray DeVoll, tenor; Richard Anderson, baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 8, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of choral chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a program of a-cappella music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, May 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York University Choral Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, May 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-3002.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the Monteverdi "Vespers," with the Concert Royal baroque orchestra. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 13, at 8.)

Manhattan Chorus—Daniel Paget directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Samson." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 13, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

RECITALS

Da Capo Chamber Players—The last in a series of concerts of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 4, at 8.)

Clamma Dale—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 5, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, May 5, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Michael Lind—Tuba. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, May 6, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 7, at 8.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, in a program of Swiss music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 8, at 2.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the second in a series of three all-Beethoven recitals, this one devoted to sonatas from the middle period. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 3.)

Jan DeGaetani—Mezzo-soprano, in a program of medieval and Renaissance music. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, May 8, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The final concerts of the season, with James Buswell, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Maurice Bourgue, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Robert Routch, horn; Richard Goode, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 5, and Tuesday, May 10, at 7:30.)

New York Philomusica—The last in a series of chamber-music recitals. (Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Sunday, May 8, at 8.)

Henriette Kristhea and Robert Schmorr—Soprano and tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 9, at 8.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 10, at 8.)

New York Consort of Viols—"Music from Medieval and Renaissance Spain and of the French Baroque," with Earnest Murphy, tenor. (Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church, 155 E. 22nd St., at Third Ave. Tuesday, May 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New and Newer Music—The last in a series of concerts, this one played by Tashi. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, May 12, at 7:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the auditorium, call 362-1911.)

Prospective Encounter—Pierre Boulez directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the second of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Thomas Stacy, English horn. The performance will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 13. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Coffee Concert—The Tokyo String Quartet; the Cleveland Quartet; and Paula Robison, flute, will play the last in a series of hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. A benefit performance. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, May 14, at 4.)

Lucy Ishkanian—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, Wednesday, May 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Oakland, Thursday and Friday, May 5-6, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 7-8, at 2. . . . **Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Yankees (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball), Monday, May 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Tuesday through Thursday, May 10-12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, May 13, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 14, at 2:05.

Boxing—Ken Norton vs. Duane Bobick, heavy-

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weights, 12 rounds; Mike Quarry vs. Mike Rossman, light heavyweights, 11 rounds; and Howard Davis vs. Carlos Gonzales, lightweights, 6 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.)

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 7.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Sunday, May 8.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Thursday, May 5, at 8:05, if necessary.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 7; the Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, May 11; and the Withers, Saturday, May 14.... GARDEN STATE PARK-AT-ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 31. ... CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 7.

Professional Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Apples vs. Soviet Union. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Thursday, May 5, at 7:30.)... ¶ New York Apples vs. Boston. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Saturday, May 14, at 7:30.) For information about tickets, call 725-0070.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 18.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 19.... MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—W. S. Merwin reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 5, at 8.)... ¶ Stanley Plumly and Charles Wright reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, May 10, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

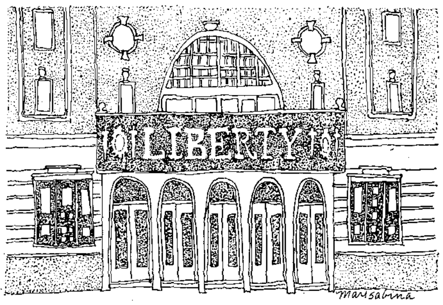
Flower Show—The May Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 14-15, noon to 7.

Walking Tour—"The World on the East River," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 8, starting at the Abigail Adams Smith House, 421 E. 61st St., at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, May 6, at 10:15 and 2: French furniture and decorations.... ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 2: French furniture and porcelains, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Alfonso Landa.... ¶ Wednesday, May 11, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures by such artists as Renoir, Picasso, Matisse, and Maillol; from the estate of Abby Rockefeller Mauze and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 6.... ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 6.... ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 8, and Friday, May 13, at 2: Contemporary paintings and sculptures, including work by Clyfford Still, Mark Rothko, Francis Bacon, Alexander Calder, and Morris Louis; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull, and from other owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 6.... HOTEL ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Park South. Monday, May 9, at 10: Print books and Old Master prints.... ¶ Monday, May 9, at 2 and 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints.... ¶ Tuesday, May 10, at 10: Photography books and photographs, including works by Julia Margaret Cameron, William Henry Jackson, Edward S. Curtis, and Eadweard Muybridge.... ¶ Tuesday, May 10, at 2: Photographs by Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, Berenice Abbott, Man Ray, and others. (Exhibition hours: Friday through Sunday, May 6-8, from 10 to 6.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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8	9	10	11	12		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Providence."

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 10th. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
May 4: "Alice in the Cities."
From May 5: "Rebellion in Patagonia" and "Union Maids."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 10: "Harlan County, U.S.A."
From May 11: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Late Show."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Annie Hall."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Andy Warhol's Bad" (X-rated).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Between the Lines."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Wizards."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Welcome to L.A."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Jacob the Liar."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Annie Hall."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"3 Women."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Beast" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 11: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
From May 12: "Cousin Angelica."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nasty Habits."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Late Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Rocky."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Wild Duck."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Black Sunday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 10: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
From May 11: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"It's Alive."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 5: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" and "The Return of the Pink Panther."
May 6-10: "Lipstick" and "Three Days of the Condor."
From May 11: "Cross of Iron."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Audrey Rose."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Airport '77."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through May 10: "Fun with Dick and Jane."
From May 11: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Andy Warhol's Bad" (X-rated).

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Wizards."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through May 10: "Fox and His Friends" and "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."
From May 11: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 10: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" and "The Return of the Pink Panther."
From May 11: "Rocky."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Late Show."
Theatre 2: "Rocky."
Theatre 3: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: Through May 5: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (X-rated). From May 6: "Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Raggedy Ann & Andy."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sting."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 10: "The Late Show" and "The Fortune."
From May 11: "Network" and "Lenny."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Annie Hall."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through May 7: "Cousin, Cousine."
From May 8: "Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Wizards."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 5: "The Wonderful Crook."
From May 6: "Before the Revolution" and "La Salamandre."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 10: "Harlan County, U.S.A."
From May 11: "Providence."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Slap Shot."
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "Fun with Dick and Jane." From May 11: "Cross of Iron."
Theatre 3: Through May 5: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" and "The Return of the Pink Panther." May 6-10: "Lipstick" and "Three Days of the Condor." From May 11: "Rocky."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 5: "Chinese Roulette."
From May 6: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" and "The Merchant of Four Seasons."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 10: "The Late Show" and "St. Ives."
From May 11: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" and "Family Plot."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 4: "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin, and Mary Murphy; and "The Men" (1950), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.
May 5: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando and Anna Magnani; and "The Wild One."
May 6: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†); and "The Fugitive Kind."
May 7: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "A Streetcar Named Desire." (†)
May 8: "Burn!" (1970), directed by Gillo Pontecorvo, with Marlon Brando; and "Last Tango in Paris."
May 9: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
May 10: "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania" (1972), directed by Jonas Mekas; and "The Three Ages" (1923), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.
May 11: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (†); and "The Baker's Wife." (†)
May 12: "Le Plaisir" (1952), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin; and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 4: "Traffic" (1971), directed by, and with Jacques Tati; and "The Gold Rush" (1925), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale.
May 5: "Il Grido" (1957), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Steve Cochran, Alida Valli, and Betsy Blair; and "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
May 6: "Dr. No" (1963), the first in the James Bond series, and "Goldfinger" (1964), the third in the series, both with Sean Connery.
May 7: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
May 8: "Falstaff" (†) and "Macbeth." (†)
May 9: "The Drowning Pool" (†) and "Kiss Me Deadly." (†)
May 10: "The Mother and the Whore." (†)
May 11: "A Place in the Sun" (†) and "Carrie." (†)
May 12: "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" (1970) and "Thomas the Imposter" (1965), both films in French, directed by Georges Franju.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 5: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman.
May 6-7: "Marathon Man" (1976), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman, Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
May 8-9: "I Am a Dancer" (†); and "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life" (1969), a documentary, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris.
May 10: "Murder She Said" (†) and "Murder Most Foul." (†)
May 11-12: "Fantastic Planet" (†) and "Zardoz." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 5: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part I" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Susumu Fujita.
May 6-7: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts II and III" (1956), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
May 8-9: "Kwaidan" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.
From May 10: "Zatoichi to the Rescue" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Satsuo Yamamoto, with Shintaro Katsu; and "Tokkan" (1976), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Rebellion in Patagonia" (†) and "Union Maids." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 5: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (1944), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Andy

Devine, and Fortunio Bonanova; and "Arabian Nights" (1942), directed by John Rawlins, with Maria Montez and Jon Hall.

May 6-7: "Sabotage" (†) and "Blackmail." (†)

May 8-9: "The Enchanted Cottage" (†) and "The Spiral Staircase." (†)

May 10-11: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

May 12: "The Old Dark House" (†) and "Wives Under Suspicion." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 8: "Trollstenen," directed by Gunvor Nelson. Showings at noon and 3. . . . ¶ Starting May 10: "Manhattan Is an Island" (1974), a video program by Ira Schneider. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (9:45 on Tuesday). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Fischinger, Moritz, Sonbert, Hill, Maier, Hanoun, Keaton, Kirsanoff, Rossellini, Riefenstahl, Vertov, Grass, and others. Showings May 4-5 at 8; May 6 at 7 and 9; May 7 at 2:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9; May 8 at 8; and May 10-12 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Les Ordres" (1974), a Canadian film, in French, directed by Michel Brault; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Metropolitan Museum—The final programs in a series of films presenting New York as seen in American films, and Paris as seen in French films. In the **JUNIOR MUSEUM AUDITORIUM,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St.: May 7 at 1: "La Belle Equipe" (1936), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Vivian Romance, and Charles Vanel; no English subtitles. . . . May 7 at 3: "Funny Girl" (1968), directed by William Wyler, with Barbra Streisand, Omar Sharif, and Kay Medford. . . . ¶ In the **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Fifth Ave. at 83rd St.: May 14 at 11: An eight-hour marathon program showing Paris, in film, from 1894 to the present—roughly ten years an hour. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-5674.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until June 2.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. The leader of the conquistadores is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (D. W. Griffith; through May 11.)

Airport '77—The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances. With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (86th St. East.)

Alice in the Cities (1974)—Directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Jean Renoir Cinema; May 4.)

Ali: Fear Eats the Soul (1974)—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; starting May 6.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones (he has been in analysis for fifteen years), nor are his loves—for New York, for instance, and particularly for the beguiling girl played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part, as he did in "Love and Death" and "Sleeper." In this film he seems to be more direct and autobiographical than in any before; one is struck by its courage, as well as by its marvellously far-reaching wit and common sense about modern manners and modern absence of rectitude. His own restraint in the film is grown-up and rare. (4/25/77) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Audrey Rose—Directed by Robert Wise, with Anthony Hopkins as a man who hangs about a West Side school because he believes that an eleven-year-old girl there is the reincarnation of his own daughter, killed in a car crash eleven years earlier. (Loews Ciné.)

The Baker's Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry, which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 11.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Cinema Studio; starting May 6.)

Between the Lines—With John Heard and Lindsay Crouse, directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, born in 1945 and the writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians which is furnished with elegance but sustained by a deep and primitive sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (6/14/76) (8th St. Playhouse; through May 10.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud. In French. (Paris; starting May 8.)

Blackmail (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed to make it a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who doesn't look very different now, plays the artist who tries to rape the heroine. Also with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6-7.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews Tower East.)

Carrie (1952)—William Wyler's version of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" is graced by one of Laurence Olivier's finest screen performances. Olivier has always given credit to Wyler for teaching him how to act in the movies when they did "Wuthering Heights" together, but it's in "Carrie" that he showed how much he had learned. As George Hurstwood, the manager of an elegant grog-and-steak house, who ruins himself for a pretty face (Jennifer Jones), Olivier is so impassioned and so painfully touching that everything else in the movie, including the girl whose story it's meant to be, fades into insignificance. With Miriam Hopkins as the rigidly unforgiving Mrs. Hurstwood, and Eddie Albert as a dry-goods salesman. Adapted by Ruth and Augustus Goetz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

Chinese Roulette—With Margit Carstensen, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; through May 5.)

Cousin Angelica (1974)—With José Luis Lopez Vazquez, directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith; starting May 12.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris; through May 7.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much the same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. With Jules Berry. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 11-12.)

Cross of Iron—With James Coburn, Maximilian Schell, and James Mason; directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 11.)

The Drowning Pool (1975)—A poor film, apart from a climactic water problem in a hydrotherapy chamber, and apart from the talents, quizzicality, and technical grace together of Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. They shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, full of dull-eyed mock sophistication and steamy ideas of the South. The picture, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, is a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth that still so often comes up in Westerns, heroin-smuggling stories, thrillers, tales of vigilantes, whatever. (6/30/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 9.)

The Enchanted Cottage (1945)—A fantasy about a horribly scarred war veteran (Robert Young), hiding from the world, and a plainer-than-plain spinster (Dorothy McGuire), who are transformed by love and look miraculously beautiful to each other in their New England cottage. The DeWitt Bodeen and Herman J. Mankiewicz updating of the Pinero play was given the full solemnly sensitive treatment by the director, John Cromwell, which only seems to add to the painful ickiness of the material. The pathos and sloshy uplift can make one squirm with embarrassment mixed with anger. With Herbert Marshall as a blind composer who tries to explain the inexplicable, and Mildred Natwick, Spring Byington, and Hillary Brooke. (A 1924 silent version starred Richard Barthelmess.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 8-9.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 8.)

Family Plot (1976)—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (4/19/76) (Olympia; starting May 11.)

Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth—With Michael Cole and Deborah Walley, directed by Arch Oboler. In 3-D. (Quad Cinema; starting May 6.)

Fantastic Planet (1973)—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (Cinema Village; May 11-12.)

The Fortune (1975)—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. The tone is too playful, too bright—you can see where you're meant to laugh, but you don't feel like it. Some vital element seems to be missing—affection, maybe. Jack Nicholson has some high comic moments, but the film isn't likable. (Playboy; through May 10.)

Fox and His Friends (1976)—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 10.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream

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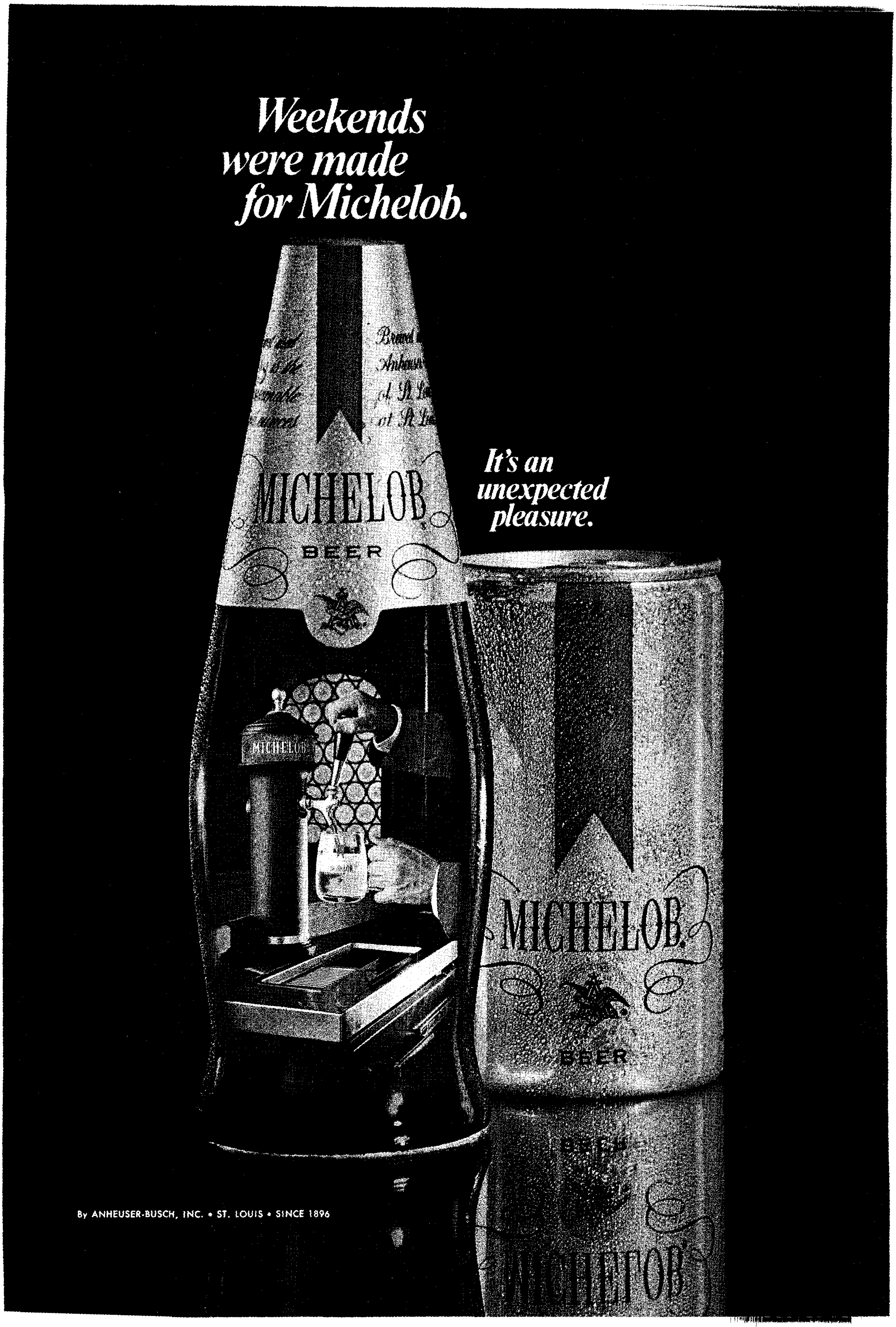
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house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (*2/28/77*) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 10.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (*1/24/77*) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 10.)

I Am a Dancer (1972)—Rudolf Nureyev formal (in excerpts from "La Sylphide," "The Sleeping Beauty," and Glen Tetley's "Field Figures") and informal (rehearsing, relaxing with a pot of coffee, meeting his fans). Ashton's "Marguerite and Armand" is included complete, with Nureyev partnering Margot Fonteyn, and it comes off better on film than it did on the stage. (Cinema Village; May 8-9.)

It's Alive—With John Ryan, directed by Larry Cohen. (U. A. East.)

Jabberwocky—Based on the Lewis Carroll poem. With Michael Palin, directed by Terry Gilliam. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Jacob the Liar (1975)—Directed by Frank Beyer. In German. (Plaza.)

Kiss Me Deadly (1955)—Robert Aldrich adapted this film from Mickey Spillane, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker in a cast that well illustrates Aldrich's lunging style of direction. The entertainment is crass and reeling, very indicative of the mid-fifties here, with a lot of signs that it was made by the man who was later to make "The Dirty Dozen." Brutish stuff, sometimes funny if you are in a rough mood, much admired by French *cinéastes* who confuse American power with American strength. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 9.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (*2/7/77*) (Murray Hill, Columbia I, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Playboy, and Olympia; through May 10.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (Playboy; starting May 11.)

Lipstick (1976)—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Triplex; May 6-10.)

Macbeth (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 8.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

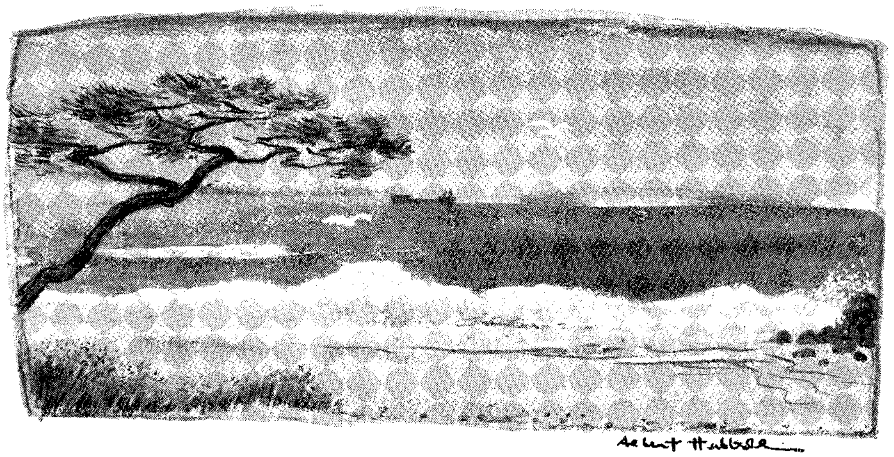
The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (New Yorker; starting May 6.)

The Mother and the Whore (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you before." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 10.)

Murder Most Foul (1965)—Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple in a story about the murder of an actress, taken from "Mrs. McGinty's Dead." With Ron Moody and Dennis Price; directed by George Pollock. (Cinema Village; May 10.)

Murder She Said (1962)—More of Margaret Rutherford's Miss Marple, here with Arthur Kennedy and Stringer Davis; George Pollock directed. (Cinema Village; May 10.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kis-



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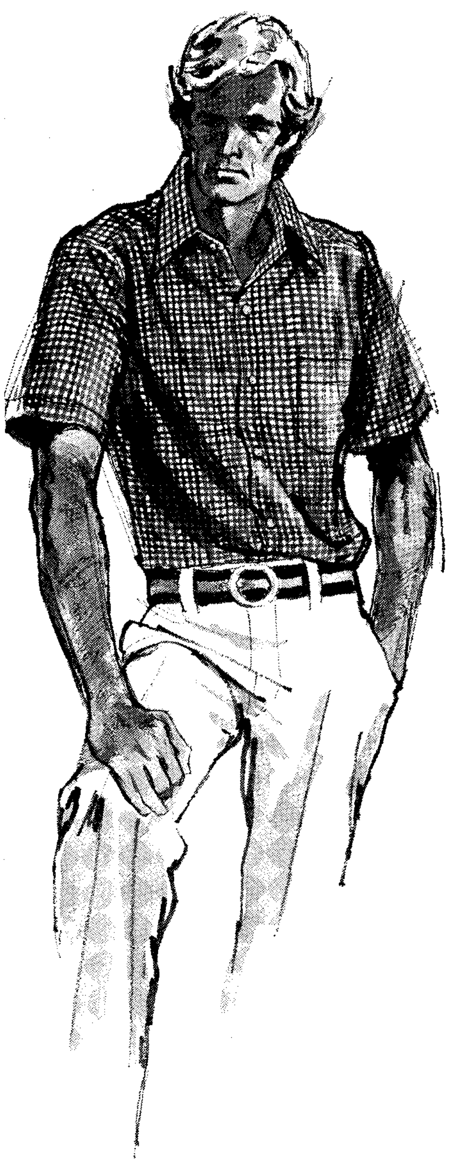

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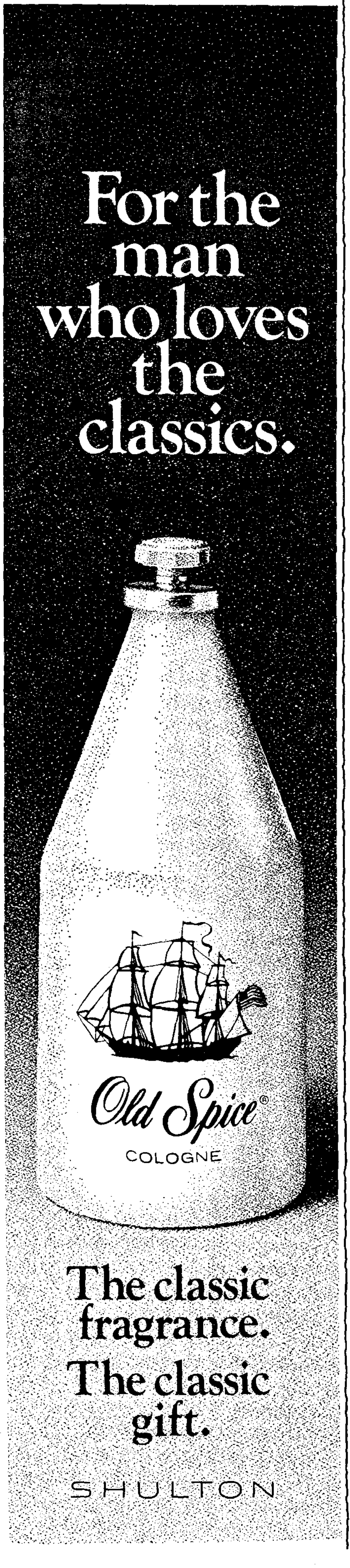
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singer, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Cinema II.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Playboy; starting May 11.)

The Old Dark House (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the English eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon," but the part is actually played by a woman.) Based on J.B. Priestley's novel "Benighted;" adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R.C. Sherriff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12.)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again—Inspector Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that has run its course. Playing the role for the fourth time, Peter Sellers is required to imitate himself, and after the first half hour or so, the film loses momentum. Directed by Blake Edwards. (1/17/77) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 5. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through May 10.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," adapted by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon; the effect is to turn a basically simple story into something portentous, pre-interpreted, and "deep." The film is very famous, though. Shelley Winters plays the girl Clift jilts (a role more memorably played by Sylvia Sidney in the thirties version, by von Sternberg). With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

Providence—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Art. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.: starting May 11.)

Raggedy Ann & Andy—An animated musical feature, directed by Richard Williams. (Guild.)

Rebellion in Patagonia—A film about the 1920 labor strike and massacre in Argentina. Directed by Hector Olivera. In Spanish. (Thalia. . . . ¶ Jean Renoir Cinema; starting May 5.)

The Return of the Pink Panther (1975)—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. Clouseau's off-center concentration here drives his boss crazy; the boss is brilliantly played by Herbert Lom, reborn in irascible comedy. Sellers' talent for great slapstick is a joy. So is his peculiar and peculiarly contagious English: the consonants stay in place but the vowels run haywire. The first-class screenplay is by Frank Waldman and Blake Edwards (owing a bit to a famous thriller by Hitchcock). Directed by Blake Edwards in the right sober tone for custard pies. (6/2/75) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 5. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through May 10.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Columbia II, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 11.)

Sabotage (1936; called "The Woman Alone" *in the United States)—Hitchcock thinks* that he erred in this one—and that this explains why the picture wasn't a hit. But he's wrong: this adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb for her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6-7.)

St. Ives—With Charles Bronson, John Houseman, Jacqueline Bisset, and Maximilian Schell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Olympia; through May 10.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: *an imperishable little lizard of a girl* called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Cinema Studio; starting May 6.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). The film is somewhere between the genial "little" English comedies of the fifties, with their nifty plots and overqualified performers, and the splashy, stylized James Bond pictures. Chief among the overqualified performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (72nd Street East; through May 10. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 11.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Beekman, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Spiral Staircase (1948)—Set in New England in 1906, it's about the activities of a finical strangler engaged in eliminating young women who don't measure up to his ideas of physical perfection. His preoccupation sets him in murderous pursuit of Dorothy McGuire, a harmless, attractive mute who serves as companion to gruff Ethel Barrymore, the bedridden mistress of a spooky mansion decorated with the hides of various wild animals and full of creaking doors, gates, and shutters. Robert Siodmak directed this little horror classic; it has all the trappings of the genre—a stormy night and a collection of psychopaths—but the psychopaths are quite presentable people, and this, plus the skillful, swift direction, makes the terror convincing. With George Brent, Kent Smith, Sara Allgood, Elsa Lanchester, and Rhonda Fleming. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 8-9.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Music Hall.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 6-7.)

Three Days of the Condor (1975)—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Triplex; May 6-10.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's overheards and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Coronet.)

Union Maids—A documentary about the labor movement in Chicago in the late twenties and early thirties. Directed by Julia Reichert, James Klein, and Miles Mogulescu. (Thalia. . . . ¶ Jean Renoir Cinema; starting May 5.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Fine Arts.)

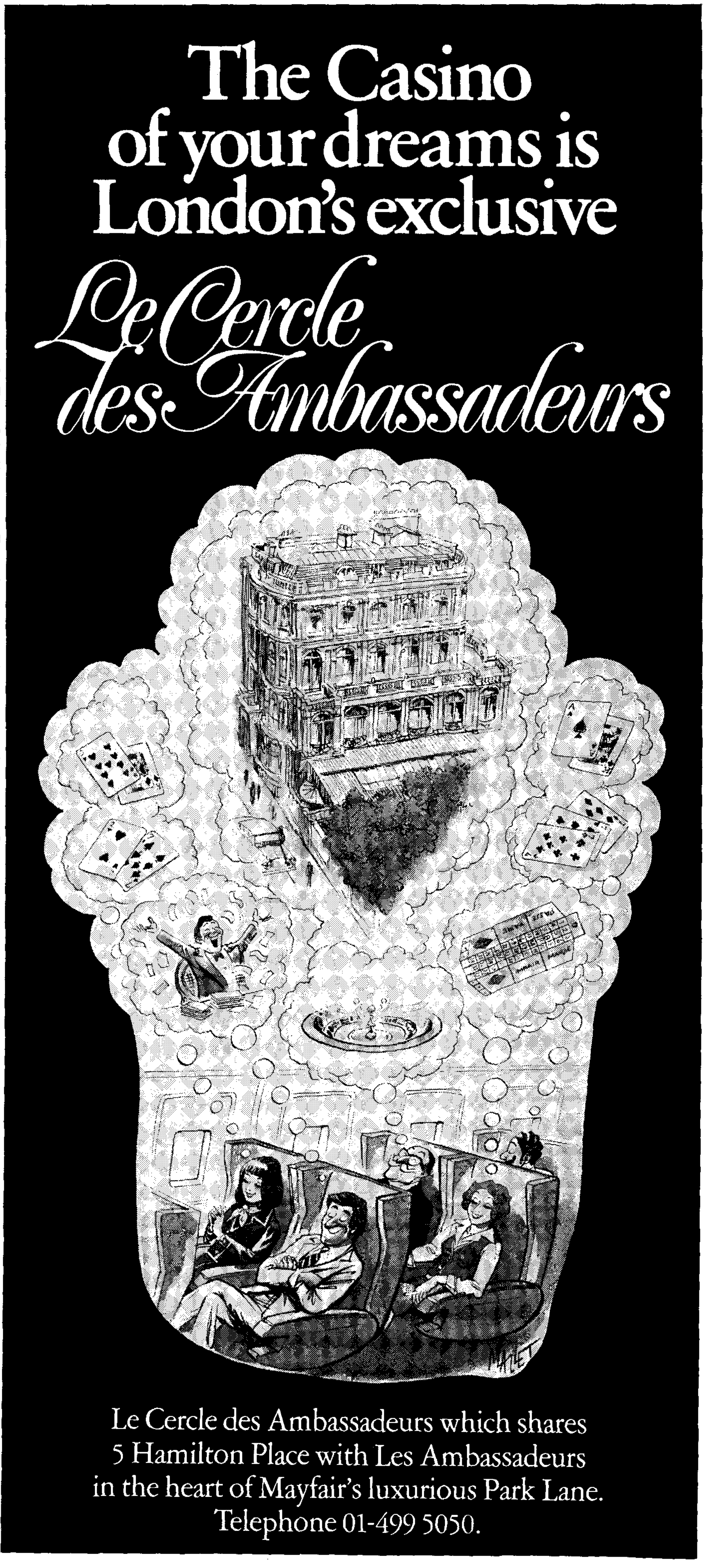
The Wild Duck—With Jean Seberg, Peter Kern, and Bruno Ganz; directed by Hans W. Geissendoerfer. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Wives Under Suspicion (1938)—Gail Patrick and Warren William in a negligible melodrama about a district attorney, jealous husbands, murder, and a kiss before a mirror, which is analyzed at some length. James Whale directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12.)

Wizards—An animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Trans-Lux East, Waverly, and Paramount.)

The Wonderful Crook—Gérard Depardieu as a petit-bourgeois Robin Hood, a man who commits robberies in order to meet the payroll of his family business, a small furniture factory. The Swiss writer-director, Claude Goretta, develops the small stresses and breaks of feeling; we know we're seeing a film made by artists. But Goretta's wheels grind so fine that we become impatient; the hero's arrest is our reprieve. In French. (3/21/77) (Cinema Studio; through May 5.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyperintellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (Cinema Village; May 11-12.)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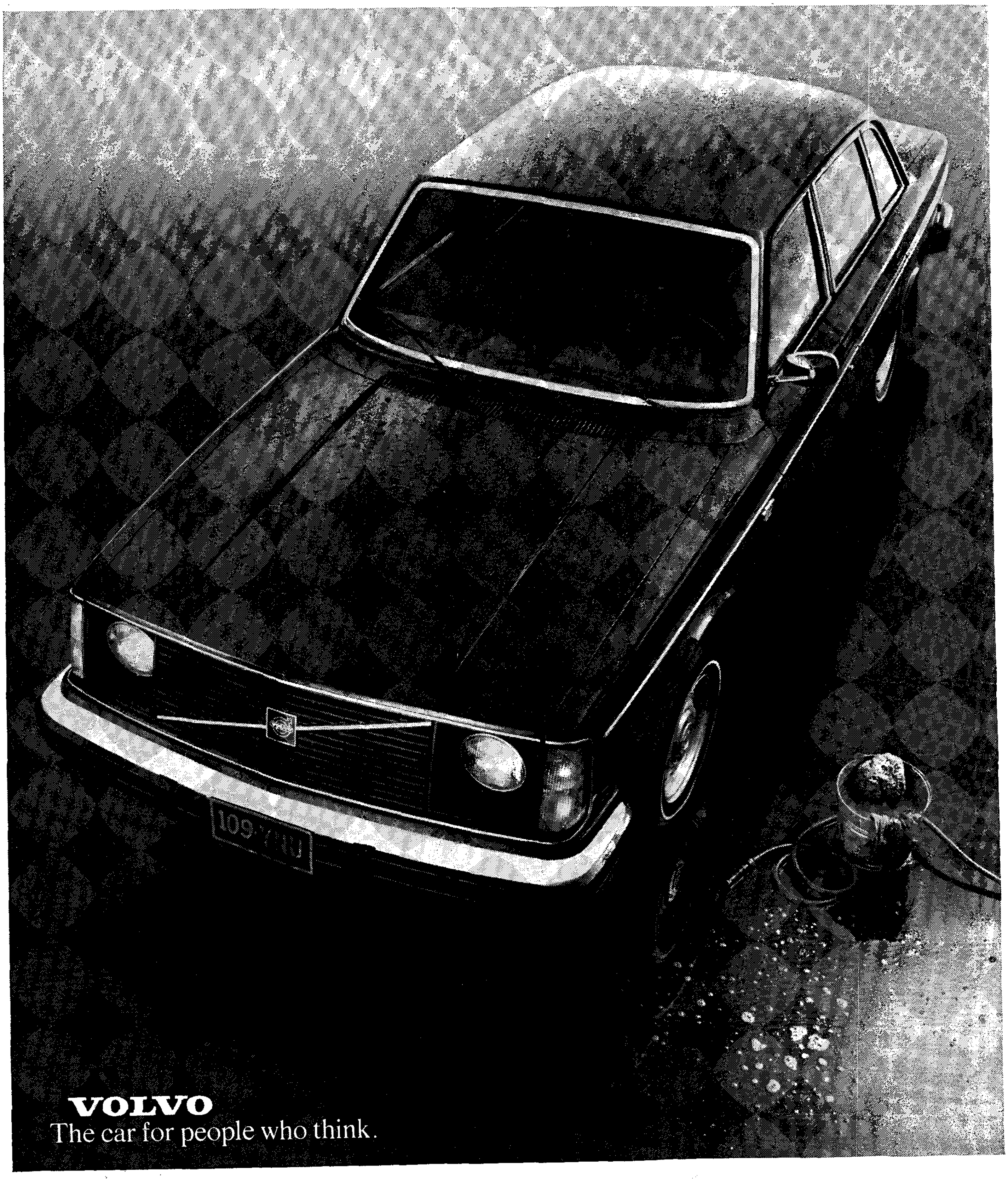
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THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

The U.S. government recently bought 24 Volvos.
All 24 are being tested in high-speed collisions.
Out of the wreckage will emerge information which the government will use to help establish safety standards for cars in the future.
It was no accident that the government selected Volvo for this safety program.
Of all the cars involved in preliminary crash-testing, Volvo showed significantly greater potential for occupant protection than any car in its class.

G.M. AND FORD

Between them, G.M. and Ford have bought 13 Volvos to study and analyze.
After years of following the "bigger is better" philosophy, they're introducing "trim, sensibly-sized" cars.
Maybe they feel there's something to be learned from a company that's been making trim, sensibly-sized cars for 50 years.

THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

California has the strictest automobile emissions requirements in the nation.
And they get stricter all the time.
While some car makers were loudly protesting that these requirements could not be met, Volvo was quietly working on a new type of emissions control system that would not only meet these standards, but exceed them.
This system, called "Lambda Sond," will be on every 1977 Volvo 240 series car sold in California.
he California Air Resources Board is very impressed. They've called it "virtually pollution free...the most significant step ever made in the battle to develop clean automobiles."

VOLVO OWNERS

The ultimate test of any car is how the owner feels about it.
Volvo owners seem to be happier than the owners of other cars.
In fact, when new Volvo owners were asked in a recent nationwide survey how they felt about their cars, more of them said they were "completely satisfied" or "very satisfied" than did the owners of any car made by G.M., Ford, Chrysler or American Motors.
Now that you know who's impressed with Volvos, you can take a test drive and impress the most important person of all.
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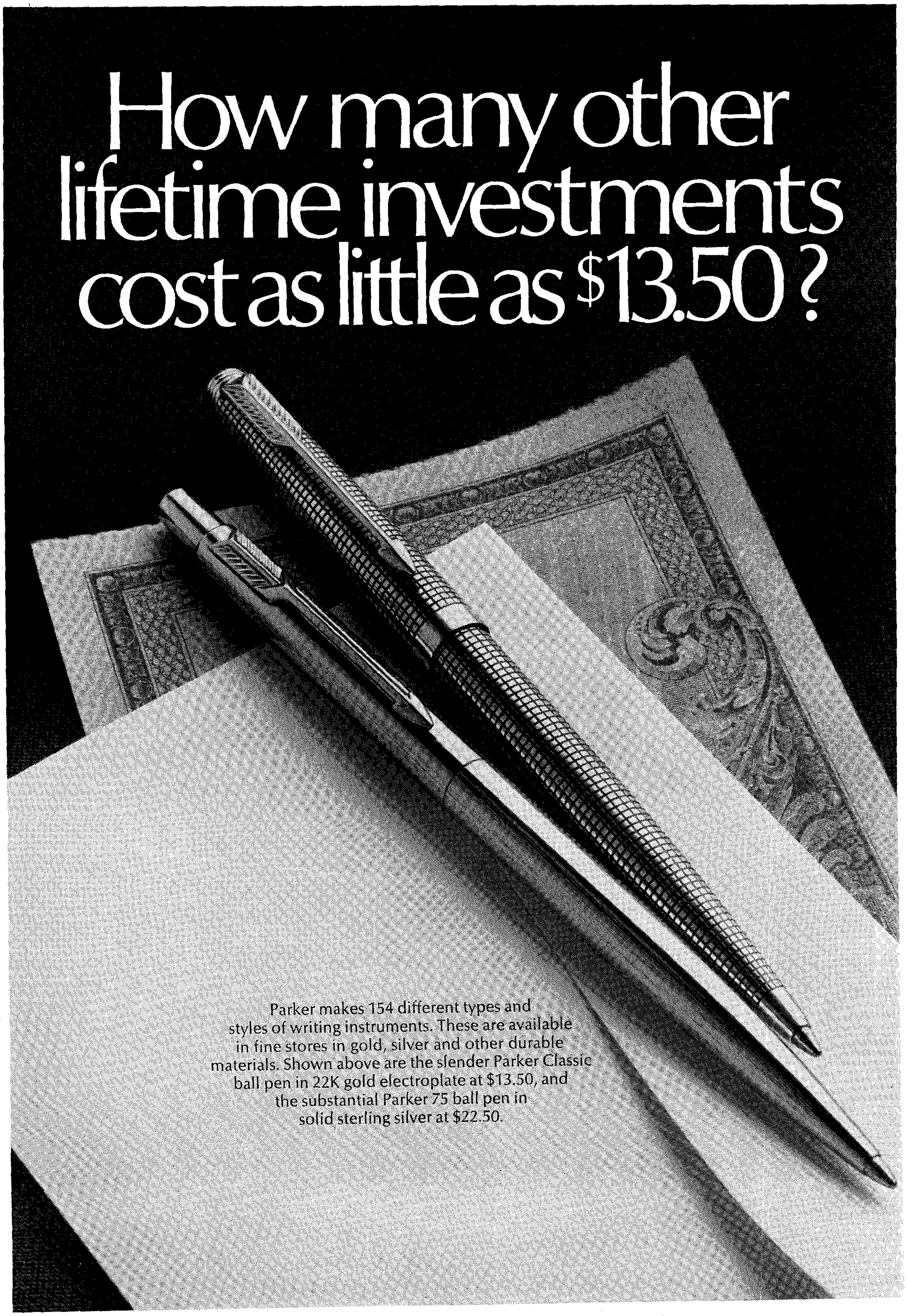


How many other lifetime investments cost as little as $13.50?

Parker makes 154 different types and styles of writing instruments. These are available in fine stores in gold, silver and other durable materials. Shown above are the slender Parker Classic ball pen in 22K gold electroplate at $13.50, and the substantial Parker 75 ball pen in solid sterling silver at $22.50.

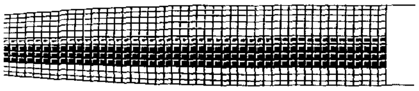
If you thought craftsmanship was dead, you owe it to yourself to inspect today's Parker pens. Few things at any price will perform so well so long.

Parker pens have been called "jewelry that writes" and "a minor miracle in engineering." Yet they don't cost a bundle of money.

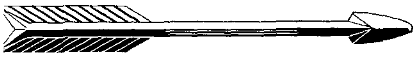
Many of the differences that set a Parker pen apart are not immediately evident, but each contributes to ts rare performance and confirms its reputation as a thing of quality in a world of diminished standards.

Whether you select the slim Classic ball pen, or the 75 ball pen, fountain pen or soft tip pen, each is a precision machine housed in an elegant casing. It still may seem extravagant to buy this much pen for yourself (we hope not). But its obvious worth and functionality make it apparent it would be an exceptional long-term asset.

Here's why a Parker pen offers substantially more for your money.

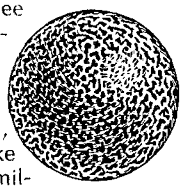


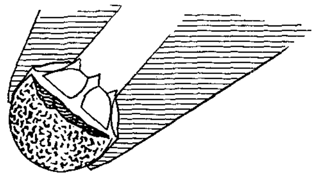
. The distinctive Parker grid design was nspired by a leading London silversmith. Carved deeply into the case by a precise equence of beveled cuts, the design is ound on all sterling silver Classic and 75 ball pens, fountain pens and soft tip pens. The result is a metal sculpture that proides dozens of finger-fitting treads for easy, certain grip.



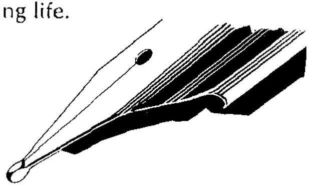
2. The arrow clip on the Parker 75 is a study n tenacity. Made of tough, resilient berylium copper and created through nine separate stages of metalwork, it is tested to 0,000 snap actions. Clipped low and secure in a pocket, a Parker pen will not lose ts grip.

3. The near-perfect sphere at the point of a Parker ball pen takes three weeks to make! This intricate bit of powder metallurgy is a Parker contribution to the art of penmaking. For smooth, even ink delivery, we make the ball round within ten/milionths of an inch. Microscopic texture on ts tungsten-carbide surface is formed by something our scientists call "controlled crater geometry." Result is ideal grip on paper and a clean, even line. If you think no other ball pen writes quite like a Parker, it's not your imagination.



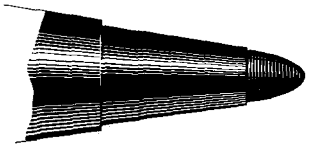


4. How well a ball pen writes depends as much on the ball socket as on the ball itself. If the lip of this nose-cone isn't strong enough, it will rub against the ball. Result: blobbing. Also, if the socket wears or corrodes, you will get an uneven, "goopy" kind of writing. The Parker ball socket is extremely tough, corrosion-resistant stainless steel. It must be this durable because the Parker ball pen writes months longer than the ordinary ballpoint and the socket has to stand up throughout all that extra writing life.



5. Like a fountain pen for writing with flow and character? Remember, the nib is the sensor of the fountain pen. For a smooth feel and even ink flow, it must have some flexibility. The Parker 75 nib is solid 14K gold, which has the flexibility and resilience necessary and resists corrosion.

6. Good as gold is for a nib, it would wear down in short order if it came in contact with the paper, a natural abrasive. This would cause a scratchy feel and uneven ink delivery. So the Parker 75 nib is tipped with a tiny pellet. This pellet is an incredibly tough alloy of ruthenium and platinum that wears *in,* to your touch, but won't wear out. Of the eight precious metals in the world, we consider it essential to use four in making the Parker 75 Sterling fountain pen.



7. Soft tip points can let you down. All too often they grow limp or splay. The Parker point is made of strong, individual strands of nylon bonded together by a specific trace of epoxy glue.

8. A Parker even *sounds* different. When the cap snaps together with the working end, a positive clutch is engaged. This marries the two parts very firmly. The sound, in miniature, is not unlike the authoritative "thunk" made by closing the door of a fine sports car.

The only thing better than one Parker pen is a Parker pen set. And it's easy to make up exactly what you want. Just mix and match any Classic or 75 pen, ball pen, soft tip pen or gift pencil with any other.

Every Parker pen is refillable and built to last. Because we expect you, or someone you're fond of, to use it not just for a few years but for a few decades.

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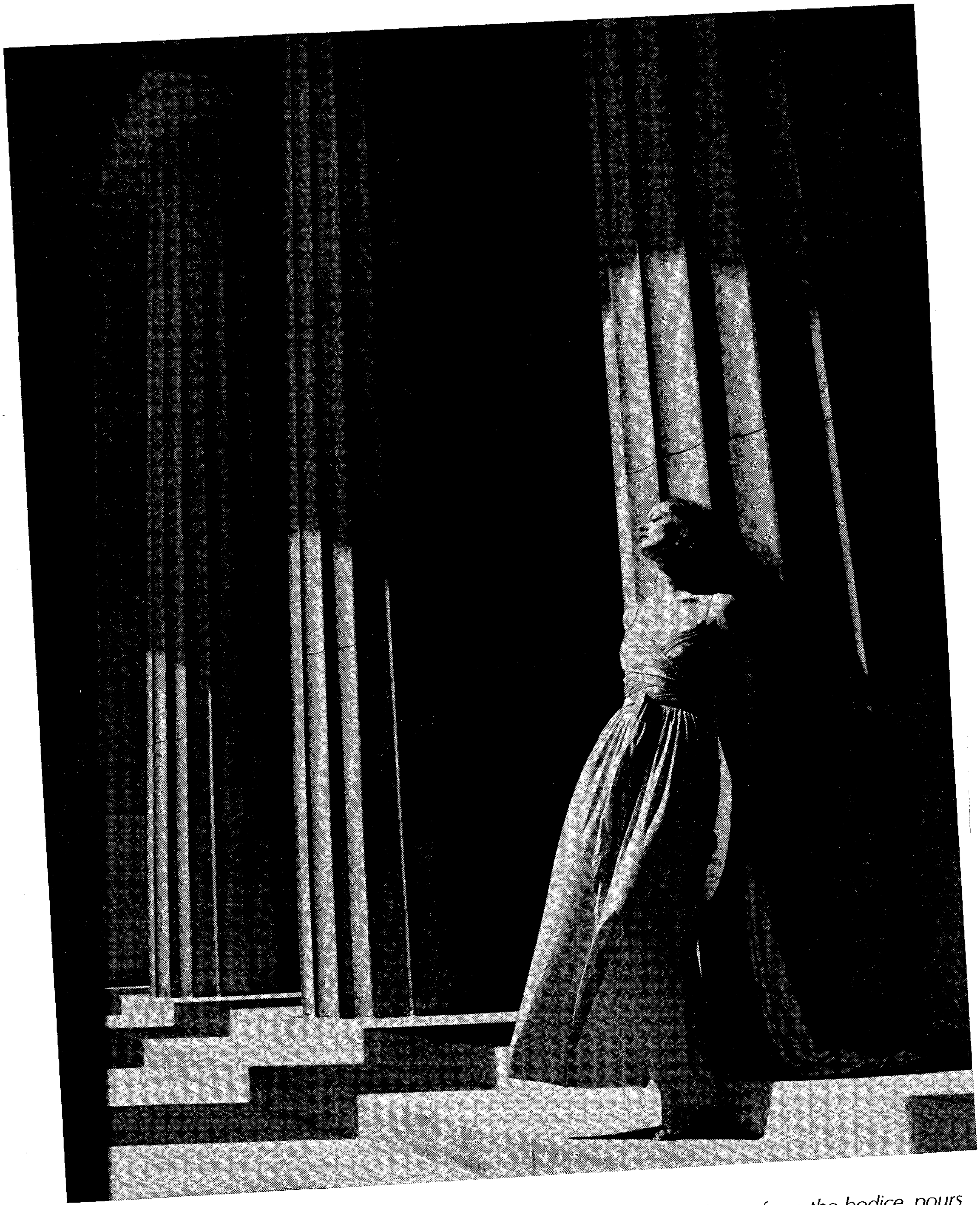

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

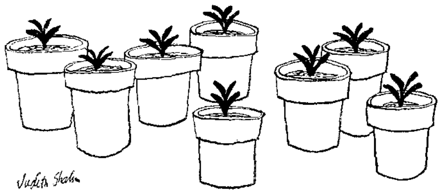
Notes and Comment

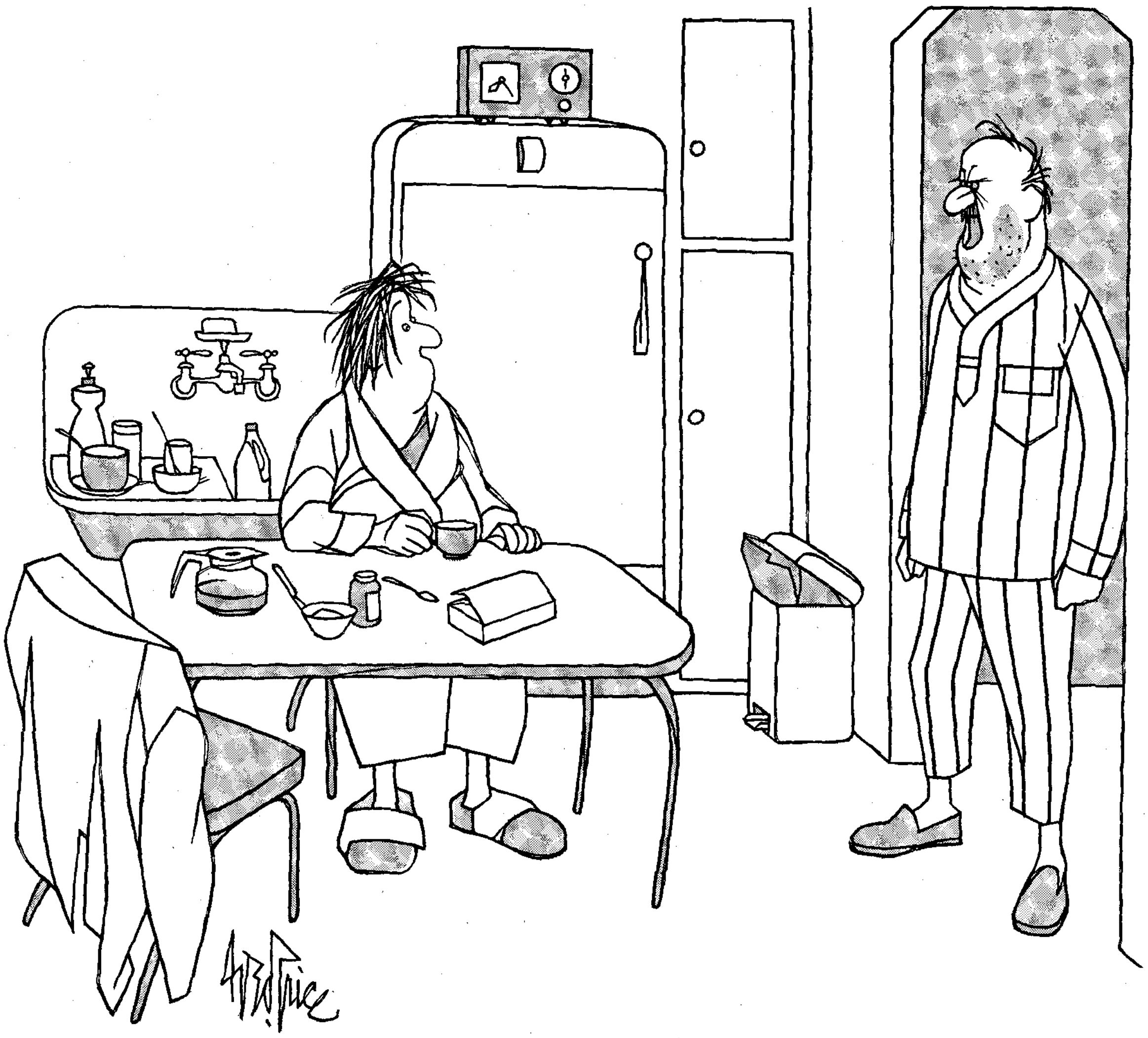
NOT long after President Carter revealed his energy proposal to Congress and to the nation, a television commentator remarked, "He's asking every congressman in his party to vote against the interests of his own constituents." The commentator's observation brought to mind a useful distinction concerning self-interest and morality which was made by Immanuel Kant in his "Metaphysical Foundations of Morals." Kant distinguished between what he called "counsels of prudence," which ask that one act so as to secure one's own happiness, and "commands of morality," which require that one act without any thought of gains for oneself. It appears that the television commentator and the many others who in recent days have invited people to look on the President's energy program as an exercise in virtuous sacrifice are mistaking an act of prudence for a moral action. For why ever should we adopt an energy program if it were not in our long-term interest to do so?

It may be that the misperception of the President's call for prudence as a call for selflessness stems from the penchant of elected politicians for dressing up political actions, which ordinarily have to do with the reconciliation of interests and the pursuit of interests, in the exalted language of moral concern, as though we lacked conviction to do even what it is in our interest to do until we had persuaded ourselves that our motives were altruistic. But if we follow this course we risk defeating ourselves, for although an air of moral concern lends an undertaking a noble appearance, it may well be that a clear perception of interest would in the long run supply a stronger and steadier impulse to action. Moral concern does have its place in politics, but it lies more in the selection of means than in the selection of ends. Morality is far likelier to enter politics effectively in the form of restrictions—restrictions on what policemen are allowed to do to suspects, on what government in general is allowed to do to citizens, and on what political figures are allowed to do to each other—than in the form of inspirational goals, such as achieving contentment for mankind through the withering away of the state, or attaining peace on earth for all time through victory in a war. The general pursuit of self-interested ends by morally irreproachable means would certainly be an improvement over what we now commonly find around us: the pursuit of irreproachable ends by repugnant means. This is not to say that at extraordinary moments in the lives of peoples, when public opinion really is fired with selfless enthusiasm, policy cannot reflect a moral commitment. One example is Britain's unprecedented offer of British citizenship to all Frenchmen on the eve of their nation's fall to Nazi Germany. But such moments are necessarily rare. The energy crisis, great as it is, is not one of them. It is not one of those emergencies which call for a single heroic act of public will. Rather, it is a permanent condition, and what is needed is not what President Carter called "the moral equivalent of war" but the practical political equivalent of prudence.

PEOPLE who used to extract sympathy from their friends by complaining "I don't get to spend any time with the President" are out of luck. Lately, spending time with the President has been a snap. At the invitation of *Time* and NBC-TV, for instance, millions of guests spent two days with the President, by reading "With Jimmy from Dawn to Midnight" and by watching "A Day with President Carter." The classical unities do not hold for journalism, of course; the magazine story did not take twenty-four hours to read (or even seventeen hours, which is the length of a typical day for the President), and the TV show lasted a mere hour. The two days were montage days: *"Jimmy Carter steps from White House elevator No. 1." Coffee served at Cabinet meeting. Labor leaders. Bean soup and Reuben sandwiches for lunch. Sunlight on the South Lawn. Carter to Anwar Sadat: "You need to go to the rest room or anything?" State dinner. Carter to Sadat: "It's still raining." Family. Lights out.*

The most ambitious pieces of montage were the ones that showed President Carter thinking: *"Carter has foreign policy on his mind." "The President refers to a lengthy memo on his desk." Carter looks dreamily at the ceiling, his chin resting on his hand. Carter cocks his head. Carter touches his pen to his chin.* These views of the President at thought, suggestive of mild stirrings within the Executive brain, gave an inadequate picture of the rigorous, active mind that was manifest in the dense logic of the energy address to Congress. Representations of thinking never do look like much. Cartoonists may draw ideas—the products of thought—as light bulbs, but the best they can do with the thought process itself is some dots (. . .) in a balloon above the thinker's head. Rodin's "The Thinker," his hand supporting his chin in feeble pantomime (for some reason, chins are important in the iconography of thought), looks as if he should be called Rodin's "The Woolgatherer." The trouble with most representations of thinking is that they make thinking look easy. People thinking while they lie down with their eyes closed or while they sort laundry look just like people lying down or sorting laundry; and people with their chins resting on their hands look as if they would be better off lying down or sorting laundry. Thus, President Carter's job looked easy during the two days we all visited him in the White House and watched him think, and President Carter looked





"Good morning. Over and out."

equal to some simple task—perhaps reading an energy address aloud from index cards typed in large letters with all the pauses marked and the hard words sounded out phonetically.

The two days we spent with President Carter have revealed a failure of public relations. We still have not seen the President actually thinking in a way that corresponds to his most serious and ambitious public words and actions. The combined efforts of the press and television, the President's advisers, and the President himself, all bent on giving us the New Open Presidency, have not been able to take us inside the President's mind. They have invited us in, and we have gamely watched the President refer to lengthy memos, roll his eyes up in his head, and touch his chin with his pen, only to find that we were watching histrionics as meaningless as those of the actors on "Microbes and Men" who signal "scientific thought" by hunching over microscopes and murmuring, "Interesting. Interesting. Really most exciting." Some things about the President cannot be conveyed. This failure is reassuring, for it reminds us that behind the idea of the New Open President there is an individual, doing alone what everybody has to do alone—thinking.

• •

LETTER from a friend: One reason I find paying income tax a depressing experience is that the experience occurs when the leaves have just come out and the streams have warmed up and the young women who work in midtown offices have taken to sitting in midtown parks during lunch hour with suntan mirrors under their chins, and it slices across this mood of new beginnings to write out big checks for a year that is over and is already beginning to lose its outlines on the midden of all the other departed years. If my mother were running the country, she would give me a break and tell me to run along and play outdoors with my friends, and not bother about paying my income tax, but I realized several years ago that, as far as I was concerned, my mother and the government had practically nothing in common, and I had the choice of paying my income tax, not paying my income tax and worrying about going to jail, or not paying my income tax and actually going to jail. I decided to pay, and gradually I have managed to dilute the depressing nature of the task with enjoyment of its utter, granitic inevitability. Every April 15th, between nine o'clock in the evening and midnight, I walk from my apartment, a fair distance downtown, to the General Post Office, at Thirty-first and Eighth, to mail my returns. I know that when I get to the Post Office there will be lots of people there feeling approximately the way I do, and that there will be postal workers taking the envelopes and putting them in boxes according to whether they are city-and-state, or federal, and that the building will have only a few lights on, and that the atmosphere will be that of teachers staying late at the high school to grade exams. On this night, I know exactly where I'm going and why I'm going there, and I walk at a pleasant, inexorable pace. This walk gives me the same peace of mind that I get when I'm riding on a bus to visit a relative whom I absolutely have to visit, or when at the beginning of a roller-coaster ride I feel the chain grip the bottom of the car and start hauling it up the initial incline.

The first year that I walked to the General Post Office on the night of April 15th to mail my returns, there were a number of people holding a candlelight vigil on the Post Office steps to protest defense spending. From a distance, as I walked up Eighth Avenue, I did not know that the candles were part of a protest demonstration, and I thought that the Internal Revenue Service, with a nice, if unexpected, sense of ceremony, had arranged for the candles to be there. Later, I found out what their purpose was, but I still liked the way they looked, flickering in a line on the steps. This year, I remembered the candles, and I missed them. It occurred to me that paying taxes, in addition to being inevitable, is guaranteed to be about the same amount of fun every year. Why is this? You figure out your taxes, you pay your taxes, you get back your cancelled check, and that's it. Why doesn't the I.R.S., just once, have punch and cookies at the General Post Office for people paying their taxes on the night of the fifteenth? It wouldn't cost that much. I, personally, would feel a big rush if as I walked up Eighth next year I saw semi-trailer trucks full of Hawaiian Punch and Lorna Doones lined up for blocks. I realize that paying taxes is not a favor that people do for the government, and that the people do not need to be rewarded by anything except good government, but what would it hurt if one year the I.R.S. had Bat Day, and everyone paying his taxes at the G.P.O. who was accompanied by a child under fourteen received a Louisville Slugger? There are lots of things the I.R.S. could do. It could present a free performance of "Cactus Flower" or "Take Her, She's Mine." It could have a free car wash. It could have Adrienne Barbeau, of TV's "Maude," there for people to meet. It could hand out party favors or noisemakers with the I.R.S. seal on them, or gag cocktail-stirrers, or "Jon-E" Hand Warmers. These are just a few ideas. Maybe it would be a disaster, and give people too frivolous a sense of their responsibilities as citizens. But it also might be a big success, and make a lot of people happy. It would cost less than a B-1 bomber, and it would probably be a lot funnier.

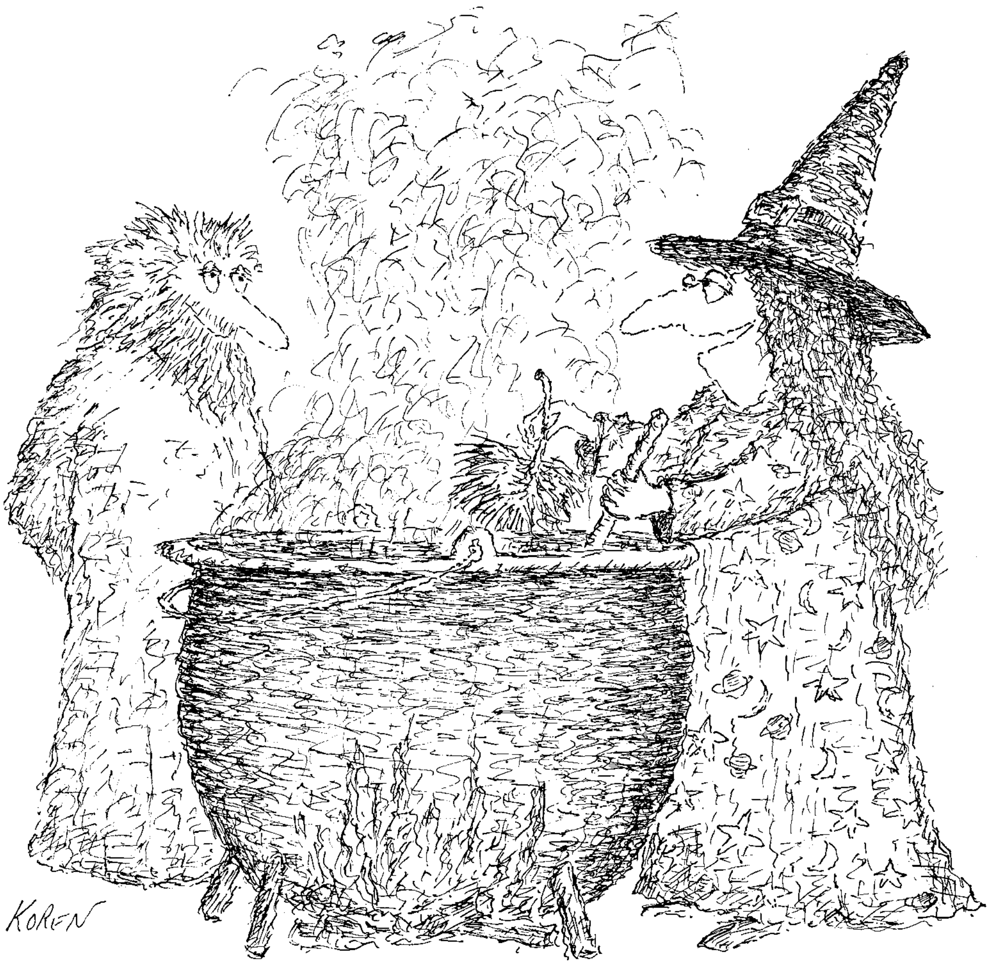
* * *

Foley's Return

RECENTLY, around 1 P.M. on an excellent spring day, someone passing close by the southwest corner of the Central Park Boathouse might have heard a muffled cheer go up, then another one, followed by applause and (sharp ears required here) the ineffable sound of munching. These phenomena will be explained. Earlier in the week, a woman named Sarah Elliott had telephoned to invite us to a small party that the bird-watchers of Central Park were throwing for Dennis Foley, a New York City policeman who is in their eyes a particular kind of hero. Mrs. Elliott, who was in charge of the party arrangements, explained that Dennis Foley (no relation *at all* of the caddish Dennis Foley of TV's "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman") had been a patrolman in the Park for about three years and, in that time, had established a strong bond with the bird-watchers there, because he was interested in birds himself, and because he was extremely conscientious in patrolling the Ramble, the densely wooded area that attracts not only birds and their fans but muggers as well. The bird-watchers, Mrs. Elliott told us, relied on Officer Foley as their protector until last fall, when the Police Department assigned him to another part of the city. If Officer Foley was unhappy about leaving the Park, the bird-watchers were desolate at losing their friend and colleague. During the winter months, a spirit of resistance developed, and grew into an energetic and vociferous appeal to the Police Department. Eventually, a petition asking for Foley's reinstatement and signed by more than a hundred bird-watchers found its way to the attention of the Police Commissioner himself. The thought of all those signatures melted the Police Commissioner's heart (these are not Sarah Elliott's exact words; her exact words were "The Police Department relented"), and Officer Foley was told that he could resume duty in Central Park.

The bird-watchers' celebration of Dennis Foley's return to the Ramble began at noon on a Friday, in a small side room of the Central Park Boathouse. We arrived to find the place full of intelligence—the lively and inquisitive faces of around two dozen people, who, perhaps out of party shyness, were leaving their guest of honor standing alone. He proved to be a fit-looking man of forty, with dark hair and bright eyes. He was not in uniform, but he *was* wearing a blue shirt, a blue tie, a blue jacket, blue trousers, and black shoes. We introduced ourself just as Officer Foley was handed a paper plate of bean-sprout salad and a plate with a stuffed tomato on it. He gave us the plate with the stuffed tomato, and told us that he was happy to be back at his post, and that the reason he had been relocated in the first place (to the upper West Side) was that the Police Department had been trying to distribute its manpower more evenly. He also said that his preferred method of patrolling the Park was by motor scooter.

We ate the stuffed tomato and listened while Sarah Elliott, red-haired and stylish in a purple pants suit, presided over a series of thank-yous: to



"Would you be a dear and fetch me a toad?"

the personnel of the Boathouse (which serves as a kind of clubhouse for bird-watchers); to Sheila Rosenberg, who collected the signatures for the petition; and to the Police Department. Mrs. Elliott proposed a toast: "To Dennis Foley, truly one of New York's finest." There was a cheer. Then a bearded guest proposed a toast to Sarah Elliott. Another cheer. Then the munching: stuffed tomato, bean-sprout salad, crackers, and cookies.

As we were leaving, Sheila Rosenberg, an attractive young woman wearing tinted glasses and a head scarf, offered to show us "the bird book"—a black notebook that hangs unobtrusively at one end of the hot-dog stand in the main room of the Boathouse and is used by bird-watchers to record sightings of interest. Mrs. Rosenberg pointed out a series of entries from last winter, when a long-eared owl had been spotted in the Ramble. There was a drawing of the owl which emphasized its ears (like a terrier's, we thought—short and crisp), and someone else had drawn a map indicating the owl's flight pattern (highly erratic). To judge from the worn appearance of the page, this had been an event of some excitement. We moved in to take a better look, and Mrs. Rosenberg backed away.

"Don't get too close," she said. "I have pneumonia."

"Oh dear," we said.

"I should be home in bed," Mrs. Rosenberg said, "but I came here today because of Dennis Foley. I got it on my vacation in the islands. Fever. Headache. Shivers and chills. I peaked in Tobago."

Bikes

ON a sunny weekend morning in the spring or summer, one of the better entertainments in town is the parade of bicycles, mopeds, and bipeds in front of Stuyvesant Bicycle, a store on East Thirteenth Street, in the Village. In particular, there always seems to be interesting activity near the air pump. The proprietors of Stuyvesant Bicycle give away compressed air free, but they should probably consider charging admission to the floor show that accompanies the fill-ups. One recent Saturday, we arrived before noon and leaned against a car that was parked opposite the air hose.

Five people were lined up, including a dark-haired young woman who had just bought a three-speed Raleigh. The owner of a ten-speed model asked her why.

She said, "Why did I buy a three-speed? Because I just need it to shlumpf around town—maybe to ride to work in warm weather. This thing cost me a hundred and nine bucks. My brother Freddy came along to make sure I did everything right. See, he's a bike freak, and the expert in our family. First he owned an Atala, but it got ripped off, so he bought a Peugeot. Then, two weeks ago, while he was on the Peugeot, he got hit by a bus. I guess that makes him an expert on just about everything. Well, my tires seem to be full. Gotta go. See ya." She adjusted her weight until she felt comfortable on her new bicycle, then rode away.

The next three people in line, who were having a spirited conversation in what sounded like Portuguese, didn't have any bicycles with them. They did, however, have leather bags that turned out to contain deflated soccer balls, and that explained what had attracted them to the air hose. The other person waiting for a fill-up at that moment was a young girl in warmup pants and a red football jersey. She sat astride a short, collapsible, foreign-looking two-wheeler.

We asked her if it was a three-speed or a five-speed.

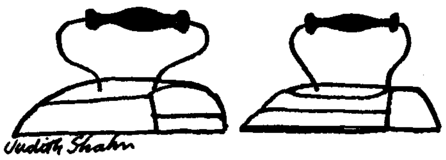
"Neither," she said. "It's a zero-speed."

The customers and their bicycles arrive at Stuyvesant Bicycle in many sizes and many states of repair. The crowd includes portly people on sleek bikes and tall people on stunted, circusy machines. Couples drive up in taxis and leave on bicycles; others pedal in and walk out empty-handed. We saw a woman with a cane who was looking for a tricycle for exercise. Unfortunately, she didn't find what she wanted. She was followed out of the store by a young girl who walked along gripping a bicycle that seemed much too big for her.

"Are you going to ride that home?" we asked.

"I don't think so," she said. "I live in New Jersey."

Next, a Chinese family—two boys, two girls, two parents, one grandmother—came out of the store surrounding a brand-new five-speed Ross Apollo. The bike was apparently a birthday present for one of the boys, and it bore a small license plate with the owner's name: Ray. The family walked east, toward University Place, and we thought we had seen the last of them until, moments later, Ray returned in high gear. He just missed hitting the tricycle woman, lightly sideswiped some plastic garbage bags, and narrowly avoided a head-on collision with a man motoring in on a Solex moped with five tiny American flags attached to the handlebars.



It seemed like a good time to duck inside the store, and shortly after we did so a teen-age boy entered carrying his bike, which was in four pieces. He received a brusque greeting from Tony Corso, who, along with his brother Sal, owns Stuyvesant Bicycle.

"Put the wheels on that thing," said Tony. "Why aren't they on?"

"Well, the wheels need tuning," said the boy.

"You want to leave it here, wheels and all?" Tony asked.

"Yeah."

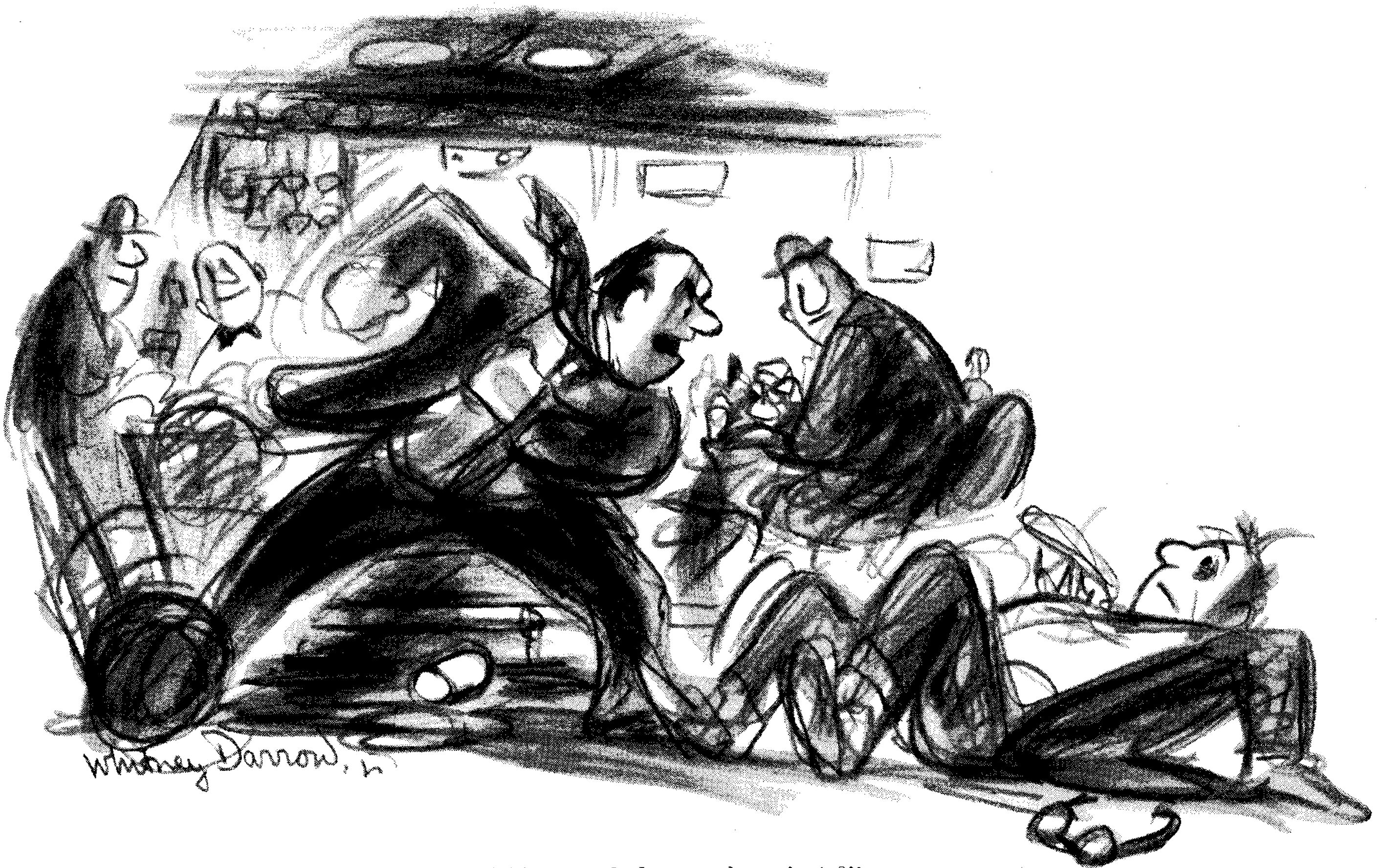
We asked the boy what it means for the wheels to need tuning.

He said, "Sometimes, man, you know, like, the wheels come out of tune." Then he held one up in the air, as if the problem were self-explanatory.

On any given day, Stuyvesant Bicycle carries an inventory of about ten thousand bikes—from a Bob Jackson racer, a handmade model that costs sixteen hundred dollars, to a ten-speed Maino that sells for ninety dollars. There are also bicycling accessories for every contingency: iron glue, reflecting tape, wall hooks, citizens-band radio transceivers, caliper brakes, tires, knapsacks, locks, saddlebags, aerosol horns, monkey wrenches, socket wrenches, wrench holders, air gauges that can be worn in shirt pockets, cuff clips that keep trousers from getting caught in gears, portable air pumps. Eventually, any diligent consumer can equip his vehicle with so many appurtenances that it becomes unridable.

We had a brief conversation with Sal Corso, who has a lot to say about New York City's promise as a bicycling mecca but did not have enough free time to expound his ideas fully. Among other notions, Sal advocates a plan to build special bicycle-parking lots around town, and he told us that several factors—primarily theft—have conspired to cut in half the life expectancy of the average New York City bicycle, which should be four or five years. When Sal excused himself to help a customer, a man came up to us and identified himself as Martin Moglin, a bicycle designer.

"You realize that the man you were just talking with is no ordinary shopkeeper—he is an encyclopedia ex cathedra," Mr. Moglin said, and then he



"The truth hurts, doesn't it?"

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launched into an encyclopedic discourse of his own, on bicycle design, construction, and marketing, and the morality or lack thereof of certain bicycle manufacturers. It lasted about ten minutes and was all fairly technical, and we don't really remember any of Mr. Moglin's specific points. We do remember, however, that a time came when he took a breath, which gave us a chance to say thanks, sorry, but we had to be going. As we backpedalled out the door, he shouted after us, "All the best! Keep your tires hard, and keep 'em off grease!"

Model U.N.

OVER twelve hundred students from a hundred and sixteen colleges and universities attended the National Model United Nations at the Statler Hilton not long ago, and most of them were so nice and out-of-town that they were not completely comfortable with escalators and revolving doors. If they bumped into you accidentally, they would stop, take you by the elbow, look you in the eye, and say, "Hey! Excuse me!" Most of them were political-science majors or members of international-relations clubs in their schools, and for six days they discussed topics ranging from the allotment of international radio frequencies to the creation of a Palestinian state. Each of the colleges or universities represented a different country (some represented two), and the delegations, in addition to attending regular plenary sessions, split up during the day and met in many different committees, commissions, regional and common-interest groups, and negotiating conferences. Each day, the events began at nine-thirty in the morning and ended at one-thirty or two at night. The delegates had a cocktail party on the second day, and, unlike most Manhattan cocktail parties, which sound modulated and nervous, tinkling with ice cubes in cocktail glasses and soft, high laughter, the Model U.N. cocktail party sounded as happy and unanimous as a pep rally. After the cocktail party, Brian Urquhart, the United Nations Under-Secretary-General for Special Political Affairs, who had just returned from Vienna, the site of talks on the Cyprus situation (a "flashpoint of crisis," in a favorite phrase of the Model U.N.), told the students, in a keynote address, that he was so impressed by them that he wished their U.N. were the real one and his were the model. "I admire you," he said. "Putting yourselves in the shoes of the world spectrum is labor that is infinitely worthwhile."

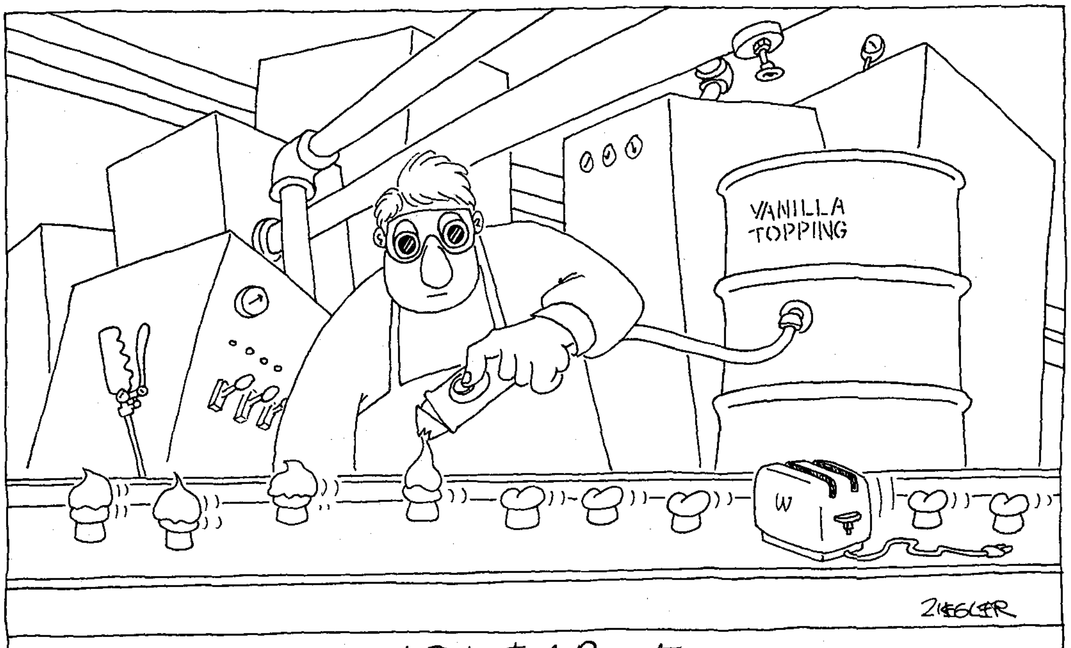
At the National Model United Nations, Queens College represented Egypt, the University of South Florida was China, Brigham Young University was Angola and the Yemen Arab Republic, Simmons College was Sudan, Florissant Valley Community College was Togo, Skidmore College was Rwanda, Northeastern Illinois University was Israel, Emporia Kansas State College was Libya, Northeastern Oklahoma State University was Niger, and Denison University was Democratic Kampuchea and Italy. Several Georgetown University students worked on organizing the conference and assigning the countries, and Georgetown was the United States. The U.S.S.R. was represented by the University of Pennsylvania. Cleveland State University was assigned to represent Uganda, and Jim Goodluck, a dark-haired Cleveland State political-science major with dark-rimmed glasses, said, "It is really not that great representing Uganda. I have to wear this tag that says 'Uganda,' and it makes people jump back in elevators when they see it. All year, we raised money so that we could come to this conference—we even got some people elected to the Student Government so that they could get funding for the trip. Then we found out we were Uganda, and a lot of the members of our International Relations Club said, 'Uganda? Forget it. We're not going.' "

I EMBRACE THE NEW CANDOR

TODAY I have been particularly candid. I have expressed candid thoughts about the Right to Life movement and the new high-energy Golf Classics and the way some books which don't really have *that* much literary merit are sold to paperback houses for huge figures. I have expressed candid thoughts about the fact that the Academy Awards seem to have lost a lot of their meaning (especially with the way they stop the awards during the television commercials), and the fact that Helen Hayes probably isn't the First Lady of the American Theatre anymore (although she probably is still the First Lady of the American Charitable Endorsement), and the fact that my environment at the Keowa Motel, where I live, has a damp and *stagnant* side to it that is evocative of small-time crime and emotional disaffection. Also, I have issued a no-holds-barred report on my last remaining friend, Bob Mern, which will almost certainly cost me his friendship but which will, I am sure, confirm my reputation with the public at large as a man of candor.

Let's go right to the report on Bob. I have always felt that to keep the trust of the public it was necessary for me to be ruthlessly candid in matters touching on my private life and those closest to me. In the past, as the record will show, I have been almost brutal in my statements about my wife, but since our divorce opportunities for frankness in this area have lessened. I continue to have many forthright things to say about her syndicated television program, "Jean Stapleton Duff . . . In Touch" (which has been devoted, this week, to the Right to Life movement, the new high-energy Golf Classics, and the California-style casual mode in outdoor entertaining, which is another subject about which I have had candid thoughts), but that isn't the same thing. When it comes to my personal life my most candid announcements now have to do with my friend Bob Mern. The fact is that I have had to lower Bob's rating twice in the last six months. Bob began the year with a "BAA" rating ("Secure Investment-Minimum Risk"), but after a really bad first quarter during which he was almost always completely drunk, during which he passed out six different times on my bathroom floor, during which he failed to pass his driving test, and during which he was unbelievably boring, I lowered his rating to a "B" ("Some Risk"). And now, after a second quarter during which he tried to pull a really obvious aggressive-dependence number on me (making me bring him his beer on account of his limp, etc., etc., etc.), I have released a statement announcing that I will not rate him at all. Bob will have a little bit of a rough time as a result, and I will have to watch TV by myself, but I have done the honest thing. Because I *have* done and said the honest thing *time* after *time* there has arisen among the public (among the public that reads the rotogravures, among the public that buys cologne, among the public in chronic pain) a deep trust in my word. I live nourished by public confidence. This confidence has reference to me as a public figure, as an artist (I am Jack Duff, and I am the founder of The Jack Duff Dance Experience), and as a human being. Even on those days I spend in bed, even on those days I spend lying on the floor, even on those days when I eschew all muscular movement, I find that I continue to be wrapped in a pervasive health—the physical manifestation of public faith in my candor.

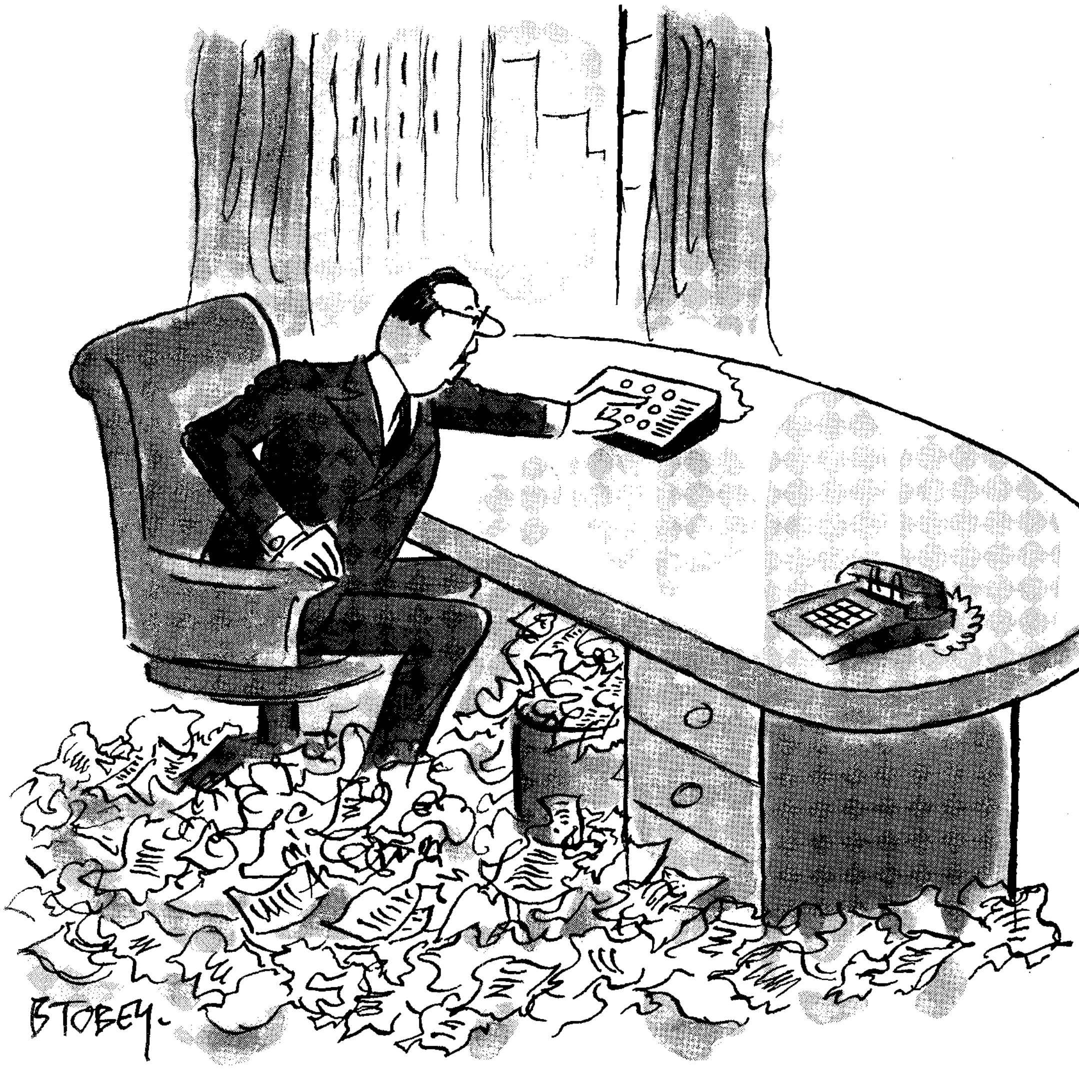
When I speak of "the public," I do not include so-called Important Men. It annoys Important Men that I am straightforward in my speech, because it shows them up. It galls Important Men that I don't promise special treats I can't deliver, for instance. Certain men of influence promise Aerial Tramways. I say *forget* Aerial Tramways. Other men encourage the anticipation of People Movers. I say *forget* People Movers. There will be weeping in the streets (I say), and increased incidence of interregional discourtesy, but *no People Movers*. In fact, the report I'm working on right now says that we are not likely to have reliable high-speed elevators for very much longer. My report says candidly that some of the fabulous new high-speed elevators we are installing are going to be involved in heart-wrenching mishaps, leading to an investigation, leading to new ordinances, leading to new safety-amenity parameters that will make it economically unfeasible for the high-speed-elevator manufacturers to continue in their work. In my report I foresee a generation of painful, inefficient, low-speed elevators manufactured in Asia, and then stairs. No one has to take my word for it. Private-school girls in good buildings, for instance, are free to do as they please. It is my opinion, however, that private-school girls who ignore my warning will find themselves dragging their party frocks up twenty-six floors of fire stairs; it is my opinion that they will arrive late (and tired) at the Junior Gaiety Dances; it is my opinion that no one will agree to attend the after-parties given by private-school girls who ignore my



A Potential Reject

warning. I don't mean to be severe, but those girls ought to watch their step.

IT is important, I feel, not to project a negative tone. There must be, always, a *constructive* side to candor. It is this constructive aspect that I seek to promote. I now urge the public to stress what I call the *Achievable Goals*. Achievable Goals—so simple an idea! I believe that through an emphasis on the *achievable* we can break the cycle of failure-fantasy-failure around which our national life has tended to carom, and regain a sense of purpose and control. So many goals *are* achievable that it seems perverse to stress goals whose realization is in doubt. I have some Achievable Goals to suggest. I suggest, for instance, that we set out now to *increase our dependence on imported oil*. This goal can be achieved almost immediately. It would be exhilarating, I think, to achieve, almost immediately, a goal with such important long-term implications.



"*Miss Craig, I've cleaned up my desk. I am now going to lunch.*"

To move on to the crucial housing field, where we have experienced setback after unpleasant setback, I suggest that we seek to *increase the stock of substandard housing*. I suggest here a Model Cities approach which could seek to dispel the pervasive air of failure engendered by the "real" Model Cities program, in which so many hopes were dashed. If a Model Cities approach were adopted we could draw up an elaborate plan in which we could set out specific figures denoting the amount by which we intended to increase the stock of substandard housing in Year One, in Year Two, etc., etc. Other Achievable Goals programs in the model district might seek to increase the use of drugs, and so on.

In the area of Social Engineering, I suggest that we *increase the amount of violence on television*. I suggest that we set up programs to increase the number of aimless people who loathe their elders, and I suggest that, whatever the cost, we guarantee to *every* Senior American the right to a drab old age. Sometimes (as now), when I think of just how much we could do, I get a little overexcited and I have to sit down for a minute and have a drink and smoke a cigarette.

Now I set for myself only those goals that I know to be completely achievable. I forgo all fantasy. In the coming quarter, I plan to *increase the number of molds* on the wall of my sleeping space; to *increase the number of apéritifs* I have before dinner; and of course I plan to increase my dependence on imported oil, which, since it is a broad national goal, I don't really count. The results, I know, will be very gratifying. Sometimes, however, my candor and consistency are so overwhelming that I have to sit down and have a drink and smoke a cigarette. I have such a large amount of public trust now that in some ways it is almost too much. I don't want to cut myself off from simple human experience, after all. I don't want to surrender my warm human qualities. The public doesn't want that, surely. So I have decided to relent in the case of my friend Bob Mern. I think the public will understand. I'd like Bob to come over and watch "Starsky & Hutch" with me. I will raise Bob's rating back to a "B" ("Some Risk"). I will suppress this quarter's report and send him a notice that his rating is "B." I wonder if he will call me back. If he doesn't, it will be a triumph, in a way, since it is a goal of mine to receive thirty-two per cent fewer phone calls this quarter than last.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

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"If he [Rupert Murdoch] were on a subway and noticed someone reading the Star, he'd saddle up to observe how long that person spent reading a piece."—*ANNY—Advertising News of New York.*

If he's got a horse, why does he have to use the subway?

PUTTERMESSER: HER WORK HISTORY, HER ANCESTRY, HER AFTERLIFE

PUTTERMESSER was thirty-four, a lawyer. She was also something of a feminist, not crazy, but she resented having "Miss" put in front of her name; she thought it pointedly discriminatory, she wanted to be a lawyer among lawyers. Though she was no virgin she lived alone, but idiosyncratically—in the Bronx, on the Grand Concourse, among other people's decaying old parents. Her own had moved to Miami Beach; in furry slippers left over from high school she roamed the same endlessly mazy apartment she had grown up in, her aging piano sheets still on top of the upright with the teacher's X marks on them showing up to where she should practice. Puttermesser always pushed a little ahead of the actual assignment; in school, too. Her teachers told her mother she was "highly motivated," "achievement oriented." Also she had "scholastic drive." Her mother wrote all these things down in a notebook, kept it always, and took it with her to Florida in case she should die there. Puttermesser had a younger sister who was also highly motivated, but she had married an Indian, a Parsee chemist, and gone to live in Calcutta. Already the sister had four children and seven saris of various fabrics.

Puttermesser went on studying. In law school they called her a grind, a competitive-compulsive, an egomaniac out for aggrandizement. But ego was no part of it; she was looking to solve something, she did not know what. At the back of the linen closet she found a stack of her father's old shirt cardboards (her mother was provident, stingy: in kitchen drawers Puttermesser still discovered folded squares of used ancient waxed paper, million-creased into whiteness, cheese-smelling, nesting small unidentifiable wormlets); so behind the riser pipe in the bathroom Puttermesser kept weeks' worth of Sunday *Times* crossword puzzles stapled to these laundry boards and worked on them indiscriminately. She played chess against herself, and was always victor over the color she had decided to identify with. She organized tort cases on index cards. It was not that she intended to remember everything: situations—it was her tendency to call intellectual problems "situations"—slipped into her mind like butter into a bottle.

A letter came from her mother in Florida:

> Dear Ruth,
>
> I know you won't believe this but I swear it's true the other day Daddy was walking on the Avenue and who should he run into but Mrs. Zaretsky, the thin one from Burnside not the stout one from Davidson, you remember her Joel? Well he's divorced now no children thank God so he's free as a bird as they say his ex the poor thing couldn't conceive. *He* had tests he's O.K. He's only an accountant not good enough for you because God knows I never forget the day you made Law Review but you should come down just to see what a tender type he grew up into. Every tragedy has its good side Mrs. Zaretsky says he comes down now practically whenever she calls him long distance. Daddy said to Mrs. Zaretsky well, an accountant, you didn't overeducate your son anyhow, with daughters it's different. But don't take this to heart honey Daddy is as proud as I am of your achievements. Why don't you write we didn't hear from you too long busy is busy but parents are parents.

Puttermesser had a Jewish face and a modicum of American distrust of it. She resembled no poster she had ever seen: with a Negroid passion she hated the Breck shampoo girl, so blond and bland and pale-mouthed; she boycotted Breck because of the golden-haired posters, all crudely idealized, an American wet dream, in the subway. Puttermesser's hair came in bouncing scallops—layered waves from scalp to tip, like imbricated roofing tile. It was nearly black and had a way of sometimes sticking straight out. Her nose had thick, well-haired, uneven nostrils, the right one noticeably wider than the other. Her eyes were small, the lashes short, invisible. She had the median Mongol lid—one of those Jewish faces with a vaguely Oriental cast. With all this, it was a fact she was not bad-looking. She had a good skin with, so far, few lines or pits or signs of looseness-to-come. Her jaw was pleasing—a baby jowl appeared only when she put her head deep in a book.

In bed she studied Hebrew grammar. The permutations of the triple-lettered root elated her: How was it possible that a whole language, hence a whole literature, a civilization even, should rest on the pure presence of three letters of the alphabet? The Hebrew verb, a stunning mechanism: three letters, whichever fated three, could command all possibility simply by a change in their pronunciation, or the addition of a wing-letter fore and aft. Every conceivable utterance blossomed from this trinity. It seemed to her not so much a language for expression as a code for the world's design, indissoluble, predetermined, translucent. The idea of the grammar of Hebrew turned Puttermesser's brain into a palace, a sort of Vatican; inside its corridors she walked from one resplendent triptych to another.

She wrote her mother a letter refusing to come to Florida to look over the divorced accountant's tenderness. She explained her life again; she explained it by indirection. She wrote:

> I have a cynical apperception of power, due no doubt to my current job. You probably haven't heard of the Office for Visas and Registration, OVIR for short. It's located on Ogaryova Street, in Moscow, U.S.S.R. I could enumerate for you a few of the innumerable bureaucratic atrocities of OVIR, not that anyone knows them all. But I could give you a list of the names of all those criminals, down to the women clerks, Yefimova, Korolova, Akulova, Arkhipova, Izrailova, all of them on Kolpachni Street in an office headed by Zolotukhin, the assistant to Colonel Smyrnov, who's under Ovchinikov, who is second in command to General Viryein, only Viryein and Ovchinikov aren't on Kolpachni Street, they're the ones in the head office—the M.V.D., Internal Affairs Ministry—on Ogaryova Street. Some day all the Soviet Jews will come out of the spider's clutches of these people and be free. Please explain to Daddy that this is one of the highest priorities of my life at this time in my personal history. Do you really *think a Joel Zaretsky can share such a vision?*

IMMEDIATELY after law school, Puttermesser entered the firm of Midland, Reid & Cockleberry. It was a blueblood Wall Street firm, and Puttermesser, hired for her brains and ingratiating (read: immigrant-like) industry, was put into a back office to hunt up all-fours cases for the men up front. Though a Jew and a woman, she felt little discrimination: the back office was chiefly the repository of unmitigated drudgery and therefore of usable youth. Often enough it kept its lights burning till three in the morning. It was right that the Top Rung of law school should earn you the Bottom of the Ladder in the actual world of all fours. The wonderful thing was the fact of the Ladder itself. And

RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT
STEVENSON

"What if we get this thing designed and built and then they just use it as a bargaining chip?"

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though she was the only woman, Puttermesser was not the only Jew. Three Jews a year joined the back precincts of Midland, Reid (four the year Puttermesser came, which meant they thought "woman" more than "Jew" at the sight of her). Three Jews a year left—not the same three. Lunchtime was difficult. Most of the young men went to one or two athletic clubs nearby to "work out;" Puttermesser ate from a paper bag at her desk, along with the other Jews, and this was strange: the young male Jews appeared to be as committed to the squash courts as the others. Alas, the athletic clubs would not have them, and this too was preternatural—the young Jews were indistinguishable from the others. They bought the same suits from the same tailors, wore precisely the same shirts and shoes, were careful to avoid tie clips and to be barbered a good deal shorter than the wild men of the streets, though a bit longer than the prigs in the banks.

Puttermesser remembered what Anatole France said of Dreyfus: that he was the same type as the officers who condemned him. "In their shoes he would have condemned himself."

Only their accents fell short of being identical: the "a" a shade too far into the nose, the "i" with its telltale elongation, had long ago spread from Brooklyn to Great Neck, from Puttermesser's Bronx to Scarsdale. These two influential vowels had the uncanny faculty of disqualifying them for promotion. The squash players, meanwhile, moved out of the back offices into the front offices. One or two of them were groomed—curried, fed sugar, led out by the muzzle—for partnership: were called out to lunch with thin and easeful clients, spent an afternoon in the dining room of one of the big sleek banks, and, in short, developed the creamy cheeks and bland habits of the always-comfortable.

The Jews, by contrast, grew more anxious, hissed together meanly among the urinals (Puttermesser, in the ladies' room next door, could hear malcontent rumblings in the connecting plumbing), became perfectionist and uncasual, quibbled bitterly, with stabbing forefingers, over principles, and all in all began to look and act less like superannuated college athletes and more like Jews. Then they left. They left of their own choice; no one shut them out.

Puttermesser left too, weary of so much chivalry—the partners in particular were excessively gracious to her, and treated her like a fellow-aristocrat. Puttermesser supposed this was because *she* did not say "a" in her nose or elongate her "i," and above all she did not dentalize her "t," "d," or "l," keeping them all back against the upper palate. Long ago her speech had been "standardized" by the drilling of fanatical teachers, elocutionary missionaries hired out of the Midwest by Puttermesser's prize high school, until almost all the regionalism was drained out; except for the pace of her syllables, which had a New York deliberateness, Puttermesser could have come from anywhere. She was every bit as American as her grandfather in his captain's hat. From Castle Garden to blue New England mists, her father's father, hat-and-neckwear peddler to Yankees! In Puttermesser's veins Providence, Rhode Island, beat richly. It seemed to her the partners felt this.

Then she remembered that Dreyfus spoke perfect French, and was the perfect Frenchman.

For farewell she was taken out to a public restaurant—the clubs the partners belonged to (they explained) did not allow women—and apologized to.

"We're sorry to lose you," one said, and the other said, "No one for you in this outfit for under the canvas, hah?"

"The canvas?" Puttermesser said.

"Wedding canopy," said the partner, with a wink. "Or do they make them out of sheepskin—I forget."

"An interesting custom. I hear you people break the dishes at a wedding too," said the second partner.

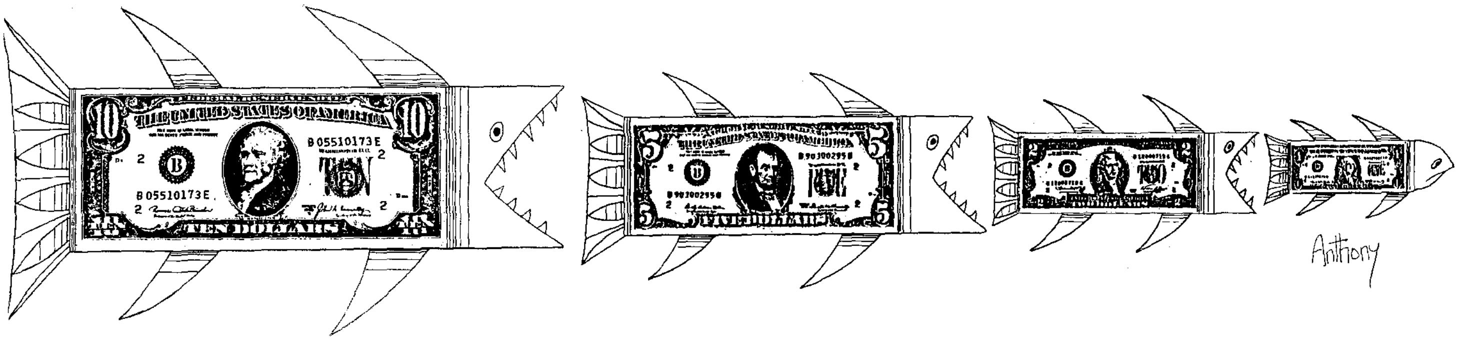
An anthropological meal. They explored the rites of her tribe. She had not known she was strange to them. Their beautiful manners were the cautiousness you adopt when you visit *the interior: Dr. Livingstone, I presume?* They shook hands and wished her luck, and at that moment, so close to their faces with those moist smile ruts flowing from the sides of their waferlike noses punctured by narrow, even nostrils, Puttermesser was astonished into noticing how strange *they* were—so many luncheon Martinis inside their bellies, and such beautiful manners even while drunk, and, important though they were, insignificant though she was, the fine ceremonial fact of their having brought her to this carpeted place. Their eyes were blue. Their necks were clean. How closely they were shaven!—like men who grew no hair at all. Yet hairs curled inside their ears. They let her take away all her memo pads with her name printed on them. She was impressed by their courtesy, their benevolence, through which they always got their way. She had given them three years of meticulous anonymous research, deep deep nights going after precedents, dates, lost issues, faded faint politics; for their sakes she had yielded up those howling morning headaches and half a dioptre's worth of sight in both eyes. Brilliant students make good aides. They were pleased though not regretful. She was replaceable: a clever black had been hired only that morning. The palace they led her to at the end of it all was theirs by divine right: in which they believed, on which they acted. They were benevolent because benevolence was theirs to dispense.

She went to work for the Department of Receipts and Disbursements. Her title was Assistant Corporation Counsel—it had no meaning, it was part of the sub-speech on which bureaucracy relies. Of the many who held this title most were Italians and Jews, and again Puttermesser was the only woman. In this great City office there were no ceremonies and no manners: gross shouts, ignorant clerks, slovenliness, litter on the floors, grit stuck all over antiquated books. The ladies' room reeked: the women urinated standing up, and hot urine splashed on the toilet seats and onto the muddy tiles.

The successive heads of this department were called Commissioners. They were all political appointees—scavengers after spoils. Puttermesser herself was not quite a civil servant and not quite *not* a civil servant—one of those amphibious creatures hanging between base contempt and bare decency; but she soon felt the ignominy of belonging to that mean swarm of City employees rooted bleakly in cells inside the honeycomb of the Municipal Building. It was a monstrous place, gray everywhere, abundantly tunnelled, with multitudes of corridors and stairs and shafts, a kind of swollen doom through which the bickering of small-voiced officials whinnied. At the same time there were always curious farm sounds—in the summer the steady cricket of the air-conditioning, in the winter the gnash and croak of old radiators. Nevertheless the windows were broad and high and stupendously filled with light; they looked out on the whole lower island of Manhattan, revealed *as* an island, down to the Battery, all crusted over with the dried lava of shape and shape: rectangle over square, and square over spire. At noon the dark gongs of St. Andrew's boomed their wild and stately strokes.

To Puttermesser all this meant she had come down in the world. Here she was not even a curiosity. No one noticed a Jew. Unlike the part-

"What do I do? I drive a Maserati."



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ners at Midland, Reid, the Commissioners did not travel out among their subjects and were rarely seen. Instead they were like shut-up kings in a tower, and suffered from rumors.

But Puttermesser discovered that in City life all rumors are true. Putative turncoats are genuine turncoats. All whispered knifings have happened: officials reputed to be about to topple, topple. So far Puttermesser had lasted through two elections, seeing the powerful become powerless and the formerly powerless inflate themselves overnight, like gigantic winds, to suck out the victory of the short run. When one administration was razed, for the moment custom seemed levelled with it, everything that smelled of "before," of "the old way"—but only at first. The early fits of innovation subsided, and gradually the old way of doing things crept back, covering everything over, like grass, as if the building and its workers were together some inexorable vegetable organism with its own laws of subsistence. The civil servants were grass. Nothing destroyed them, they were stronger than the pavement, they were stronger than time. The administration might turn on its hinge, throwing out one lot of patronage eaters and gathering in the new lot: the work went on. They might put in fresh carpeting in the new Deputy's office, or a private toilet in the new Commissioner's, and change the clerks' light bulbs to a lower wattage, and design an extravagant new colophon for a useless old document—they might do anything they liked: the work went on as before. The organism breathed, it comprehended itself.

So there was nothing for the Commissioner to do, and he knew it, and the organism knew it. For a very great salary the Commissioner shut his door and cleaned his nails behind it with one of the shining tools of a fancy Swiss knife, and had a secretary who was rude to everyone, and made dozens of telephone calls every day.

The current one was a rich and foolish playboy who had given the Mayor money for his campaign. All the high officials of every department were either men who had given the Mayor money or else courtiers who had humiliated themselves for him in the political clubhouse—mainly by flattering the clubhouse boss, who before any election was already a secret mayor and dictated the patronage lists. But the current Commissioner owed nothing to the boss because he had given the Mayor money and was the Mayor's own appointee; and anyhow he would have little to do with the boss because he had little to do with any Italian. The boss was a gentlemanly Neapolitan named Fiore, the chairman of the board of a bank; but still, he was only an Italian, and the Commissioner cared chiefly for blue-eyed bankers. He used his telephone to make luncheon appointments with them, and sometimes tennis. He himself was a blue-eyed Guggenheim, a German Jew, but not one of the grand philanthropic Guggenheims. The name was a cunning coincidence (cut down from Guggenheimer), and he was rich enough to be taken for one of the real Guggenheims, who thought him an upstart and disowned him. Grandeur demands discreetness; he was so discreetly disowned that no one knew it, not even the Rockefeller he had met at Choate.

This Commissioner was a handsome, timid man, still young, and good at boating; on weekends he wore sneakers and cultivated the friendship of the dynasties—Sulzbergers and Warburgs, who let him eat with them but warned their daughters against him. He had dropped out of two colleges and finally graduated from the third by getting a term-paper factory to plagiarize his reports. He was harmless and simple-minded, still devoted to his brainy late father, and frightened to death of news conferences. He understood nothing: art appreciation had been his best subject (he was attracted to Renaissance nudes), economics his worst. If someone asked, "How much does the City invest every day?" or "Is there any Constitutional bar against revenue from commuters?" or "What is your opinion about taxing exempt properties?," his pulse would catch in his throat, making his nose run, and he had to say he was pressed for time and would let them have the answers from his Deputy in charge of the Treasury. Sometimes he would even call on Puttermesser for an answer.

NOW if this were an optimistic portrait, exactly here is where Puttermesser's emotional life would begin to grind itself into evidence. Her biography would proceed romantically, the rich young Commissioner of the Department of Receipts and Disbursements would fall in love with her. She would convert him to intelligence and to the cause of Soviet Jewry. He would abandon boating and the pursuit of bluebloods. Puttermesser would end her work history abruptly and move on to a bower in a fine suburb.

This is not to be. Puttermesser will always be an employee in the Municipal Building. She will always behold Brooklyn Bridge through its windows; also sunsets of high glory, bringing her religious pangs. She will not marry. Perhaps she will undertake a long-term affair with Vogel, the Deputy in charge of the Treasury; perhaps not.

The difficulty with Puttermesser is that she is loyal to certain environments.

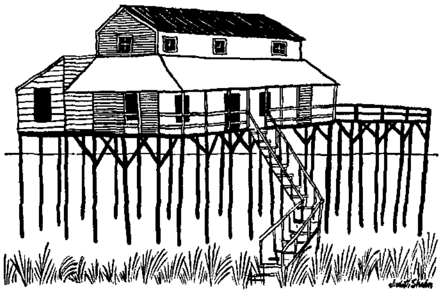
PUTTERMESSER, while working in the Municipal Building, had a luxuriant dream, a dream of *gan eydn*—a term and notion handed on from her great-uncle Zindel, a former shammes in a shul that had been torn down. In this reconstituted Garden of Eden, which is to say in the World to Come, Puttermesser, who was not afflicted with quotidian uncertainty in the Present World, had even more certainty of her aims. With her weakness for fudge (others of her age, class, and character had advanced to Martinis, at least to ginger ale; Puttermesser still drank ice cream with cola, despised mints as too tingly, eschewed salty liver canapés, hunted down chocolate babies, Kraft caramels, Mary Janes, Milky Ways, peanut brittle, and immediately afterward furiously brushed her teeth, scrubbing off guilt)—with all this nasty self-indulgence, she was nevertheless very thin and unironic. Or: to postulate an afterlife was her single irony—a game in the head not unlike a melting fudge cube held against the upper palate.

There, at any rate, Puttermesser would sit, in Eden, under a middle-sized tree, in the solid blaze of an infinite heart-of-summer July, green, green, green everywhere, green above and green below, herself gleaming and made glorious by sweat, every itch annihilated, fecundity dismissed. And there Puttermesser would, as she imagined it, *take in.* Ready to her left hand, the box of fudge (rather like the fudge sold to the lower school by the eighth-grade cooking class in P.S. 74, The Bronx, circa 1942); ready to her right hand, a borrowed steeple of library books: for into Eden the Crotona Park Branch has ascended intact, sans librarians and fines, but with its delectable terrestrial binding-glue fragrances unevaporated.

Here Puttermesser sits. Day after celestial day, perfection of desire upon perfection of contemplation, into the exaltations of an uninterrupted forever, she eats fudge in human shape (once known—no use covering this up—as nigger babies), or fudge in square shapes (and in Eden there is no tooth decay); and she reads. Puttermesser reads and reads. Her eyes in Paradise are unfatigued. And if she still does not know what it is she wants to solve, she has only to read on. The Crotona Park Branch is as paradisal here as it was on earth. She reads anthropology, zoology, physical chemistry, philosophy (in the green air of heaven Kant and Nietzsche together fall into crystal splinters). The New Books section is peerless: she will learn about the linkages of genes, about quarks, about primate sign language, theories of the origins of the races, religions of ancient civilizations, what Stonehenge meant. Puttermesser will read Non-Fiction into eternity; and there is still time for Fiction! Eden is equipped above all with timelessness, so Puttermesser will read at last all of Balzac, all of Dickens, all of Turgenev and Dostoevski (her mortal self has already read all of Tolstoy and George Eliot); at last Puttermesser will read "Kristin Lavransdatter" and the stupendous trilogy of Dmitri Merezhkovski, she will read "The Magic Mountain" and the whole "Faerie Queene" and every line of "The Ring and the Book," she will read a biography of Beatrix Potter and one of Walter Scott in many entrancing volumes and one of Lytton Strachey, at last, at last! In Eden insatiable Puttermesser will be nourished, if not glutted. She will study Roman law, the more arcane varieties of higher mathematics, the nuclear composition of the stars, what happened to the Monophysites, Chinese history, Russian, and Icelandic.

But meanwhile, still alive, not yet translated upward, her days given over to the shadow reign of a playboy Commissioner, Puttermesser was learning only Hebrew.

Twice a week, at night (it seemed), she went to Uncle Zindel for a lesson. Where the bus ran through peeling neighborhoods the trolley tracks sometimes shone up through a broken smother of asphalt, like weeds wanting renewal. From childhood Puttermesser remembered how trolley days were better days: in summer the cars banged along, self-contained little carnivals, with open wire-mesh sides sucking in hot winds, the passengers serenely jogging on the seats. Not so this bus, closed like a capsule against the slum.



The old man, Zindel the Stingy, hung on to life among the cooking smells of Spanish-speaking blacks. Puttermesser walked up three flights of steps and leaned against the crooked door, waiting for the former shammes with his little sack. Each evening Zindel brought up a single egg from the Cuban grocery. He boiled it while Puttermesser sat with her primer.

"You should go downtown," the shammes said, "where they got regular language factories. Berlitz. N.Y.U. They even got an *ulpan*, like in Israel."

"You're good enough," Puttermesser said. "You know everything they know."

"And something more also. Why you don't live downtown, on the East Side, fancy?"

"The rent is too much, I inherited your stinginess."

"And such a name. A nice young fellow meets such a name, he laughs. You should change it to something

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

Out of what secret English summer evening
or night on the incalculable Rhine,
lost among all the nights of my long night,
could it have come to my unknowing ear,
your song, encrusted with mythology,
nightingale of Vergil and the Persians?
Perhaps I never heard you, but my life
is bound up with your life, inseparably.
The symbol for you was a wandering spirit
in a book of enigmas. And among all sailors
you were nicknamed "siren of the woods;"
you sing throughout the night of Juliet
and through the intricate pages of the Latin
and from the pinewoods of that other one,
the nightingale of Germany and Judea,
Heine, the clown, the man on fire, the sad one.
Keats heard your song for everyone, forever.
There is not one among the shimmering names
people have given you across the earth
which does not seek to match your own music,
nightingale of the dark. The Muslim dreamed you
in the delirium of ecstasy,
his breast pierced by the thorn of the sung rose
you redden with your blood. Assiduously
in the black evening I contrive this poem,
nightingale of the sands and all the seas,
that in exultation, memory, and fable,
you burn with love and die in liquid song.

—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Alastair Reid.*)

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Coffee 'n Cake
Chicken 'n Fries
MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER 'N SMITH
BURGER 'N BUN
FRANKS 'N BEANS
BRIAN SAVAGE

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different, lovely, nice. Shapiro, Levine. Cohen, Goldweiss, Blumenthal. I don't say make it *different*, who needs Adams, who needs McKee, I say make it a name not a joke. Your father gave you a bad present with it. For a young girl, Butterknife!"

"I'll change it to Margarine-messer."

"Never mind the ha-ha. *My* father, what was your great-great-grandfather, didn't allow a knife to the table Friday night. When it came to *kiddush*—knifes off! All knifes! On Sabbath an instrument, a blade? On Sabbath a weapon? A point? An edge? What makes bleeding among mankind? What makes war? Knifes! No knifes! Off! A clean table! And something else you'll notice. By us we got only *messer*, you follow? By them they got sword, they got lance, they got halberd. Go to the dictionary, I went once. So help me, what don't one of them knights carry? Look up in the book, you'll see halberd, you'll see cutlass, pike, rapier, foil, ten dozen more. By us a pike is a fish. Not to mention what nowadays they got—bayonet stuck on the gun, who knows what else the poor soldier got to carry in the pocket. Maybe a dagger same as a pirate. But by us—what we got? A *messer! Puttermesser*, you slice off a piece butter, you cut to live, not to kill. A name of honor, you follow? Still, for a young girl—"

"Uncle Zindel, I'm past thirty."

Uncle Zindel blinked lids like insect's wings, translucent. He saw her voyaging, voyaging. The wings of his eyes shadowed the Galilee. They moved over the Tomb of the Patriarchs. A tear for the tears of Mother Rachel rode on his nose. "Your mother knows you're going? Alone on an airplane, such a young girl? You wrote her?"

"I wrote her, Uncle Zindel. I'm not flying."

"By sea is also danger. What Mama figures, in Miami who is there? The dead and dying. In Israel you'll meet someone. You'll marry, you'll settle there. What's the difference, these days, modern times, quick travel—"

Uncle Zindel's egg was ready, hard-boiled. The shammes tapped it and the shell came off raggedly. Puttermesser consulted the alphabet: *aleph*, *beys*, *gimel;* she was not going to Israel, she had business in the Municipal Building. Uncle Zindel, chewing, began finally to teach: "First see how a *gimel* and which way a *zayen*. Twins, but one kicks a leg left, one right. You got to practice the difference. If legs don't work, think pregnant bellies. Mrs. *Zayen* pregnant in one direction, Mrs. *Gimel* in the other. Together they give birth to *gez*, which means what you cut off. A night for knifes! Listen, going home from here you should be extra careful tonight. Martinez, the upstairs not the next door, her daughter they mugged and they took."

The shammes chewed, and under his jaws Puttermesser's head bent, practicing the bellies of the holy letters.

Stop. Stop, stop! Puttermesser's biographer, stop! Disengage, please. Though it is true that biographies are invented, not recorded, here you invent too much. A symbol is allowed, but not a whole scene: do not accommodate too obsequiously to Puttermesser's romance. Having not much imagination, she is literal with what she has. Uncle Zindel lies under the earth of Staten Island. Puttermesser has never had a conversation with him; he died four years before her birth. He is all legend: Zindel the Stingy, who even in *gan eydn* rather than eat will store apples until they rot. Zindel the Unripe. Why must Puttermesser fall into so poignant a fever over the cracked phrases of a shammes of a torn-down shul?

(The shul was not torn down, neither was it abandoned. It disintegrated. Crumb by crumb it vanished. Stones took some of the windows. There were no pews, only wooden folding chairs. Little by little these turned into sticks. The prayer books began to flake: the bindings flaked, the glue came unstuck in small brown flakes, the leaves grew brittle and flaked into confetti. The congregation too began to flake off—the women first, wife after wife after wife, each one a pearl and a consolation, until there they stand, the widowers, frail, gazing, palsy-struck. Alone and in terror. Golden Agers, Senior Citizens! And finally they too flake away, the shammes among them. The shul becomes a wisp, a straw, a feather, a hair.)

But Puttermesser must claim an ancestor. She demands connection—surely a Jew must own a past. Poor Puttermesser has found herself in the world without a past. Her mother was born into the din of Madison Street and was taken up to the hullabaloo of Harlem at an early age. Her father is nearly a Yankee: his father gave up peddling to captain a drygoods store in Providence, Rhode Island. In summer he sold captain's hats, and wore one in all his photographs. Of the world that was, there is only this single grain of memory: that once an old man, Puttermesser's mother's uncle, kept his pants up with a rope belt, was called Zindel, lived without a wife, ate frugally, knew the holy letters, died with thorny English a wilderness between his gums. To him Puttermesser clings. America is a blank, and Uncle Zindel is all her ancestry. Unironic, unimaginative, her plain but stringent mind strains beyond the parents—what did they have? Only day-by-day in their lives, coffee in the morning, washing underwear, occasionally a trip to the beach. Blank. What did they know? Everything from the movies; something—scraps—from the newspaper. Blank.

Behind the parents, beyond and before them, things teem. In old photographs of the Jewish East Side, Puttermesser sees the teeming. She sees a long coat. She sees a woman pressing onions from a pushcart. She sees a tiny child with a finger in its mouth who will become a judge.

Past the judge, beyond and behind him, something more is teeming. But this Puttermesser cannot see. The towns, the little towns. Zindel born into a flat-roofed house a modest distance from a stream.

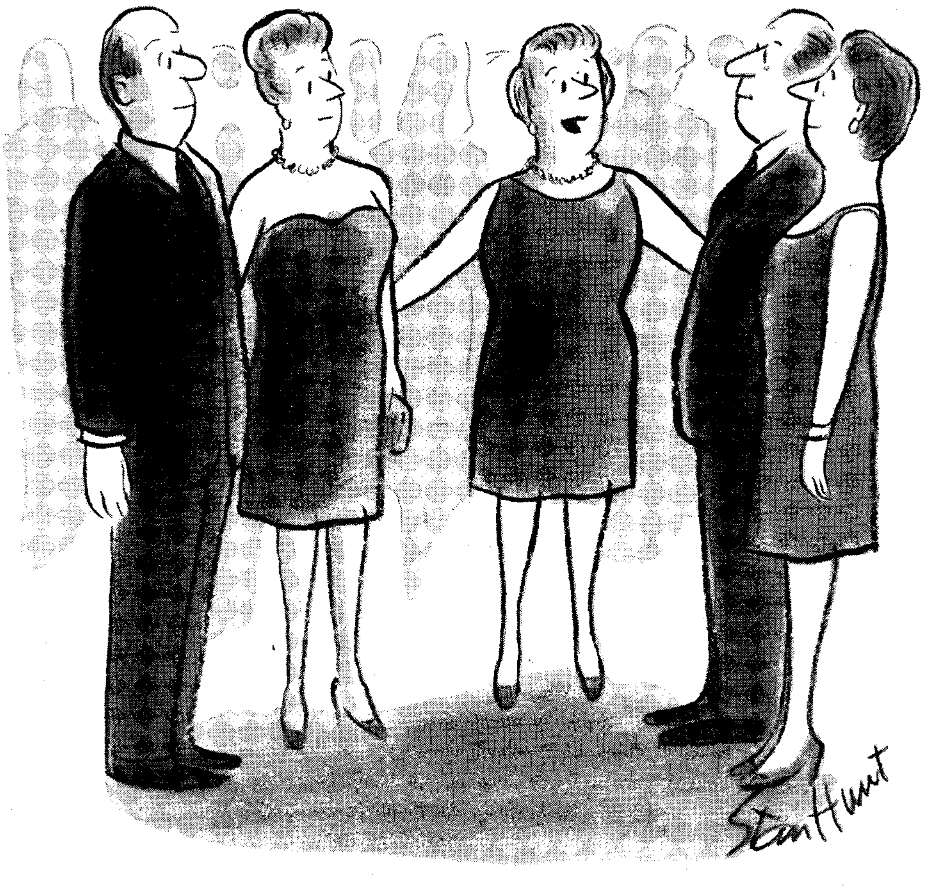
What can Puttermesser do? She began life as the child of an anti-Semite. Her father would not eat kosher meat—it was, he said, too tough. He had no superstitions. He wore the mother down, she went to the regular meat market at last.

The scene with Uncle Zindel did not occur. How Puttermesser loved the voice of Zindel in the scene that did not occur!

(He is under the ground. The cemetery is a teeming city of toy skyscrapers shouldering each other. Born into a wooden house, Zindel now has a flat stone roof. Who buried him? Strangers from the *landsmanshaft* society. Who said a word for him? No one. Who remembers him now?)

Puttermesser does not remember Uncle Zindel; Puttermesser's mother does not remember him. A name in the dead grandmother's mouth. Her parents have no ancestry. Therefore Puttermesser rejoices in the cadences of Uncle Zindel's voice above the Cuban grocery. Uncle Zindel, when alive, distrusted the building of Tel Aviv because he was practical, Messiah was not imminent. But now, in the scene that did not occur, how naturally he supposes Puttermesser will journey to a sliver of earth in the Middle East, surrounded by knives, missiles, bazookas!

The scene with Uncle Zindel did not occur. It could not occur because, though Puttermesser dares to posit her ancestry, we may not. Puttermesser is not to be examined as an artifact but as an essence. Who made her? No one cares. Puttermesser is henceforth to be presented as given. Put her back into Receipts and Disbursements, among office Jews and patronage collectors. While winter dusk blackens the Brooklyn Bridge, let us hear her opinion about the taxation of exempt properties. The bridge is not the harp Hart Crane said it was in his poem. Its staves are prison bars. The women clerks, Yefimova, Korolova, Akulova, Arkhipova, Izrailova, are on Kolpachni Street, but the vainglorious General Viryein is not. He is on Ogaryova Street. Joel Zaretsky's ex-wife is barren. The Commissioner puts on his tennis sneakers. He telephones. Mr. Fiore, the courtly secret mayor behind the Mayor, also telephones. Hey! Puttermesser's biographer! What will you do with her now? —CYNTHIA OZICK



"Some people named Copeland, I'd like you to meet some people named Turner."

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The evening was so successful that Program Chairman Don Orenbuch has arranged a second Club "Night at the Theater" for Friday, April 22nd, when members can see the Circle in the Square production of "Romeo and Juliet" followed by a discussion about theater in general and the play in particular with the actors.

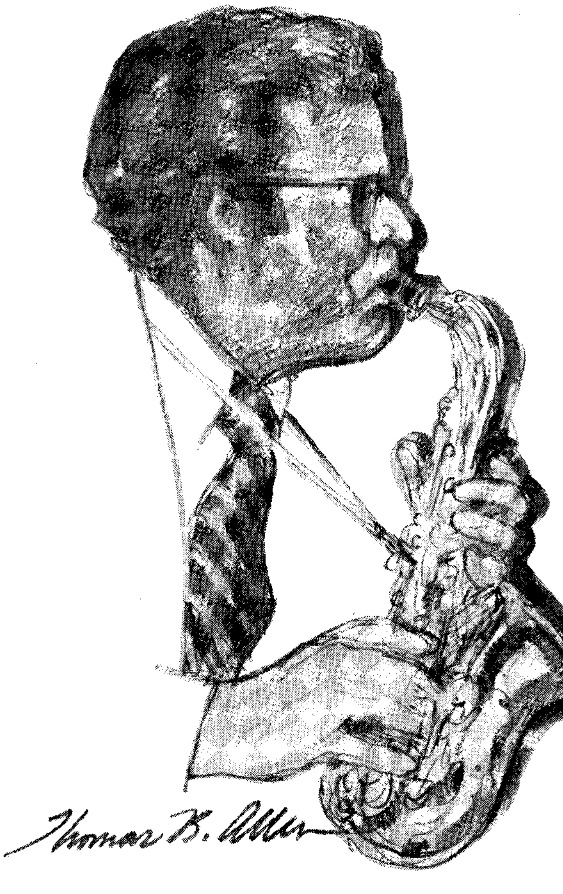
This production of Shakespeare's timeless love story stars Pamela Payton-Wright as Ophelia and Paul Rudd as Hamlet.—*Harvard Business School Club News.*

That must have been an evening!

PROFILES

THE WESTCHESTER KIDS

IN one form or another—big bands, small bands, trios, solo pianists—jazz was everywhere in this country in the late thirties and early forties. Five or six nights a week, the four radio networks broadcast live music from Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, and points between, and myriad local wires placed in clubs and roadhouses sustained the faithful for fifty miles around. Indeed, jazz of some sort could be heard in countless clubs and roadhouses as well as in hotels and ballrooms and theatres, and, before gas rationing and the wartime thirty-per-cent entertainment tax, it was simple and cheap to drive twenty or more miles to the Glen Island Casino or the Palladium Ballroom or the Bradford Hotel to hear Tommy Dorsey or Red Norvo or Count Basie. Every town of five thousand and over had a record store with at least one listening booth where you could sift the dozen or so new releases that came in every week, and there was no problem, as there is now, in ordering special records, like the Jones-Collins Astoria Hot Eight's "Tip Easy Blues" on Bluebird or Albert Ammons' "Bass Goin' Crazy" on twelve-inch Blue Note. Nor could the neophyte get lost in this lovely new musical landscape, for there were plenty of maps: Ramsey and Smith's "The Jazz Record Book" and "Jazzmen," and Hugues Panassié's "The Real Jazz;" the little magazines of jazz, like *Jazz Information* and *The Jazz Record;* and the more commercial *Metronome* and *Down Beat*, with their news and gossip, their record reviews, which alternated between the ecstatic and the crabby (off-pitch third trumpeters beware!), and their lost-and-found columns, which listed temporarily misplaced musicians. ("Where is Freddy Bonso, the fine solo alto sax man last heard of two years ago with Bob Chester?" To which an answer would come a couple of months later: "My sister mailed me your column where who would have guessed it I am mentioned. Well, I left the music business and am selling insurance here in Topeka. P.S. The new Bob Chester record of 'Strictly Instrumental' is solid even without me. Ha. Ha.")



Bob Wilber

New York was Mecca, and the jazz in the air was dense and crackling. There were always six or eight jazz clubs on Fifty-second Street between Fifth and Seventh Avenues, and to the east on Fifty-eighth was Café Society Uptown. In the Village were the Vanguard and Nick's and Café Society Downtown. Harlem had Clark Monroe's Uptown House, Minton's, Small's Paradise, the Savoy, the Apollo, and a network of after-hours places. And there were at least half a dozen big bands on view at any given time in the hotels and movie houses. All this was garnished with radio shows, occasional concerts (still very much an innovation), and visits to the Commodore Music Shop, on East Forty-second Street, where musicians of the Condon persuasion were often on view, weighing their hangovers and putting the touch on Milt Gabler, who owned the place.

Every art needs its callow celebrants. Thirty-five years ago, those surrounding jazz came largely from white middle-class families. Jazz loosed them from the neo-Victorian domestic specimens of their parents. They revered the music, and the closer they got to it the better. To sit ten feet from Art Tatum's right hand at the Three Deuces was sublime. The careers of these adulators followed a predictable curve. They teethed on Glenn Miller and Harry James and Tommy Dorsey, and then one day, in a record shop or at the house of a slightly older acquaintance renowned for his record collection, they heard a 1926 Jelly Roll Morton or a Louis Armstrong Hot Five or an early Duke Ellington. The music sounded harsh and uneven and disturbing. But they went back again and again to these disagreeable records, and in six months they were also digging King Oliver and Fats Waller and James P. Johnson, and a year later, presuming they weren't snared by Moldy Fig-ism, they were into contemporary Ellington and Billie Holiday and Count Basie. At the same time, to ease their enthusiasm, many of them took up instruments. Self-taught and highly imitative, they found their way into small Dixieland bands patterned on Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band or Bob Crosby's Bob Cats or Sidney Bechet's New Orleans Feetwarmers. They played with passion and dedication until they went to college or were drafted, and then they gave it up. Many of them even disliked being reminded in later years of the feelings they had once bared. But a tiny number decided defiantly that they would not be firemen or policemen but would become jazz musicians. (The parents of most of them were aghast at their decision.) Probably the best and toughest of these iconoclasts is Bob Wilber, who, at forty-nine, is a superb soprano saxophonist, a classic clarinettist, a gifted arranger and composer, and an invaluable preserver and enhancer of jazz tradition.

Wilber has wavy reddish-blond hair and a small pointed face, and wears glasses, and from the tenth row of Carnegie Hall he looks about seventeen or eighteen. Up close, though, his face reveals miniature signs of wear and his hair is misted with gray. He has intelligent, restless eyes. He is a small man, but he stands with his legs planted wide apart when he plays, and he has a surprising voice. It is deep and precise and deliberate. His manner gives pause to frivolity. Wilber loves Cape Cod, and when he can he visits his father and stepmother in Orleans. Not long ago, he sat in a Boston rocker in the high-ceilinged living room of a renovated barn on his parents' place and talked. The rocker had a good, if faded, townscape painted on its crest rail, and his head moved irregularly across it. "I first got interested in jazz when my father brought home the original Victor recording of Duke Ellington's 'Mood Indigo.' I must have been three. I remember the strange sound of the horns and the steady *bring bring bring* of the banjo. I heard my first live jazz when I was thirteen and my father took me to Café Society Uptown to hear Teddy Wilson's band. I don't recall much about the band, even though it had Emmett Berry and Edmond Hall and Benny Morton and Sid Catlett—most of whom I'd play with one day. But I do remember the beautiful blue drapes behind the bandstand and the musicians' maroon jackets and the elegant atmosphere. We had constant music at home. My father had learned ragtime in college at its very height—he graduated in 1913—and he'd play every night when he came home from work. He also had a love for the musical theatre and bought sheet music all the time. Several years after the Café Society visit, a bunch of us from Scarsdale, where I grew up, started sneaking down to Nick's in the Village when we were supposed to be at the movies in White Plains. There were three upright pianos in a row at Nick's, then a space, and then the bandstand, and we'd sit between the pianos and the stand, and only inches above us would be Pee Wee Russell's or Chelsea Quealey's or Brad Gowans' feet. Inevitably, one night we missed the last train. We sacked out in the waiting room in Grand Central and took the milk train, and there were plenty of 'Good Lord!'s and 'Where have you been?'s. Then we began hanging around Fifty-second Street. It was an incomparable education, and all the clubs seemed to tolerate underage kids. We'd go to Kelly's Stables to hear Coleman Hawkins, and he'd come out in a gray pin-striped suit and I guess we were expecting clarion bursts but all that happened was his piano player said, 'What you want to play, Hawk?' and Hawkins said, 'Body,' meaning 'Body and Soul,' which was his big thing then. After that, he'd do one of his riff tunes based on the chords of 'I Got Rhythm' or something like that, and you wouldn't see him again for a couple of hours. We heard Billie Holiday with Al Casey, and Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker and Milt Jackson. Jackson was playing the worst set of vibes I've ever heard; they literally clanked. Every Sunday afternoon, from five until eight, there were jam sessions at Jimmy Ryan's. The most marvellous combination of musicians showed up—Pete Johnson, the boogie-woogie pianist, and Pete Brown, the huge alto player, and sometimes during the 'Bugle Call Rag' finale the trumpets alone included Roy Eldridge and Hot Lips Page and Sidney de Paris and Bobby Hackett. Our other headquarters besides Fifty-second Street was the Commodore Music Shop. It had glassed-in record booths in the back, but best of all was standing around and waiting to see Pee Wee or Hackett come in.

THE SHORE

So the tide forgets, as morning
Grows too far delivered, as the bowls
Of rock and wood run dry.
What is left seems pearled and lit,
As those cases
Of the museum stood lit
With milk jade, rows of opaque vases
Streaked with orange and yellow smoke.
You found a lavender boat, a single
Figure poling upstream, baskets
Of pale fish wedged between his legs.
Today, the debris of winter
Stands stacked against the walls,
The coils of kelp scattered
Across the floor. The oil fire
Smokes. You turn down the lantern
Hung on its nail. Outside,
The boats aligned like sentinels.
Here beside the blue depot, walking
The pier, you can see the way
The shore
Approximates the dream, how distances
Repeat their deaths,
Above these tables and panes of water.
As climbing the hills above
The harbor, up to the lupine drifting
Among the lichen-masked pines,
The night is pocked with lamps lit
On every boat offshore,
Galleries of floating stars. Below,
On its narrow tracks shelved
Into the cliff's face,
The train begins its slide down
To the harbor, the warehouses. Loaded
With diesel, coal, paychecks, whiskey,
Bedsheets, slabs of ice—for the fish,
For the men. You lean on my arm,
As once
I watched you lean at the window,
The bookstalls below stretched a mile
To the quay, the afternoon crowd
Picking over the novels, the histories.
You walked out, as you walked out last
Night, onto the stone porch. Dusk
Reddened the walls, the winds sliced
Off the reefs. The vines of the gourds
Shook on their lattice. You talked
About that night you stood
Behind the black pane of the French
Window, watching my father read some long
Passage
Of a famous voyager's book. You hated
That voice filling the room,
Its light. So tonight we make a soft
Parenthesis upon the sand's black bed.
In that dream we share, there is
One shore, where we look out upon nothing
And the sea our whole lives;
Until turning from those waves, our hair
The white sky, we find
One shore, where we look out upon nothing
And the earth our whole lives.
Where what is left between shore and sky
Is traced in the vague wake of
(The stars, the sandpipers whistling)
What we forgive. *If you wake soon, wake me.*

—David St. John

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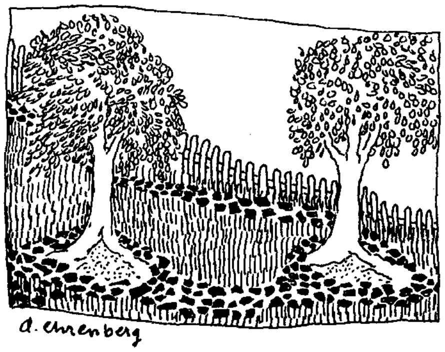
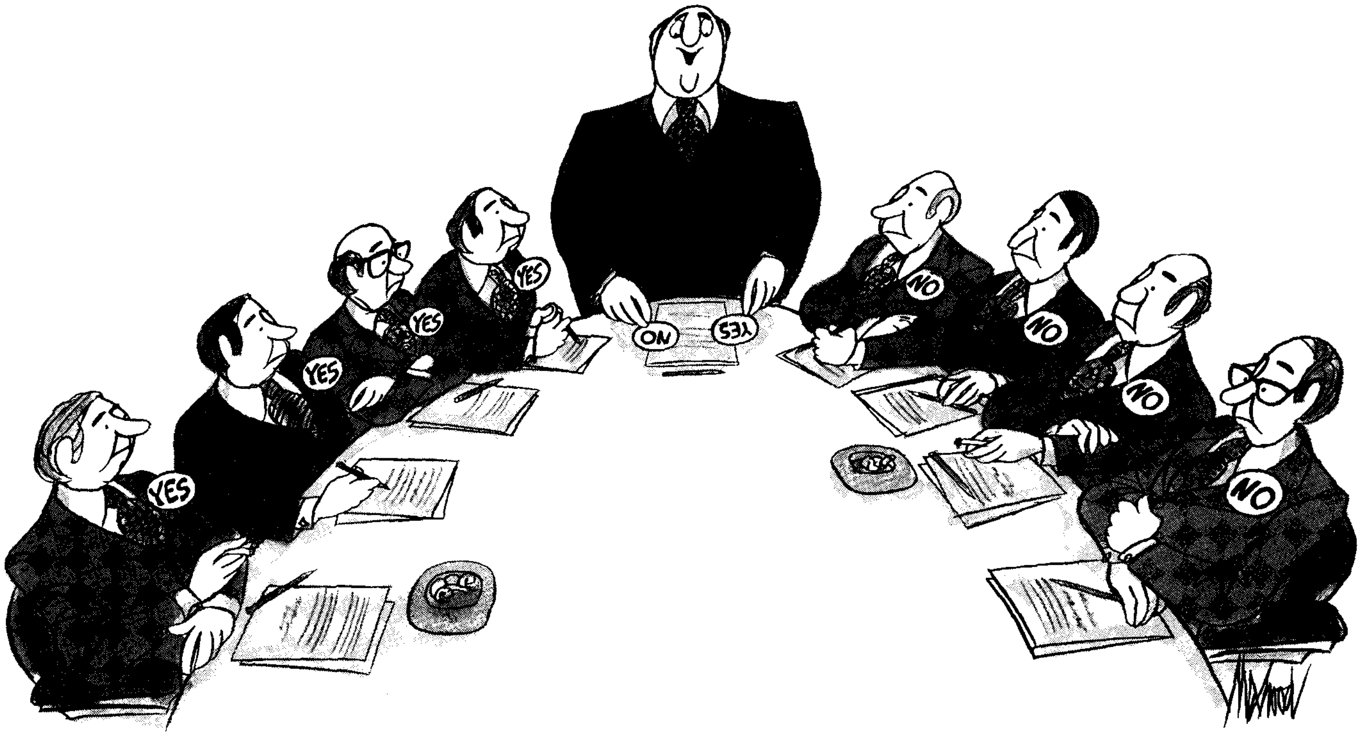


"I was still in the Boy Scouts when I started playing the clarinet. I wanted to be in the marching band at school, because it was glamorous. I went to the band director, and he gave me a trumpet and told me to try it over the weekend. I couldn't make a sound. He gave me a clarinet the next Friday,



"*I will now affix the deciding button.*"

• •

and by Sunday I was playing 'Row, Row, Row Your Boat.' The director was Willard Briggs, and he was an excellent clarinettist and my first teacher. I'd been listening to Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw, and I started playing jazz right away. A lot of kids in Scarsdale and Larchmont and even Greenwich were interested in jazz, but it wasn't like kids and rock today, which is social. We shared a passion for *music*. There was a nucleus of fifteen or twenty of us, and we were always on the lookout for somebody's living room to jam in. We also played at U.S.O. dances. Servicemen would be farmed out to various families for Sunday dinner and then would be taken to a local country club for a late-afternoon dance. We'd get the gig because the U.S.O. couldn't afford anything better, and we'd jam the whole time, playing 'After You've Gone' and 'Sweet Georgia Brown' at way-up tempos, which the poor souls had to dance to. Dick Wellstood came over from Greenwich with Charlie Traeger, the bass player, and with this little thin kid with spectacles named Johnny Windhurst, who was older and sounded like Bix. We'd listen to Jelly Roll and King Oliver and Louis, and even to Red Norvo's 'Congo Blues,' which had Dizzy and Bird, along with Teddy Wilson and Slam Stewart. It was the first bop we'd heard, and we thought it was funny. We couldn't take it seriously.

"When I graduated from high school, in 1945, I was set on being a musician. My parents wanted me to follow the Ivy League route, but I couldn't see it. If you were into jazz then, you were automatically a kind of loner. It was a special music still. We compromised, and I went to the Eastman School, in Rochester, that fall. There was very little jazz up there, and *everything* was happening in New York. Bunk Johnson had just come up from New Orleans, and Woody Herman was at the Pennsylvania Hotel with the first Herd, which was *the* band. But there I was in this chilling, inhospitable place, and at the end of the term I told my parents I didn't want to go back. I told them I wanted to study jazz, even though I had—and still have—an interest in legit clarinet. My father asked me how I proposed studying jazz, and I said by going to New York and hanging out on Fifty-second Street and in the Village. So I did. I'd play in sessions around Westchester and take off for the street or Nick's. Red McKenzie had a group at Ryan's called the Candy Kids, and he had Johnny Windhurst and Eddie Hubble on trombone. Hubble had a Pierce-Arrow convertible with isinglass windows, and after that he and Windhurst found a Rolls with an open cockpit for the chauffeur. We'd roar around Westchester in those cars and then down to Ryan's, and pretty soon we got to be called the Westchester Kids. Out of all this came our first real group, which a trumpet player, Bob Mantler, named the Wildcats. John Glasel was on trumpet, and we had Hubble and Wellstood and Traeger. We were the first band in New York, and maybe in the East, to do what Lu Watters and Turk Murphy had been doing on the Coast—playing the music of the Hot Five and the Red Hot Peppers and the Creole Jazz Band. I moved into an apartment in New York with Wellstood in 1946. Eddie Condon's had opened on West Third Street that winter, and Eddie Hubble waited there for a day or so before it opened, so that he'd be the first customer. He was, and he was underage, too. Milt Gabler gave us a chance to sit in at a Sunday-afternoon session, and he liked us and offered us a job. I already had a day job in the stockroom at Textron, and when *The New Yorker* did a story on the Wildcats, the president of Textron called me in and congratulated me on the fine public-relations job I'd done by mentioning the company. He also said that he understood I was sometimes a little late for work, and that, in view of what I did at night, the company would make allowances. I guess I took him literally, because I came in later and later and pretty soon Textron and I parted ways.

"By this time, I had started studying with Sidney Bechet. Milt Mezzrow had told me that Bechet was opening a school of music and needed students. Bechet lived on Quincy Street in Brooklyn in a house with tall French windows that reminded him of New Orleans. He had boarders upstairs and a girlfriend who took care of him. I was his first student, and we got on from the beginning." (Bechet describes their first lessons in his autobiography, "Treat It Gentle": "This boy, when he first come to me, he thought this old clarinet would blow itself. He said, 'I can't play all that without breathing!' But I gave him a little sherry to build himself up. He was a bit anaemic then, you know. And they said, 'You take it easy—he shouldn't be taking that stuff. You're rushing him too hard.' But I said, 'I got to build him up or he'll never blow.' ")

"At lessons," Wilber said, "Bechet would sit at the piano and demonstrate. He was particular about form: Give the listener the melody first, then play variations on it, then give it to him again. And tell a story in every tune you play. He also told me not to bother with the soprano, which I'd started fooling around with, but to stick to the clarinet. I was living in the Village and was short of bread, so after a couple of lessons I moved in with Bechet and slept on a couch in the parlor. He loved to compose at the piano. He even got hold of an early tape recorder and recorded his piano. His personality came through in his piano playing even more than it did on his horns. It was stark and strong, and he had a beautiful sense of harmony. But he had a beautiful sense of harmony on the soprano and the clarinet, too, and he liked to surprise people with it. He also had a great notion of passing on the traditions of jazz music. He felt that younger people weren't interested in the music's past. Sidney was a very intense man. If he took a dislike to something, he could be savage and dangerous. But generally he was charming and warm, and he had a good sense of humor. Like Louis Armstrong, whose success he had mixed feelings about, he spoke that special New Orleans argot, with its 'der's and 'erl's, and he often got names wrong. Max Kaminsky was Mac Kavinsky, Brad Gowans was Brad Garfield, and Earl Hines was Earl Hine. I lived with Bechet six or eight months, and during part of that time he had a group at Ryan's, and I would sit in and we'd play duets. And we did shots together on Rudi Blesh's radio show with Baby Dodds and Pops Foster and Georg Brunis. Because of the duets, Brunis nicknamed us Bash and Shay, after the way Sidney pronounced his name. My style was naturally close to Bechet's, and when I started to change it, all he said was 'That's all right, that's all right. He's finding his own way.' "

WILBER got up and looked out the window. A tan field, recently cut, sloped toward a black pond—Ice House Pond. On the far right, abutting the road, was a white-shingled 1825 house, and on the left, beyond the field, were pinewoods. The old New Englanders loved small rooms, because small rooms kept the heat, and at the same time they loved doors, which let them escape from room to room. The Wilbers' house is a crowd of tiny rooms which eases through door after door on the ground floor, past the coffin door, or front door, up the steep front stairs and through the second floor, and down the back stairs. It is a handsome, cheerful house furnished with respectable American country pieces and fine hooked rugs, which float like islands on the painted, speckled floors. Wilber's father bought the house in 1943, for "a ridiculous figure," and Wilber must have been happy there. He was certainly relaxed. Whenever one of the Wildcats visited, they would take a rowboat out to the middle of Ice House Pond and jam. One day, Mrs. Moore, who was august and in her nineties and lived on the far side of the pond, stood outside her house and listened, and then gesticulated at the boys, and Wilber's heart sank: she was going to give them what-for for all the racket. They rowed over, and Mrs. Moore cried, "You boys sound terrific, but you better come in now and have some milk and cookies."

Wilber sat down and talked

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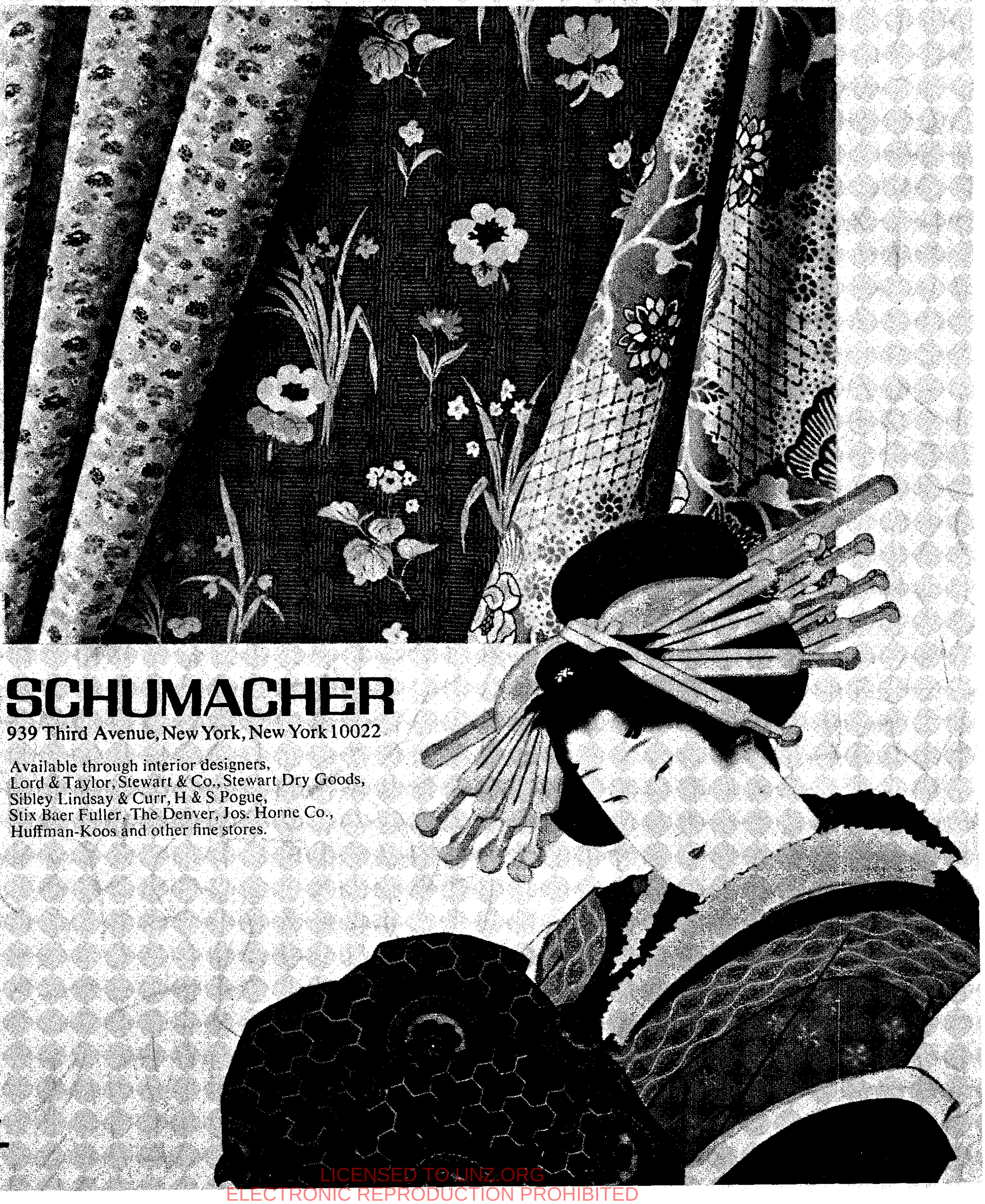

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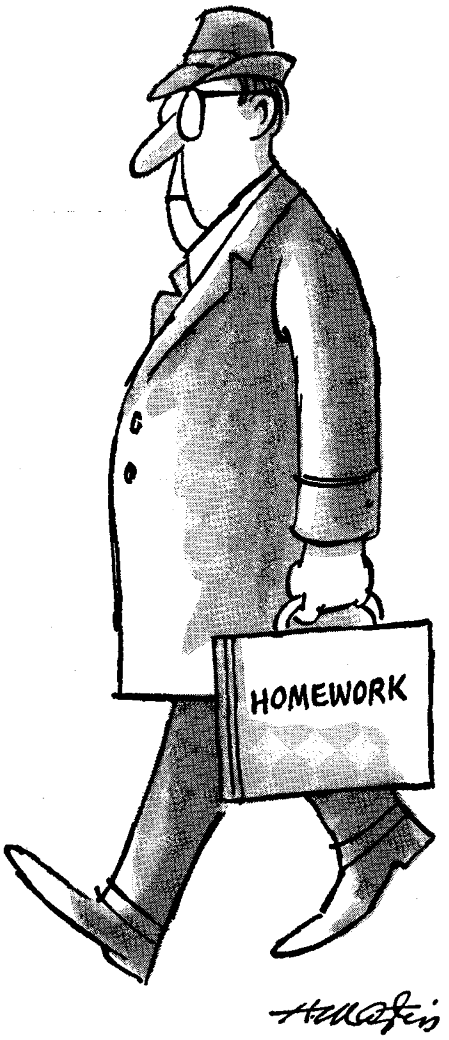
again. "In 1948, Hugues Panassié organized a jazz festival in Nice and Sidney was invited, but he had taken a gig at Jazz Ltd. in Chicago and they wouldn't let him go. So he sent me. I was there a week and then took a six-week tour around Europe for the Hot Club of France. The most marvellous part of the trip was working with Baby Dodds. He was, to my way of thinking, possibly the greatest jazz drummer. He was a percussionist more than a drummer. He thought of drums in terms of colors, and how to mix them. He was fanatical about tuning his drums, and he'd be on the stand a half hour before showtime, tightening and tapping, tightening and tapping. His time was superb, and his whole playing was heavy and low. The tonality was down where it didn't get in the way, as so much modern drumming does. He principally used his bass drum and powerful, accented press rolls on his snare drum, and he didn't have a high-hat. But he had a ride cymbal, and he played it in a way that young drummers think they invented—just four beats to the bar: *ting-ting-ting-ting*, his head down low, and his right arm crooked like a dancer's over his head and the cymbal, and his whole body shimmying and shaking in time to the music. It was an unbelievable experience to have Baby behind you. The year before, when I went into the Savoy in Boston opposite a fine jump band led by Tab Smith, I had Baby, and Norman Lester on piano. Then Kaiser Marshall replaced Baby, and Dick Wellstood replaced Lester. We did an excellent business, and the owner said expand, so I hired Henry Goodwin on trumpet, Jimmy Archey on trombone, and Tommy Benford on drums. We played Jelly Roll and Willie the Lion and early Duke and King Oliver, and the band gathered momentum. The Savoy had an all-black clientele, but white college kids began lining up down the block on weekends. It was hard work at the Savoy—seven nights a week, plus a Sunday matinée and a couple of rehearsals. The guys in the band made about a hundred and a quarter a week, and I got two hundred. It seemed like an awful lot of money. We stayed at the Savoy for eight-week stretches and would be spelled by someone like Ed Hall, who'd bring in Ruby Braff and Jimmy Crawford. But I felt we were getting stale, and between sets I'd run out to a record store to listen to Charlie Parker or over to the Hi-Hat to listen to Lester Young. We got an offer from Ryan's, but I turned the band over to Archey, and he stayed at Ryan's on and off for a couple of years.

"I gigged around, spent a summer up here playing in a trio, and in the fall of 1950 took a band into George Wein's first Storyville, in the Copley Square Hotel in Boston. I had Joe Thomas on trumpet and Vic Dickenson on trombone and Big Sid Catlett on drums. Thomas and Vic left, and the de Paris brothers took their places. My playing was in a weird state of flux. You could hear Bird in it, and Buddy De Franco. I learned a lot from Big Sid. He'd take a solo on a medium-slow 'Stompin' at the Savoy'—the kind of loose-elbows tempo most drummers fall apart in if they try and solo—and eventually get up from his drums and go into the audience, playing on the floor and on chairs and tabletops, and everybody would go wild. It was Sid's last gig. When the place shut down for a couple of weeks, he went back to Chicago, where he'd been working at Jazz Ltd., and not long after that he collapsed backstage at the Civic Opera House. But we had a forty-first-birthday party for him at Storyville. Hoagy Carmichael sat in and sang, and Louis Armstrong and Sonny Greer stopped in. That was something. It was also something hearing Sidney de Paris and Catlett together. De Paris had a unique rhythmic sense. He'd place his notes anywhere but where you expected him to, and Sid would go right along with him, anticipating his weird placements with accents, and playing this complex hide-and-seek with him. That summer, I came up here, and I listened a lot to Lee Konitz and Lennie Tristano. In fact, I studied with Lennie when I got back to New York. He had a concept of developing your intuition to the highest level, of getting your head and body together. He was intrigued with moving bar lines around, with using the higher intervals in chords, and with using two different rhythms at once. Tristano was a brilliant musician who was determined to do something different, but he had no interest in Louis Armstrong or in the past, and after three or four months I left him. The Korean war was on, and I got drafted and ended up on Governors Island, playing solo clarinet in a concert band and feeling that it was time to stop being known as Sidney Bechet's protégé. So I took lessons from the great Leon Russianoff. He said, 'Let's get an open sound,' and he started me from scratch. I studied with him five years. For a time, my jazz playing was destroyed, and it took a while to get back to playing without self-consciousness.

"Russianoff made me understand even more that the clarinet resists being played in a loose way, that it can be pushed only so far. The big temptation on the clarinet is to noodle, to play extraneous notes. Making the instrument sound like an extension of yourself is a hundred per cent more difficult for a clarinettist than for a saxophonist or a brass player. Two of the best clarinettists we've had were Lester Young and Pee Wee Russell, and they were successful partly because they disregarded all the rules. For Lester, the clarinet was simply a different facet of his expression. He probably used a very soft reed to get that soft, wispy sound. And he certainly didn't disregard the microphone. Lester played the clarinet like a first-year student. Pee Wee had a nervous condition, of course, and he was subtle and devious in his thoughts and his playing, but he was a studied musician. He told me once, 'I only listen to three clarinettists—Benny Goodman, you, and me.' My favorite clarinettists are Johnny Dodds and Benny Goodman. Dodds had a surprising technique for his time. He'd weave beautiful melodies through a simple seventh chord, and he had a sublime way with the blues. He was very nearly the greatest blues player we have had. Goodman was perfect in his idiom. The marvellous relaxation he had with a pop tune—with everything, in fact! He could translate whatever came into his head directly onto the clarinet. He breathed and talked on it, and it *was* an extension of him. But he should have given Reginald Kell lessons, instead of the other way around. He started sounding like Kell, which is no drag, but it wasn't as good as Benny Goodman. I've loved other clarinettists. Irving Fazola was terribly simple, but he never made a mistake. Jimmie Noone was remarkable, although he had a sentimental streak in his playing and he had a faulty harmonic ear. Bechet always fought the clarinet, but he could fly on the soprano saxophone. Artie Shaw had a great lyric intensity. They say he worked his solos out beforehand. Certainly they are more like compositions than improvisations. He had a brilliant way of using sequential figures against the rhythm. He was very clever. I don't know why the clarinet has fallen by the wayside. Maybe Goodman set such high standards that he frightened everybody else away. Maybe it's because bop phrasing didn't transfer to the clarinet—because that constant stream of eighth notes didn't fall easily under the fingers. Maybe electronics washed it out. It's strange how fashionable the soprano saxophone has become. I suppose it's because John Coltrane put his blessing on it near the end of his life. Zoot Sims plays it right, and so does Kenny Davern, but most tenor players who have taken it up get a small sound—a bad-oboe sound. To me—a clarinettist, who thinks of his instrument as little—the soprano is big and should have a big sound. It should also be played in tune, but that's just about impossible. Trick fingering is the only way to correct, or come close to correcting, its endless pitch problems."

Mentioning Davern brought to mind Wilber's group Soprano Summit and its new *Chiaroscuro* recording, which he played. Wilber and Davern founded Soprano Summit a couple of years ago. It consists of Wilber's clarinet, soprano saxophone, and newly adopted alto saxophone, and Davern's clarinet, soprano saxophone, and contemplated baritone saxophone. The rhythm section is made up of guitar or banjo, bass, and drums, which are played on the record by Marty Grosz, the son of the painter George Grosz; George Duvivier; and Fred Stoll. Wilber has been heading for such a group all his life—a highly modern distillation of the best jazz that has come before. It plays material fifty and more years old as well as originals by members of the band. It uses spontaneous counterpoint, unison passages, and endlessly changing colors and timbres (two sopranos, two clarinets, clarinet and soprano, alto and clarinet, alto and soprano, soprano and guitar, alto and bass, and so forth). It uses a lot of breaks and stop-time rhythms. It is fleet and swinging, and suggests the lamented Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet. The new record is choice. There is an easy "Linger Awhile" with Wilber on clarinet and Davern on soprano; an "Ole Miss" with Davern on clarinet and Wilber on soprano and a good trumpet-style stop-time chorus by Wilber; a wonderful "Some of These Days" with both men on soprano and two choruses of superlative jamming; a clarinet blues, "Chalumeau Blue," with Wilber at his purest and Davern doing his Pee Wee Russell; and a jolly "Everybody Loves My Baby," which has a superb Wilber clarinet solo and fine jamming by both on soprano. Wilber's clarinet is elusive. His playing is far more fluid than it once was. There are antithetical yet wholly comfortable hints of Goodman and Dodds in it, but above all are his mannerly tone and intense, thoughtful improvising. This intensity reaches passion when he plays the soprano. He does recall Bechet, but he also recalls Johnny Hodges' streamlined version of Bechet's soprano playing: the vibrato has been cropped, the arabesques ironed, the noodling reined in. Bechet purposely tried to sound like a lead trumpet player in ensembles, and most of the time he succeeded, knocking aside whatever hapless trumpeter might be on hand. Wilber has mastered the trumpet style on soprano, too, and when he shifts into it in ensembles or in the closing chorus of a solo the effect is electrifying—no one gets closer to the center of jazz.

The record ended, and Wilber appeared pleased. He feels it is the first time the group has been properly caught on a recording. He plumped down in his rocker and rocked furiously for ten seconds before planting his feet squarely on the floor. He talked about improvisation, which he considers as mysterious as speech. "How, after all, do people learn to talk?" he said. "If the musician thinks about improvisation for long, he won't succeed. The less he thinks, the more successful he's going to be. It's like swimming, which is an extraordinary combination of muscle and timing. If you think about each breath, each stroke, your arms and legs get out of sync, your breathing falters, and you sink. Swinging is swimming well, and it has a distinctive rhythmic feel. It's the contrast between a steady pulse and the syncopated figures against it. It's the excitement of simultaneously going with the beat and battling it. The rhythmic element is what releases the intuitive powers in great players. Intense swing sharpens their reflexes and carries them away. They might be thinking melodic lines and chords, but then the intuitive powers take over and it's like going on automatic pilot. The notes are ripping and they're totally free.



"During the past thirty or so years, improvisers have become too involved with harmonic possibilities—the passing chord, the altered chord, the note added to the high part of the chord. Often, melodic beauty has been vanquished. Harmony has dominated melody when it should have been a servant to it. Harmony should decorate the melodic cake. What finally happened, of course, was the harmonic prison of bebop. Bebop was nothing but running the chord changes. The ensembles were not developable; all you had was chords. That's why the arrival in New York of old Bunk Johnson in 1945, at the time when bop was bursting forth, was so refreshing. Bop was vertical and Johnson's New Orleans music was horizontal. There was no playing in thirds; the ensembles were all marvellous counterpoint. But the harmonic prison has been pretty much destroyed. Ornette Coleman revolted against it, and he opened the gates for free jazz, which ignores all the rules, musical and social.

"The resurrection of Bunk Johnson was a prime instance of the curious fact that all the museum work, the musical anthropology, that has been practiced in jazz has been done by middle-class whites. Why? Whites have gone back and exposed the roots of what began as a black music, while black musicians have almost exclusively practiced the cult of the hip. We have been the conservatives and they have been the revolutionaries. I look at the New York Jazz Repertory Company, of which I'm a director, as an educational thing. We hope when we play Ellington or Morton or Beiderbecke or the Savoy Sultans that the audience, black and white, will get excited enough to go out and buy the records and listen some more. But repertory concerts are of great benefit to the musicians who play them, too. It allows them to get a glimpse of the inside of

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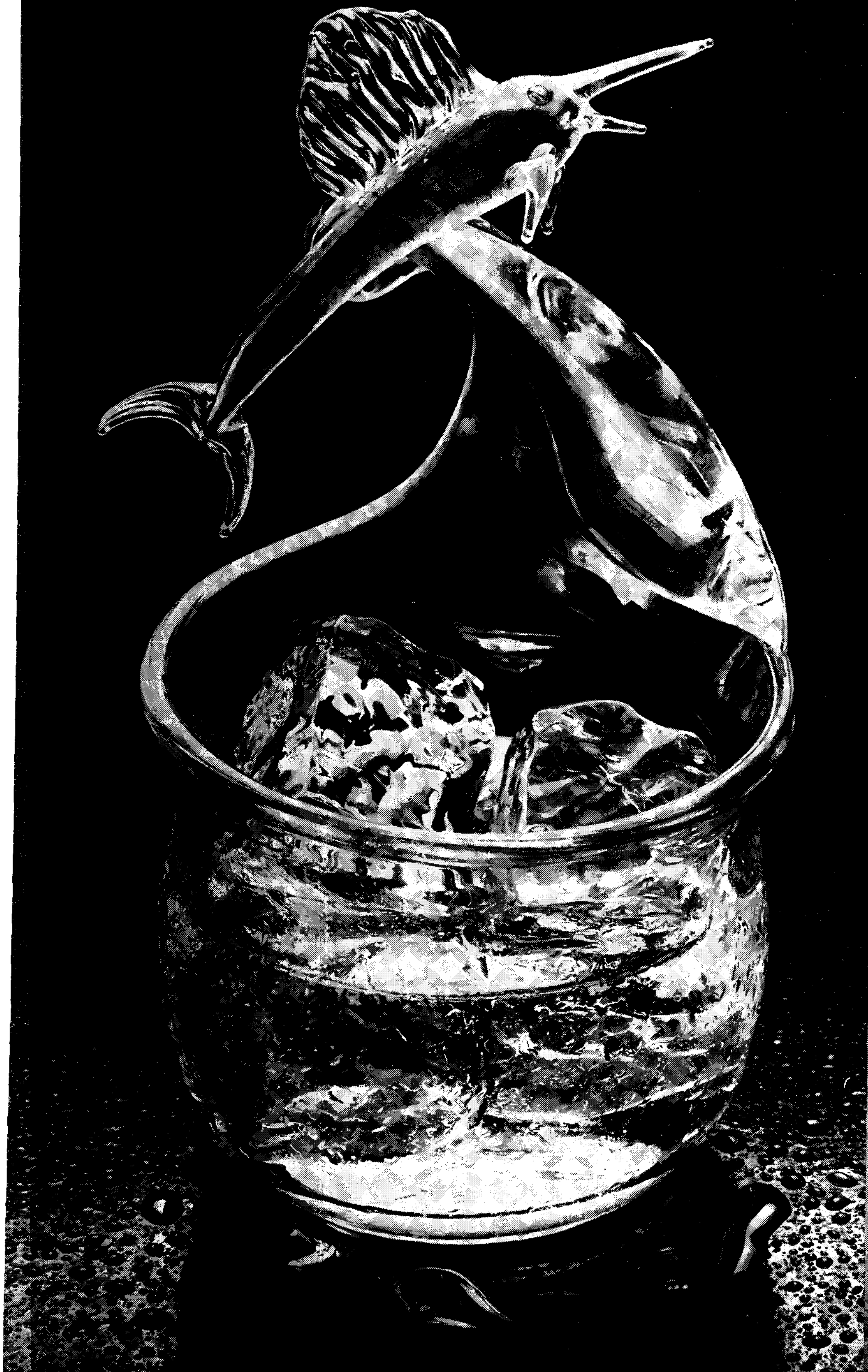

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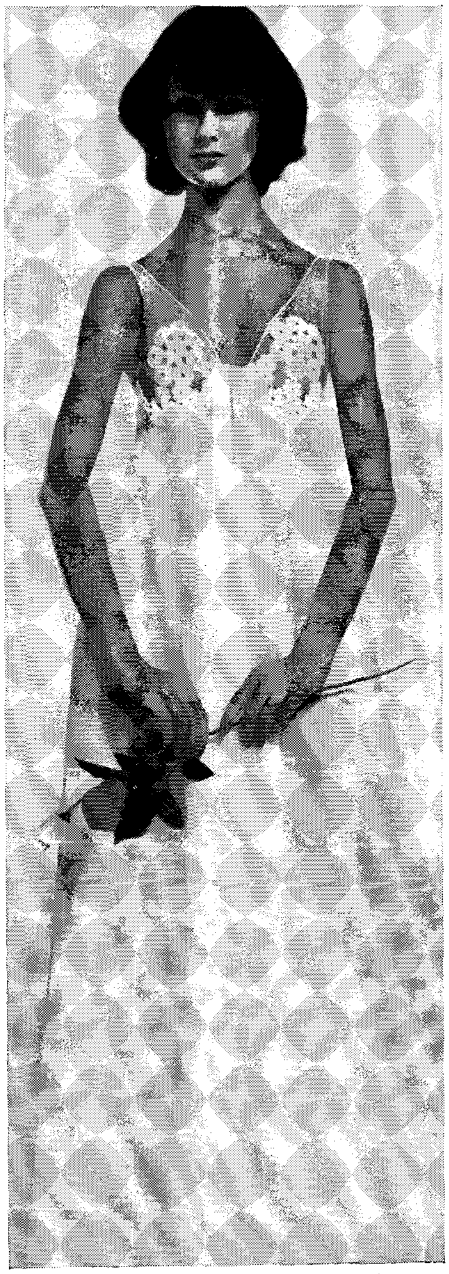

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musicians who have come before them. When I give a Tricky Sam Nanton solo that I've transcribed to a trombonist in the Repertory orchestra, I tell him to play it note for note first, so that he can get a feeling for its beams and nails, and *then* play it his own way."

WILBER began to look restless, and said that in fifteen minutes he had to practice. "I was born in New York on March 15, 1928. My mother and father lived on Sullivan Street, in a kind of development of duplex apartments built around a courtyard. My mother died of cancer when I was six months old, and my father didn't remarry until I was four or five. Until then, I was raised mostly by a Miss Breed, a wonderful Boston lady. We moved to Gramercy Park, and I went to Friends' Seminary, on Stuyvesant Square, and we settled in Scarsdale when I was seven. My father said that one snowy day he watched my older sister and me trying to slide down the base of Edwin Booth's statue across from The Players club, and decided it was time to move to the country. My father was born in Mount Vernon, Ohio, the son of a minister. He was with Macmillan before the First World War, and when he retired, eighteen years ago, he was a vice-president of Appleton-Century-Crofts in their textbook division. He loves tennis and fishing and sailing and camping, and he's been terrifically civic-minded, as has my stepmother, who is from New Jersey and whose father was in U.S. Steel. I've always made a living playing jazz, but between the mid-fifties, when I got out of the Army, and the late sixties, when the World's Greatest Jazz Band started, I had my share of scuffling. Right after the Army, the nucleus of the old Wildcats got together and we formed a coöperative band called The Six. Our intention was to bridge the schism between modern and traditional music. Our first job was at Childs Paramount on Broadway, but we were too modern for the audiences there. The same thing happened when we went into Ryan's. But when we got a gig at the Café Bohemia in the Village, where Cannonball Adderley and Bird played, we were too old-fashioned. Thank God, most of that parochialism has disappeared! The Six lasted a year or two, and then I went into Eddie Condon's. I was studying with Russianoff and was getting facility all over the horn, and I guess I tried to make every solo perfect, because one night Condon, a couple of sheets to the wind, said between numbers, 'Hey, kid! Make a mistake!' But the Condon style of playing had lost its freshness, and in 1957 I joined the superb band Bobby Hackett had at the Henry Hudson Hotel. It had Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres and Buzzy Drootin and Tom Gwaltney, and everyone doubled on about six instruments. Hackett's band was ingenious, but the audiences at the Henry Hudson were only interested in dancing. When Capitol recorded it, *they* made Hackett play Dixieland stuff, and the real, adventurous, funny flavor of the band was never caught. I went on to Benny Goodman after that. He had a big band, and in it were Herb Geller and Russ Freeman, from the Coast; the bassist Scott La Faro, who was killed in an auto accident; old Taft Jordan; and Pepper Adams, whom I'd met in Rochester. Benny had commissioned all these up-to-date arrangements by Bill Holman and Shorty Rogers, and we rehearsed them for a month. We opened in Burlington, Vermont, and the audience was dumbfounded. They just sat there behind their faces, New England fashion. Benny was furious. He told us to take those damn things out of the book, and we went back to 'Sing, Sing, Sing' and 'Don't Be That Way.' I played tenor with Benny, and he gave me solos. He really felt like playing then, and it was a treat to hear him night after night. Then I went into the new uptown Condon's with Max Kaminsky, did occasional jingles, worked the band on the Jackie Gleason show, and did a Lester Lanin gig now and then. I was just floating, and what suddenly gave me direction was coming upon a curved soprano saxophone in the window of an instrument store on West Forty-eighth Street. I'd pretty much given up on the soprano in 1953, but I blew just one note on this curved one, and it was beautiful! It sang. I used it more and more when I was with the World's Greatest, and it helped me through the dry times after Carl Fontana left and Lou McGarity died and the band began to play by rote."

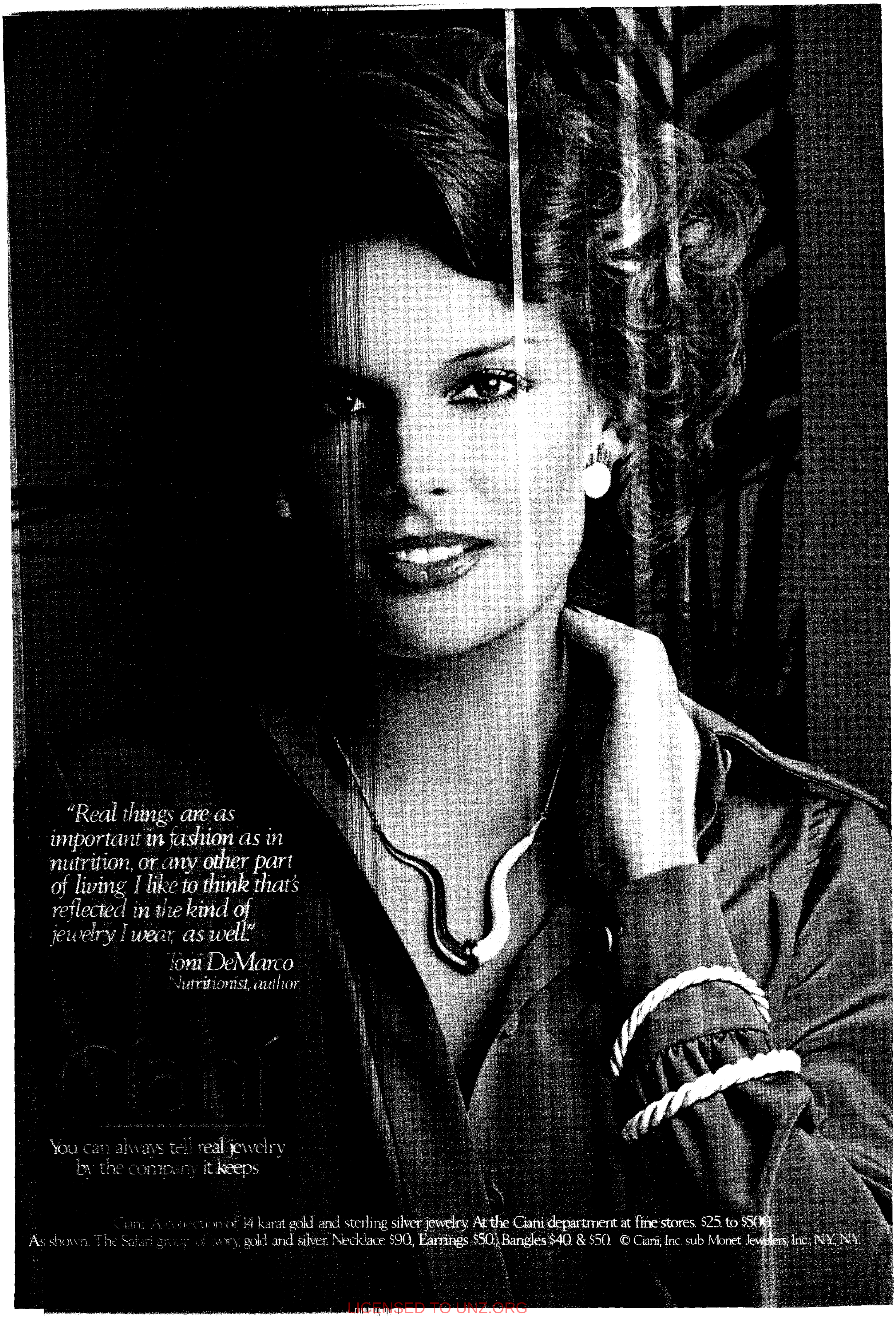
Wilber looked at his watch, seized his clarinet case, which was at the ready by the door, and took off for the house. A couple of minutes later, rigorous, piping clarinet scales came across the lawn, and there was no pause.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Churches all over the nation will observe Safety Sunday, a day set aside to highlight the spiritual implications of driving a motor vehicle.—*Warsaw* (*Va.*) *Northern Neck News*.

Like the catharsis you feel when you change the oil filter.



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Toni DeMarco
Nutritionist, author

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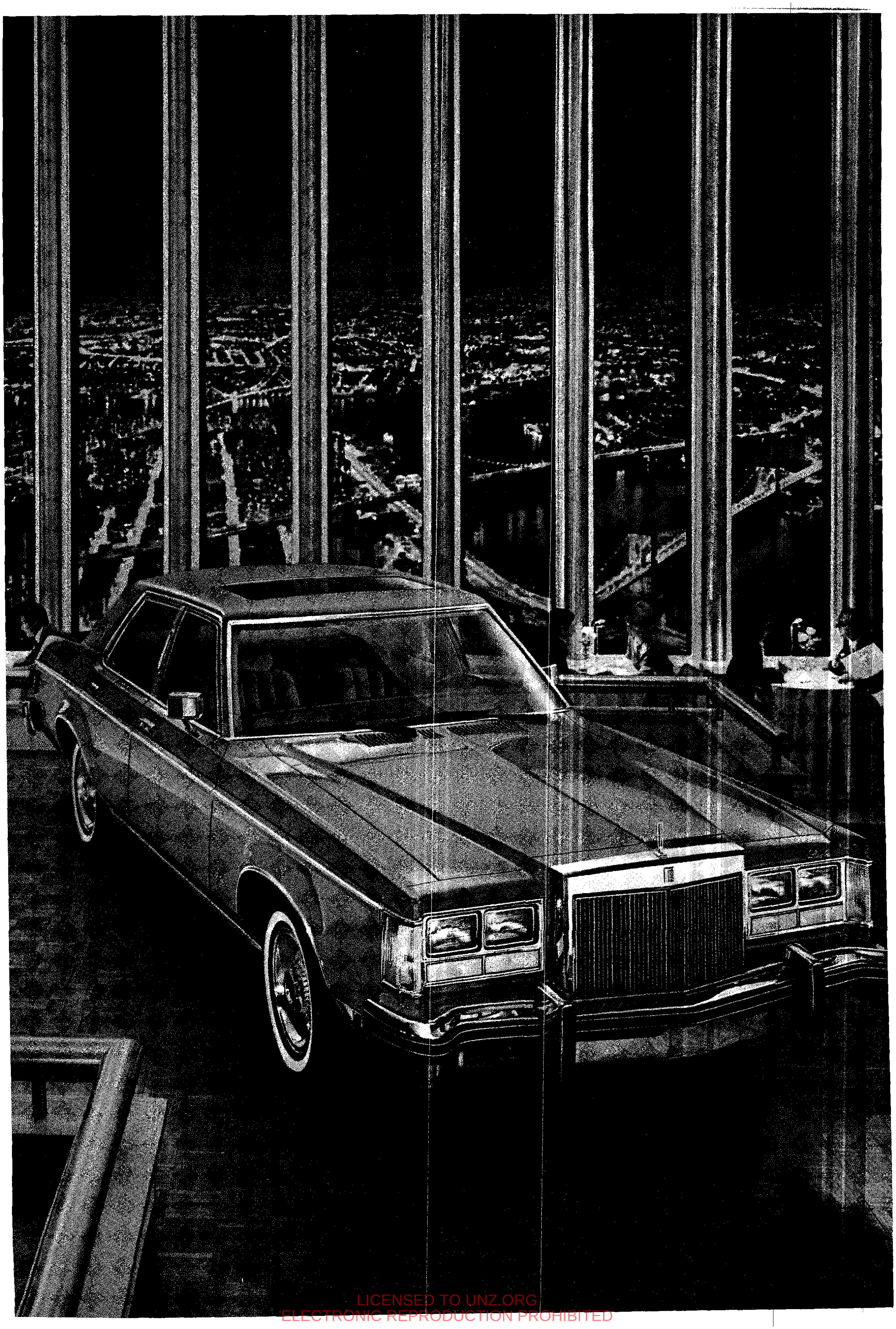

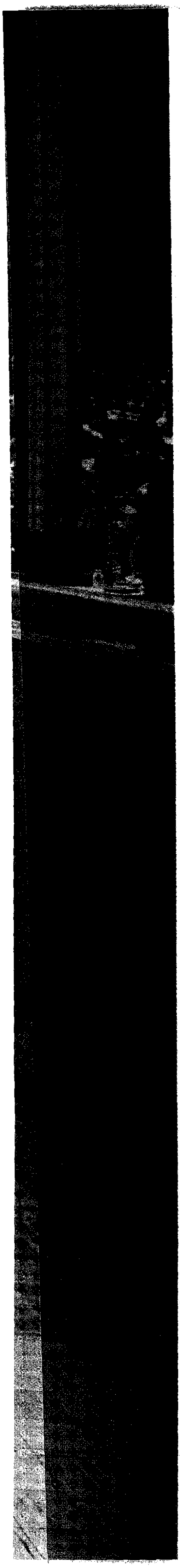

View from Windows on the World, World Trade Center, New York City

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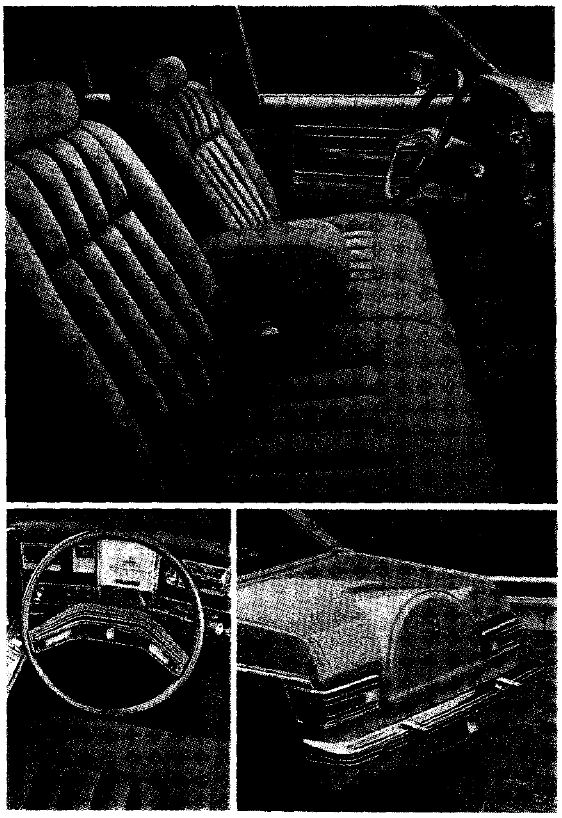

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

A PRISON is the framework for "On the Lock-In," with book, music, and lyrics by David Langston Smyrl. The setting (by Karl Eigsti) is an arrangement of metal pipes divided into two tiers of cells at the back of the bare stage of LuEsther Hall, a newly opened little theatre at the Public. The term "show," or even "play," is inappropriate to describe "On the Lock-In," which was conceived and directed by Robert Macbeth, for there is no plot and no action in the conventional sense; we just spend an evening with the prisoners as they sing and talk and joke and squabble with one another. By the time the evening is over, a number of themes have emerged, and we know who the prisoners are and pretty much what lies ahead for them. All but two of them are black, most of them are repeaters, and their songs and conversations are full of allusions to the streets, the parole officer, drug dealing, pimping, and the need to get their hands on some money by any available shortcut. Mr. Smyrl, as a prisoner called Houndog, acts as a liaison between cast and audience, and his number, "Talkin' Blues"—a syncopated recitation in rhymed couplets, backed by a small combo—is one of the high points of the evening. He informs his fellow-inmates, "It is not what you did but the way that you did it: you did the wrong thing in the wrong way"—which can be considered as apt a theme as any other for the evening.

It is the music, though, in all its variety and texture (vocal and instrumental), that is most important, giving the evening whatever cohesiveness it has—that and Mr. Smyrl's witty, ironic style of writing (and performing). The material—the characters of the men, and their backgrounds—is pretty familiar by now, however, and perhaps something stronger is needed in the way of shape. Nevertheless, the songs *are* effective, and they are very well sung by the fine cast that Mr. Macbeth has assembled. Among them, and most memorable, are Don Jay, as a Muslim, singing "Peace Will Come;" Henry Baker revealing that he is scared to get out, because prison is all he knows; Harold Cromer, in a red checked cap, singing "42nd St. Blues;" and everybody singing "Whatever It Happens to Be," which opens and closes the show. The colorful, imaginative costumes (the prisoners are dressed in street clothes) are the work of Grace Williams.

KURT WEILL's and Bertolt Brecht's "Happy End," a merry musical, with a glorious score, about Chicago gangsters and Salvation Army lassies, closed a three-week run last weekend at the Chelsea, in Brooklyn (where I saw it), but on Saturday it will reopen at the Martin Beck. It was first done in Germany in 1929, twenty-one years before "Guys and Dolls," and (according to the program notes) was written at the request of Weill's and Brecht's producer, who hoped to cash in on the success of "Threepenny Opera." The libretto is a hit-or-miss affair but is entirely adequate for the purposes of the show, and Michael Feingold's translation is by and large quite good, and often quite funny. Chicago and the gangsters and the lassies are all secondhand, of course—probably via the movies—and this adds a welcome turn of fantasy to the proceedings. Meryl Streep, beautiful and charming, gave a star performance as Hallelujah Lil, who loses her heart to the romantic murderer Bill Cracker—and is also temporarily stripped of her buttons as a Salvation Army lieutenant, until she reforms him and his lowlife cronies. Her "Surabaya Johnny," well enough sung and very well acted, deservedly brought down the house. That fine young actor Christopher Lloyd was meant to play Cracker, but he hurt his leg a couple of days before the opening; Bob Gunton, his replacement, proved more than adequate. Joe Grifasi was especially funny as a Salvation Army lad given to sudden flat-on-the-back fainting fits, and so were Tony Azito as sinister Dr. Nakamura, with a vaudeville Japanese accent; Grayson Hall as the fiendish woman who is the mastermind of the gang; and Liz Sheridan as a Salvation Army major. Every performance was good, under Robert Kalfin's direction. All in all, the evening was a lark from beginning to end, although how Brechtian a lark I cannot tell. But where else could one hear "Surabaya Johnny," "The Bilbao Song," "The Mandalay Song," "Song of the Big Shot," and so many others under one roof?

HEREWITH an inventory of the components of "Der Ring Gott Farblonjet," which is the most lavish production to date of Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company and opened last week at the Truck and Warehouse: A score by Jim McElwaine that ranges from Wagnerian through mock-Wagnerian to the singing commercial ("My beer is Rheingold"); verbal nonsense of all kinds, chiefly puns and Yiddishisms (the title combines German and Yiddish nonsense); extremely strenuous acting; transvestism; elaborate and effective costumes and scenery; camp; scatological and sexual jokes (a few good ones); ingenuity; literary references; inordinate length. As for opinion, mine almost echoes that of a man in the audience who said during the second intermission, "It's all work and no fun on that stage." Well, there is some fun, but it is sparse indeed. Mr. Ludlam, who directed the show and designed the sets and costumes, does not appear in it. Running time: three hours and a quarter.

THE final musical in this week of musicals is Peter Copani's "New York City Street Show," at the Actors Playhouse. Mr. Copani has been working successfully in street theatre over the past few years as director, composer, writer, and den father, using as his actors adolescents from some of the rougher neighborhoods in this city. The current enterprise is at once an anthology of the best numbers from former shows and a dramatization of his own story as he goes about making performers out of young rebels. After a brief prologue—a meeting in which adults indignantly discuss crime in the streets, blaming "wild kids" for most of it, and airing some choice ethnic prejudices—the action moves to a community center, where a young man

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called Sergio (Bob Arcaro), who represents Mr. Copani, has assembled a group of these wild kids to prepare a show for the streets. At the start, to break down their shyness, Sergio has them ad-lib some scenes based on their domestic life—Theresa Saldana here contributing an entertaining imitation of a high-strung Italian mother, and Hubert Kelly one of a stern, worried black father. The rehearsals of the songs and the minimal dancing are interrupted by a variety of episodes—quarrels and explosions of jealousy, and a report by a Puerto Rican boy (Rob DeRosa) of a sexual assault in the basement of the building—but eventually all ends happily, with a summer performance in the plaza at Lincoln Center, where, indeed, Mr. Copani's "The Blind Junkie" was done six years ago.

Needless to say, many of the spirited songs deal with matters that are primarily of concern, deep or casual, to the participants, and, needless to say, the show is not without its revivalist aspects. Nevertheless, the singing and the humor and fervor of everybody present make up for these flaws, if flaws they are. The players I haven't mentioned—as appealing as those I have—are Eva Charney, Florie Freshman, Deborah Malone, and Richard Woods. Mr. Arcaro is very good as Sergio.

—EDITH OLIVER

◆

NEW ENGLAND, THEN AND NOW

WASHINGTON—Sen. Edmund S. Muskie said Monday that tightened limits on the amount of income he can accept on the lecture circuit could ultimately drive him from the Senate....

The Maine senator, for the second day of debate on the proposed new Senate code of ethics, treated the galleries to an emotional and highly personal plea for equity on the outside income limitations in the pending bill....

Muskie, in years past, has gotten as much as $30,000 for his speeches but the bill would limit such earnings to around $8,000 in the future or 15 per cent of the present Senate salary of $57,500.

—*Bangor Daily News.*

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which subtracted from the sum of the outgoes leaves a balance of $25.21¾ on the one side,—this being very nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred,—and on the other, beside the leisure and independence and health thus secured, a comfortable house for me as long as I choose to occupy it.—*Walden.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Slew for the Derby

THE hundred-and-third running of the Kentucky Derby comes up in Louisville on Saturday. At least fifteen three-year-olds, whose names won't be dropped into the entry box until two days before the race, will parade down the stretch at Churchill Downs to the strains of "My Old Kentucky Home," played by the massed bands in the infield. Those bands will send a couple of the colts into a tizzy. Looking over the probable starters, your correspondent offers the suggestion that Seattle Slew is more likely to win the Kentucky Derby than any other horse in the race. And he looks the part. A dark bay, he is tall and powerful in build, a blend of strength and quality, of vigor and speed. Horsemen say that his action when he gallops is close to perfection, and his speed when he accelerates is astonishing. Though he ran only three times last season, experts picked him as the best two-year-old out. His preparation for the classics has been smooth, for he has done everything Billy Turner, Jr., the former jumping-race jockey who trains him, has asked him to do, and he's done it well. He has won his three starts this season—an overnight race, the Flamingo, and the Wood Memorial—easily and impressively. By the way, only three winners of the Derby have so far come up to it unbeaten: Regret, in 1915 (the only filly to win it); Morvich, in 1922; and Majestic Prince, in 1969. In 1953, Native Dancer, who had won eleven straight races, was beaten by a head by Dark Star. It was the only race he lost in twenty-two starts.

There's a report from my outside man in Louisville that Mrs. Karen Taylor, in whose name and colors Seattle Slew runs, has reserved fifty-four hotel and motel rooms for more than a hundred guests she and her husband will entertain over the Derby weekend.

FROM all accounts, the Bluegrass Stakes at Keeneland in Lexington last week, the final important trial for the Derby, was a smasher. For the Moment (a full brother to Honest Pleasure, who was second to Bold Forbes in the Derby last year) splashed his way to victory, beating Run Dusty Run, the favorite, by a length and three-quarters. Western Wind was third. Ridden by Cordero, For the Moment, wearing blinkers for the first time, quickly disposed of Ruthie's Native, and withstood the challenge of Run Dusty Run in the stretch. He will wear blinkers again in the Derby.

AT Churchill Downs last Saturday, the Stepping Stone Purse, at a mile, for Derby eligibles, was another thriller. Nostalgia, a colt by Silent Screen, came from last in the field of six to win by four lengths. Papelote was second and Best Person third. Coined Silver, the 2–5 favorite, led at the half mile, then tired and finished fifth.

SHAWI, Proud Delta, Mississippi Mud, and Sweet Bernice gave the crowd of more than twenty-nine thousand a finish worth remembering at Aqueduct last Saturday. The four went under the wire a nose, a head, and a nose apart in the order named in the Top Flight Handicap, at nine furlongs. It was the second time Shawi had beaten Proud Delta; the first was in the Bed o' Roses on April 8th. This time, with an advantage of thirteen pounds in the weights, she came from behind to win in the last strides.

WORD comes from Hialeah that Cauthen, who went down there last weekend, had a close call. He was riding Gravelines, the favorite, in the Hialeah Turf Cup, when his mount broke down at the head of the stretch. Fortunately, Gravelines did not fall, but the injury was so bad that he was humanely destroyed. Improviser won the race by three-quarters of a length from Oilfield, with Proponent third.

NOTE FOR STAY-AT-HOMES: The Carter Handicap, the race that had the triple dead heat in 1944, will be run at Aqueduct this weekend.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The group put their energies together for the purpose of forming an association through which the importance of the arts and its role in society would be self-realized and contain itself to grow into a spiritual circle where all could find a source for their eternal springs of creation and see it spiral perhaps into a constructive flow of educational feedback.—*Decorah (Iowa) Public Opinion.*

Well, there's a *writer* in your midst, anyway.

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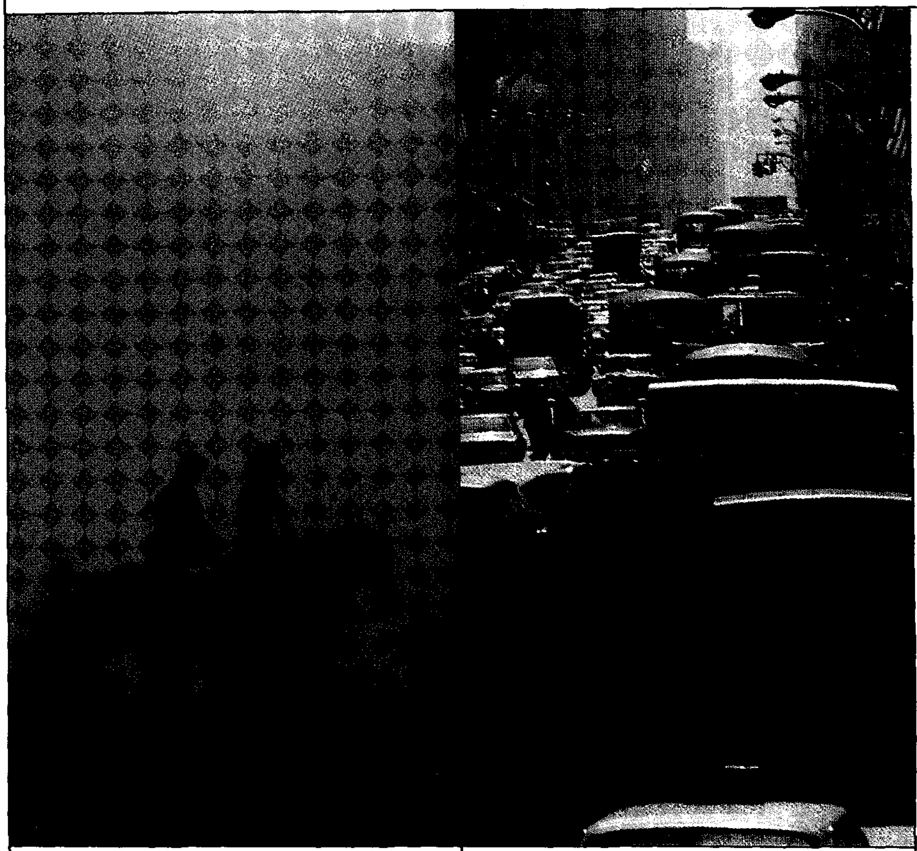

Many Americans are like the man who lived in a great steaming swamp and concluded, therefore, that the entire world was a great steaming swamp.

They see their lakes and rivers and recreation areas spoiled by pollution and overpopulation, and believe the same to be true for the rest of the country. They see crime and political corruption around them, and conclude that such is the case all over America. They see the family disappearing as a social unit, and assume that families everywhere in America are in trouble.

A matter of perspective.

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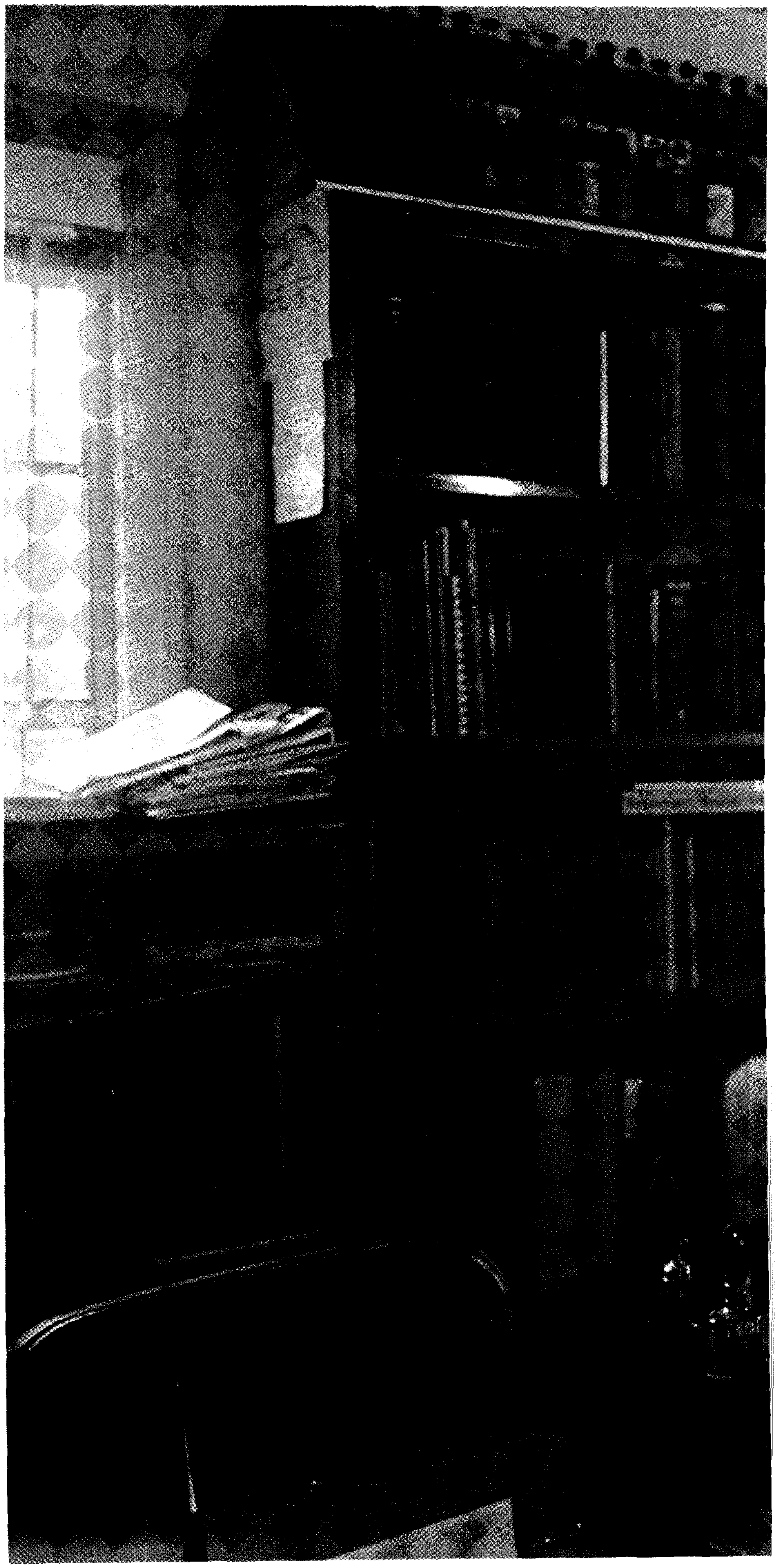

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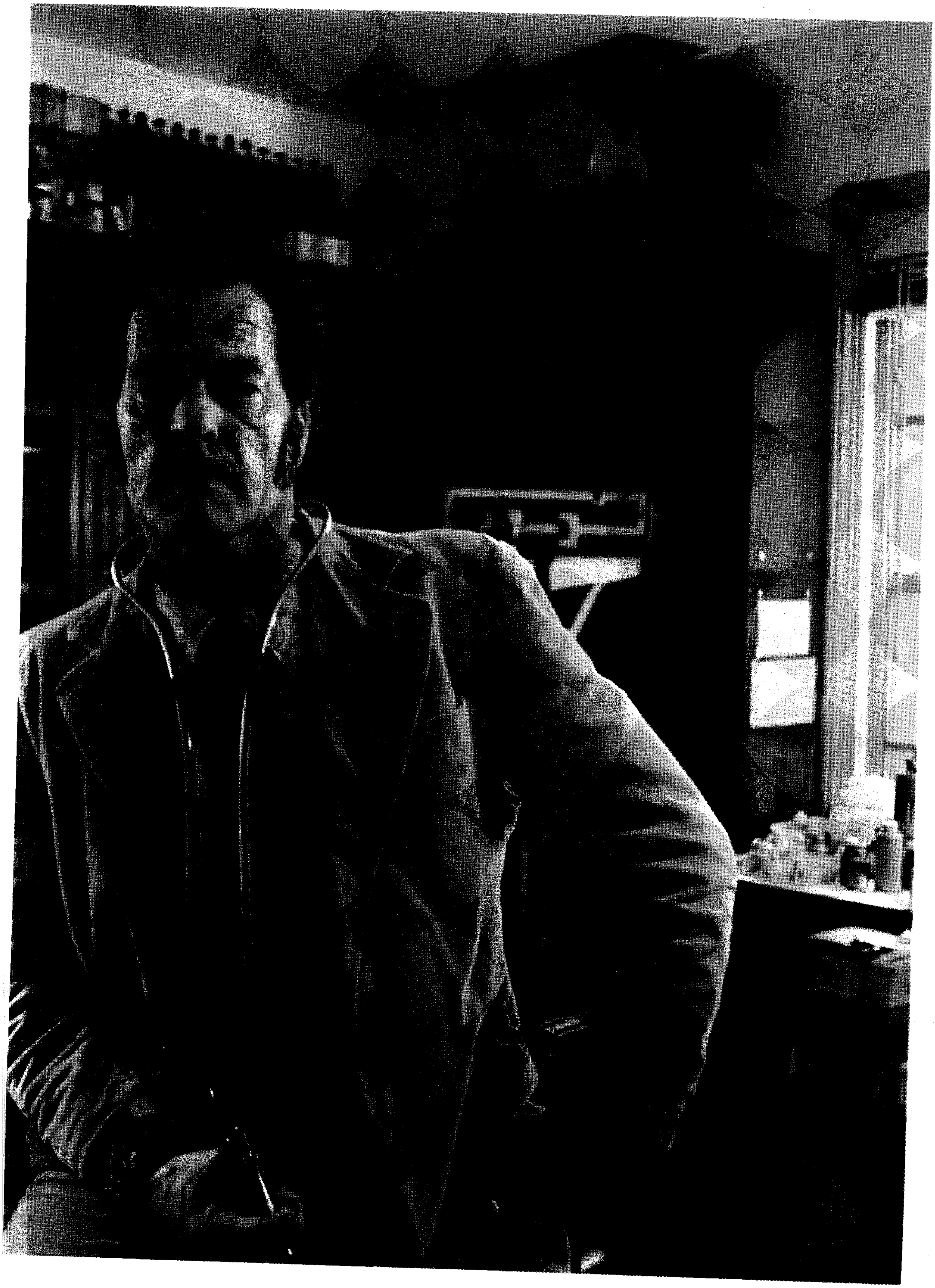

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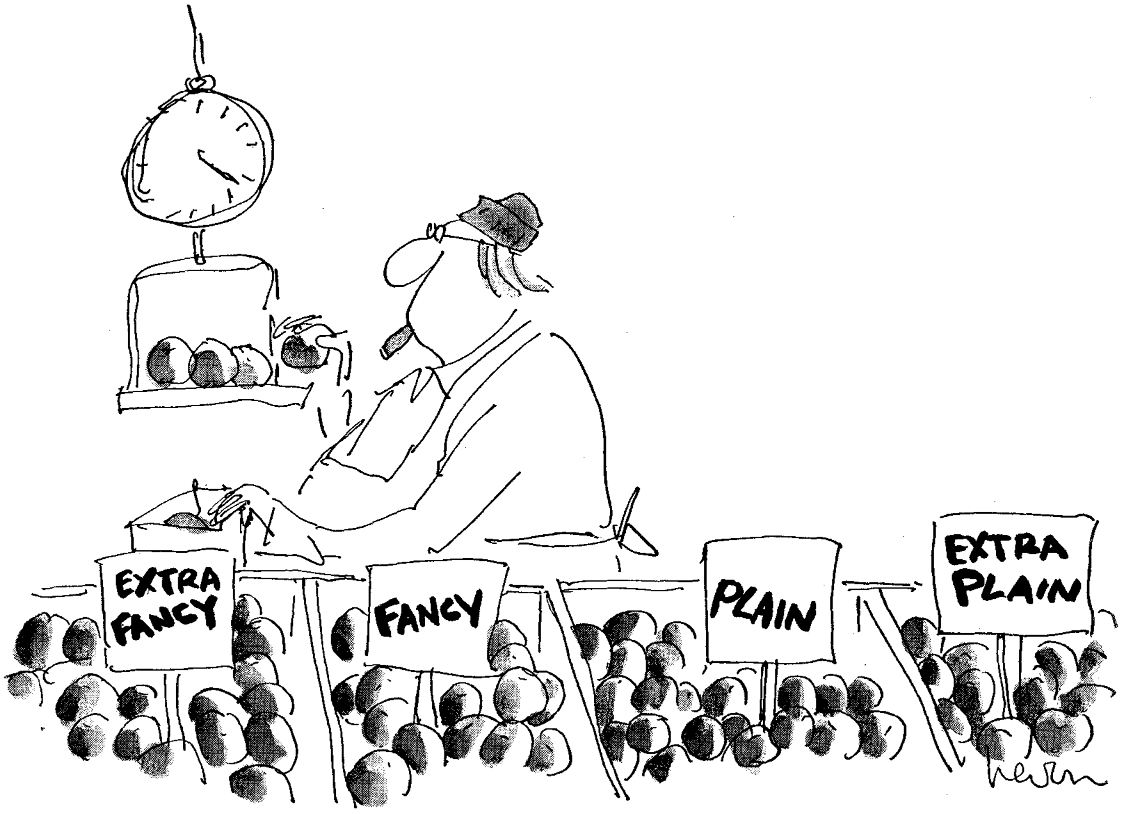
New York City
April 28, 1977

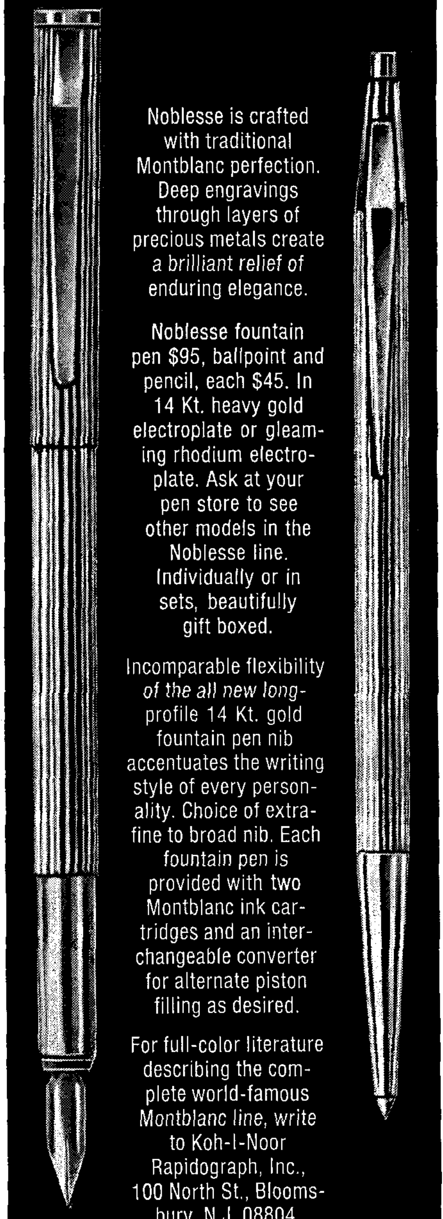
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

Last February, I described in these pages the Orwellian state that Indira Gandhi had brought into being in India after she proclaimed the Emergency, in June, 1975. Within the past few weeks, that state has come to an end, in a manner that no one, least of all the author of "Nineteen Eighty-four," could have prophesied. The end of that state is the most hopeful sign in recent years for the growth of democracy in a poor country.

The sixth general elections since independence were held in India—the most populous democracy the world has ever known—between the sixteenth and the twentieth of March. When Mrs. Gandhi originally announced these elections, on the eighteenth of January, many observers viewed them as another one of her bold, shrewd political ploys to disarm her opposition and to fortify her position as a constitutional dictator. This impression was strengthened when it was later learned that her son Sanjay, who had never held a public office, but who had been functioning almost as her surrogate, would stand for election as a Congress Party candidate from the constituency of Amethi. Amethi was in the shadow of Rae Bareli, Mrs. Gandhi's constituency, and, like Rae Bareli, very "safe," since it was in Uttar Pradesh, the traditional power base of both the Nehrus and the Congress Party. Not surprisingly, it was taken for granted by practically everyone concerned that the elections would serve only to expose the people's impotence, partly because they were to be held under what Mrs. Gandhi paradoxically termed "relaxed enforcement" of the Emergency—which in fact amounted to another brand of emergency, one without sanction in the constitution. Article 352 of the constitution provided that the government could proclaim an emergency in the event of or in anticipation of "external aggression or internal disturbance." Since Mrs. Gandhi had only relaxed, not revoked, the Emergency, she must have considered that the conditions that had led her to proclaim the Emergency nineteen months earlier were still in existence. If those conditions were still in existence, then she was wrong to relax the Emergency. If they were not still in existence, then she was wrong to have continued the Emergency in any form. (And, of course, if they were not and never had been in existence, she had been wrong to proclaim the Emergency in the first place.) She could not have it both ways, and, partly for that reason, the opposition, after she announced the elections, agitated to get Mrs. Gandhi to revoke the Emergency. Having failed, the opposition was obliged to fight the elections under less than ideal conditions. In Mrs. Gandhi's view, though, the elections were only being conducted "less unfreely."

During the campaign, there was much political euphoria over the formation of the Janata Party, a coalition of most of the major non-Communist opposition parties: the old-guard splinter of the Congress which Mrs. Gandhi had routed in 1969; Bharatiya Lok Dal; Jana Sangh; and the Socialist Party. (Many minor, especially regional, parties made informal alliances with Janata or Congress and nominated their own candidates.) For the first time, there was a formidable array of opposition, and it had clear-cut campaign issues in, among other things, Mrs. Gandhi's burgeoning dictatorship and Sanjay's dynastic pretensions. Furthermore, the leaders of the opposition included some of the more illustrious names in Indian politics. There was Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, sister of Jawaharlal Nehru and aunt of Mrs. Gandhi, who had kept her silence during the Emergency but who now invoked the memory of her brother and of Mahatma Gandhi to rebuke her niece. ("When the Emergency is the law of the land and one by one all the freedoms that are considered essential to the growth of democracy are suffocated, I thought I would be at peace with myself if I did what little I am able to do at this age—I am now seventy-six. . . . I remember Mahatma Gandhi took up the people of India in his hands when they were less than pygmies and he made giants out of them. Now . . . those giants have been reduced to pygmies.") There was Morarji Desai, who, perhaps more than anyone else in Indian politics, was associated in the minds of the people with Mahatma Gandhi's principles. There was Jagjivan Ram, the leader of the Untouchables, who number a hundred million or so. He had the distinction of having been a Cabinet minister almost continuously since independence, and had resigned from Mrs. Gandhi's Cabinet and the Congress Party soon after the





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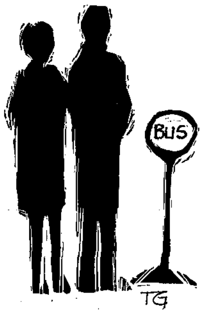
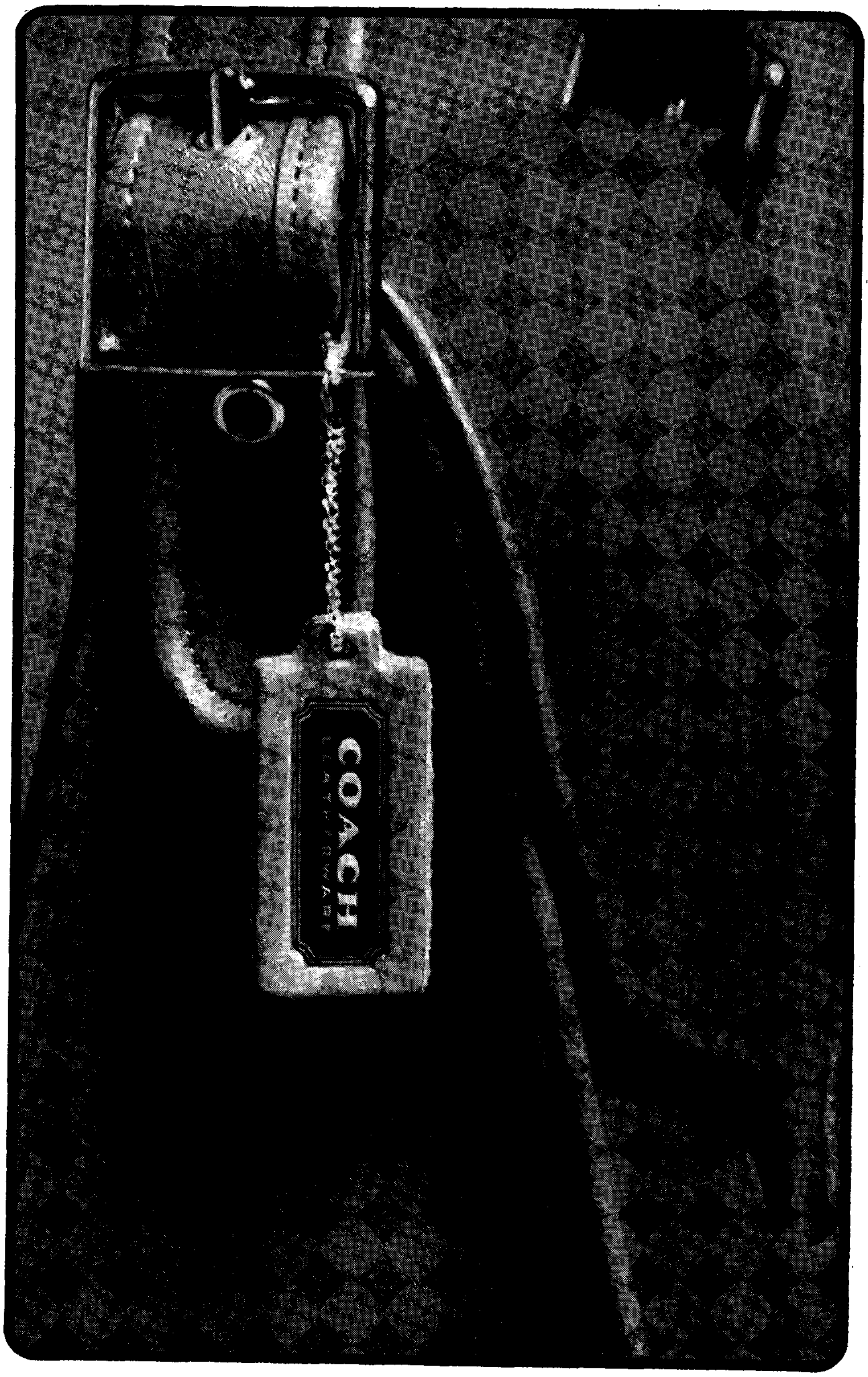
announcement of the elections, in order to form a new splinter Congress group called the Congress for Democracy. Then, there was Jaya Prakash Narayan, an elder statesman of Indian politics, who had come increasingly to wield spiritual influence over the country.

Yet all the political euphoria seemed to be based on wishful thinking. The Janata Party had been formed so hastily from the decimated ranks of the opposition parties—which had been all but destroyed by the Emergency—and included politicians of such disparate ideologies, and was so deficient in organization and money that it was hard to imagine its surviving the campaign, let alone having the ability to win the election or to govern the country. And, however compelling the political issues at stake, the opposition had barely two months to get its message across to an electorate of some three hundred and twenty million voters, most of them dispersed over more than half a million villages. Moreover, the sudden death, in February, of Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, the President of India, curtailed political activities for several days, so the time left for campaigning was still shorter. Even the strength of the opposition leadership was deceptive. Mrs. Pandit was less well known as a politician at home than she was as a diplomat abroad, for she had served as High Commissioner in England, and as ambassador to the Soviet Union, the United States, and the United Nations. Morarji Desai was so rigid in his adherence to the puritanical principles of Gandhi's thought that he had few supporters in the political and military establishment; besides, he was eighty-one years old and was a member of the routed old Congress. Jagjivan Ram, although formally a member of Mrs. Gandhi's Congress "new guard," was actually a hold-over from the old Congress. All along, he had been a token Untouchable in the government, tolerated and even courted because of his powerful political constituency rather than for any special administrative talent or intellectual ability. There was also a touch of political scandal about him: for nearly ten years, he had failed to pay any income tax. When caught, in 1969, he claimed that it was an oversight. Mrs. Gandhi publicly forgave him for his "forgetfulness." (In 1966, he had been possibly the decisive force in Mrs. Gandhi's election as Prime Minister.) Jaya Prakash Narayan, who was seventy-four, was so sick with a kidney condition that he campaigned at the risk of his life and in the last days before the elections was forced to cancel all his political engagements.



Even the "relaxed" aspect of Mrs. Gandhi's "relaxed enforcement" of the Emergency struck some Indian observers as more apparent than real. For example, she claimed that she was releasing all political prisoners, and, indeed, the immediate release of well-known prisoners gave the impression of good faith, but it soon became clear that many of the lesser-known state and district political workers were not being released. When the Janata leaders confronted Mrs. Gandhi with this anomaly, asking how there could be "free elections" when some of the political workers were unfree, she hedged; the state authorities were probably negligent in carrying out her orders, she said, or else the political workers concerned must actually have been imprisoned for hoarding or black-marketing, and so were never eligible for release. Although many of these lesser-known prisoners were eventually released, others were not, and some of them held a twenty-four-hour hunger strike a few days before the elections to dramatize their plight. Jaya Prakash Narayan, protesting the continued detention of such prisoners, went so far as to call the supposed relaxation of the Emergency and the holding of the elections "a mockery."

In the second week of March, there were reports that Mrs. Gandhi's government was moving the Border Security Force and the Central Reserve Police to district headquarters throughout the country. These reports gave rise to fears that Mrs. Gandhi intended to rig the election, as Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto had just done in Pakistan (and perhaps to overturn the results if they went against her). Bhutto had announced elections there a few days before Mrs. Gandhi had made her announcement. Indeed, it was said that Bhutto had shamed her into holding elections, because if he, an obvious dictator, could risk elections, how could she, a professed democrat, avoid them? Pakistan had held elections on the seventh of March. Two hundred seats for Parliament had been at stake, and Bhutto's government had declared that the ruling Pakistan People's Party had won most of the seats; the principal opposition leader, Air



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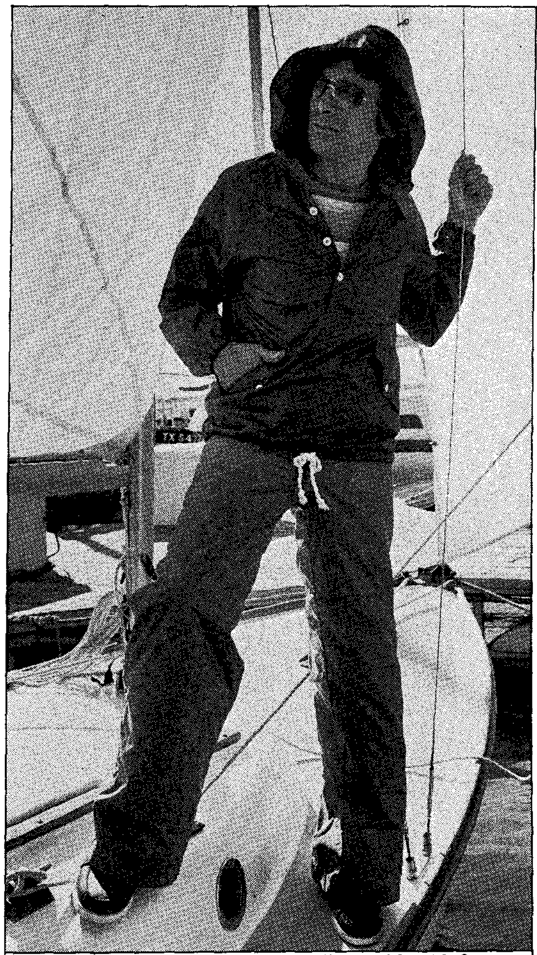

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Marshal Asghar Khan, had immediately charged that the election had been "rigged on a very massive scale" (and neutral commentators had largely concurred). Weeks of riots in the major cities of Pakistan had followed, and they had been ruthlessly suppressed by heavy deployment of the police.

Mrs. Gandhi's own conduct during the campaign was less than reassuring. She often said she would "abide by the verdict" of the elections—as if, in a truly democratic election, she had any choice. She repeatedly defended herself against the charge of being a dictator by saying that dictators don't hold elections—although, as the opposition pointed out, Hitler, for one, held a free election after he became Chancellor. (And, of course, there was Bhutto.) She also resorted to economic blandishments. For instance, instead of letting each state go on allocating its own food supplies, she converted the entire country into a single food zone; the new scheme meant that states enjoying food surpluses now had to share with states suffering food shortages—something she was able to do without alienating the surplus-food states because two excellent monsoons had resulted in a general abundance of food in the country. The English-language Indian daily, the *Statesman*, discussing these blandishments, commented wryly that the Central Election Commission's "stipulation that 'the ruling party should ensure that no cause is given for any complaint that it has used its official position for the purposes of its election campaign' is not best observed with a gift package that makes Lloyd George's notorious sale of honours look like an amateurish exercise in winning friends and influencing people."

Mrs. Gandhi's advisers had publicly let it be known that she planned to use the occasion of the elections to revitalize the Congress Party and make it a more effective instrument of her power. She had intended to get rid of tired old Party veterans, who had gone on representing Parliamentary constituencies because of their entrenched positions among their constituents, and to replace these veterans with lusty new blood from the youth wing of the Congress, which Sanjay had headed since the later months of the Emergency. In fact, her advisers had said that as many as half of the candidates for Parliament would be selected from the youth wing. But when, after calling the elections, she discovered to her utter amazement that she would have to confront not only a united opposition but also a powerful new dissident faction of her own party,

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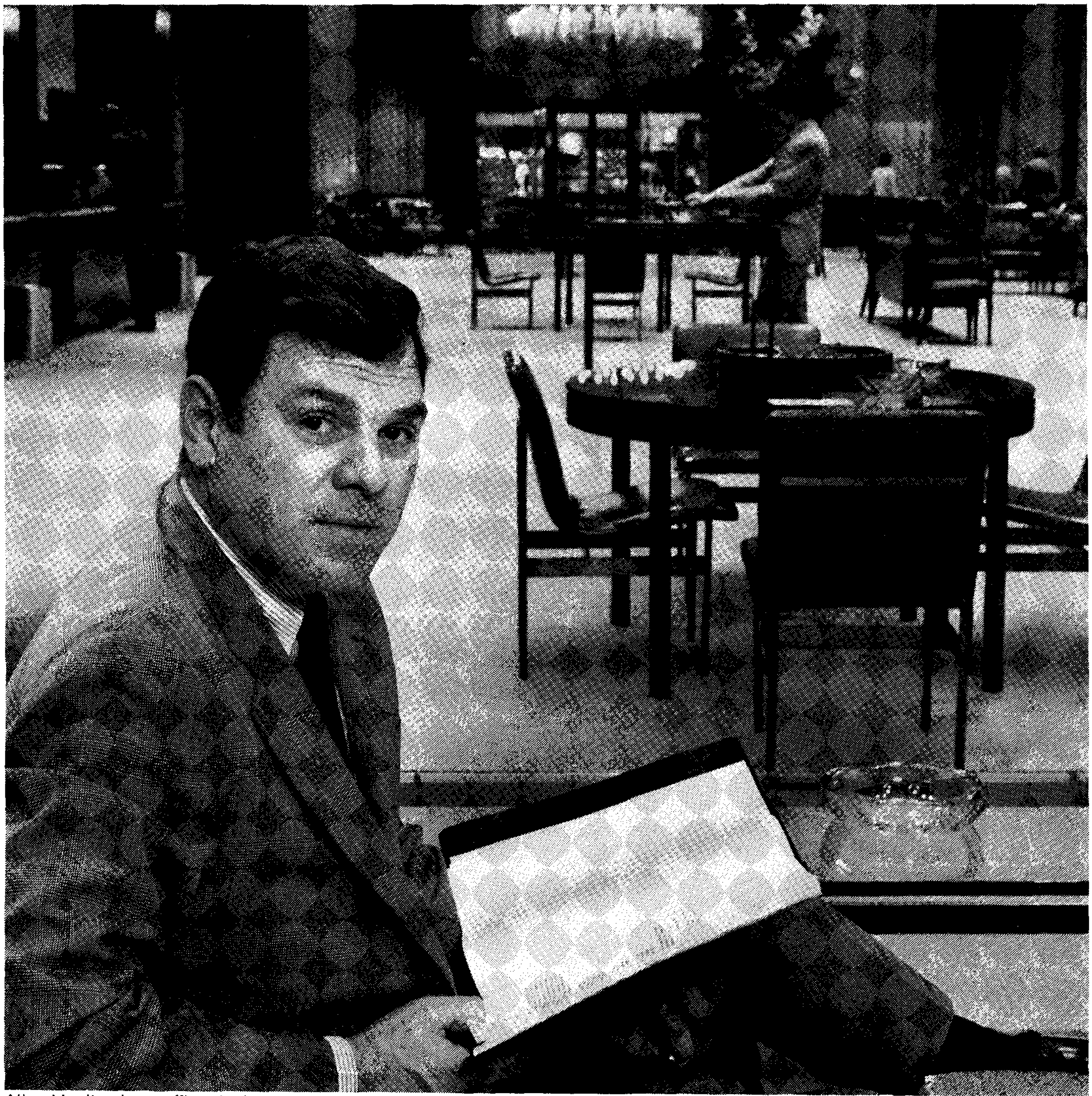

Allan Moulton is an officer in the metropolitan banking group at Morgan Guaranty's 23 Wall Street office.

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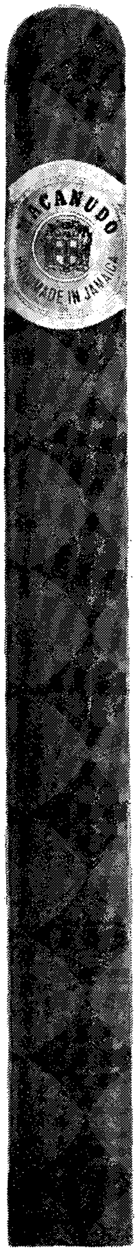

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she hastily revamped her entire election strategy. She all but ignored Sanjay's untried young recruits in the scramble to get every last one of the battle-tested veterans to stand for Parliament.

Once the Congress and the other parties had chosen their candidates, the election campaign began in earnest. Mrs. Gandhi restricted Sanjay's political activities mostly to Amethi, while she herself, in the space of twenty-seven days, from February 17th to March 15th, campaigned in practically every one of the twenty-two states, addressing two hundred and twenty-four public meetings—something of a record for any politician. Throughout the campaign, she and the Congress Party sounded an apocalyptic theme; for instance, a Party statement issued in the final days of the campaign declared, "There is no alternative to the Congress. The alternative, if alternative it can be called, is a dangerous and explosive combination of incompatibles of extreme ideologies which, if given power, could explode the nation and finish once and for all the great purposes upon which we are embarked." (The Janata Party and also Congress for Democracy sounded an equally apocalyptic theme; for instance, Jaya Prakash Narayan stated, also in the final days of the campaign, "This is the last chance. If you falter now, nineteen months of tyranny shall become years of terror.")

SINCE the previous elections, in 1971, about three hundred thousand officials had spent a total of nine months preparing new electoral rolls, which had to be constantly brought up to date, because the electorate had grown by about fifty million members. At least two million more government officials had to be mobilized to man about three hundred and seventy-three thousand polling stations. The actual process of taking the poll was even more cumbersome. Because of the country's primitive communications system, the polling had to be spread over five days. (In the northern states of Jammu and Kashmir, and Himachal Pradesh, some remote constituencies are still snowbound, and voters there will not be able to cast their ballots until late May or June.) Because seventy per cent of the electorate was unlettered, unable even to affix a signature to a voters' list, special precautions had to be taken to insure fair elections. Ballots with a complicated system of serial numbers were printed to serve as a safeguard against the use of counterfeit ballots. At polling stations (and sometimes a polling station was no more than a ballot box behind a blackboard or a bed sheet), in order to prevent a voter from voting twice, his left index finger was marked with ink that could not be washed off for about a week. ("The system of applying an indelible ink mark on the index finger of the left hand of a voter before he casts his vote has been improved upon by the Election Commission," observed the *Statesman*. "The mark will now be applied to the root of the nail and any attempt at removing it would be a painful and difficult exercise.") Each voter was given a pre-inked rubber stamp with an "X" on it and a paper ballot prominently displaying party ideographs—a cow and calf for the Congress Party, for instance, and a peasant with a plow over his shoulder for the Janata Party—and instructed how to stamp the ideograph of his choice in secret and drop the ballot in the ballot box, which had previously been sealed with countersignatures of government officials and the agents of the various parties. The balloting at each polling station was overseen by officials from the central government and by party agents. Additional measures also had to be taken against harassment and intimidation of the voters, and against so-called booth-capturers—political workers, from a party that expected to lose, who would raid polling stations, stamp the ideograph of their party on all the ballots, and then stuff them in the ballot box. (In the event of a successful booth capture, provisions were made for taking a fresh vote.) After the polls closed, each ballot box had to be taken to a storage place, where the ballots were counted. For transporting the boxes, the government had to make available as many as a hundred vehicles in each constituency.

In previous elections, the opposition parties collectively had received a popular vote far in excess of their actual representation in Parliament. Even in 1971, when Mrs. Gandhi and her party, riding the crest of her anti-Pakistan, pro-Bangladesh policy, were returned with one of their greatest majorities ever, winning three hundred and forty-nine seats, or two-thirds of the seats in Parliament (they later won still larger representation in the states), a coalition of four parties, which constituted her main opposition in the elections, together won twenty-two per cent of the

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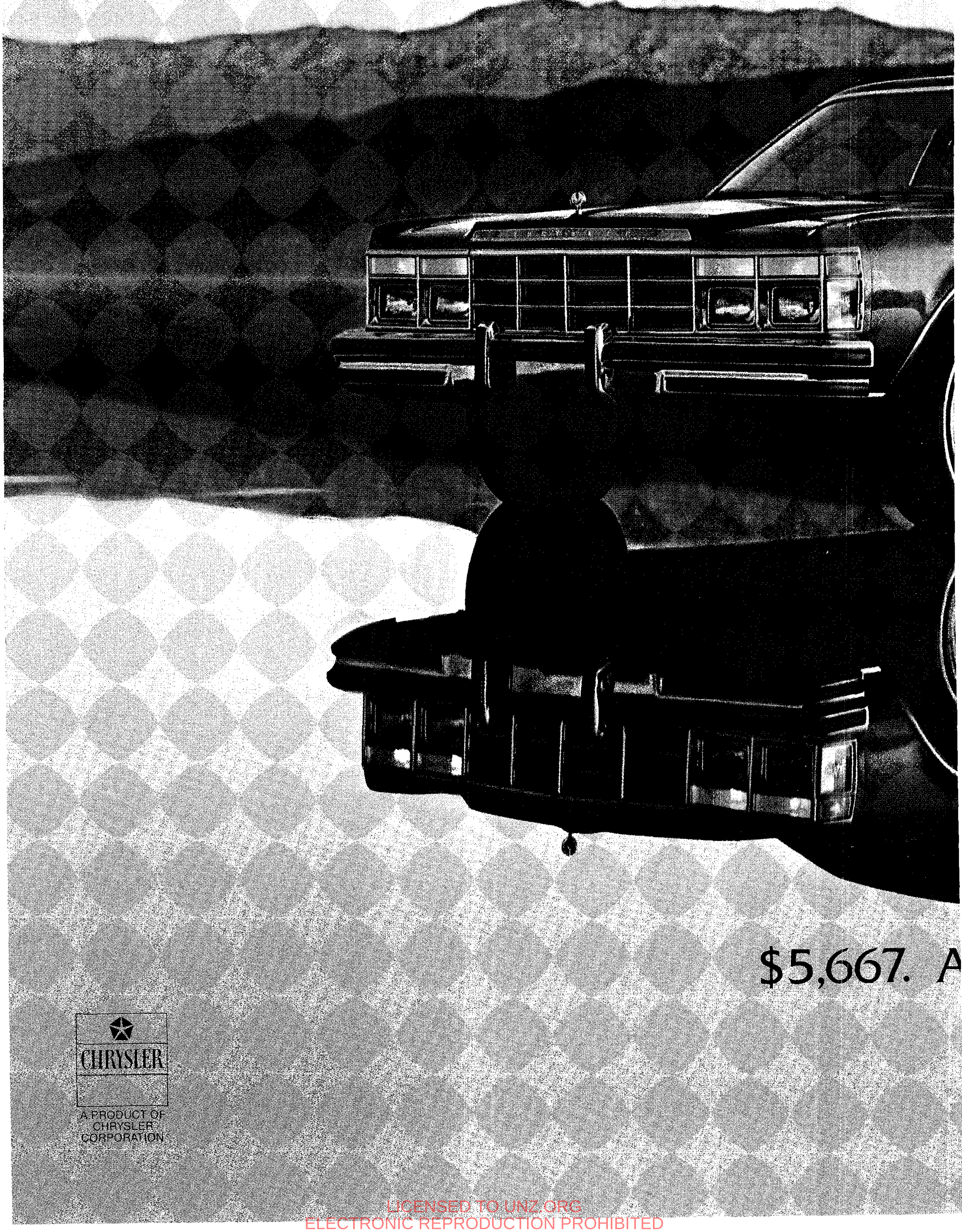

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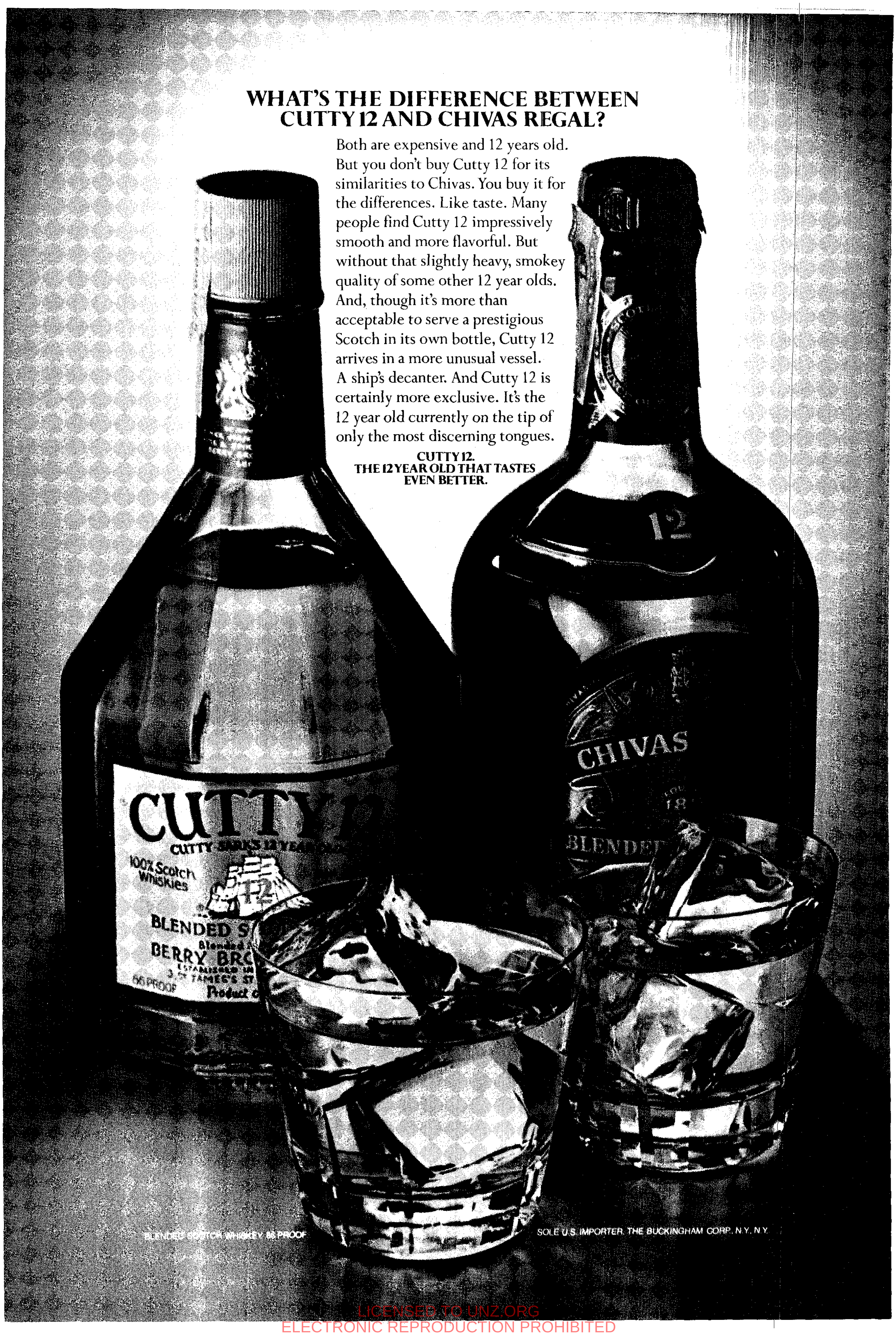
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popular vote, but only forty-eight, or less than a tenth, of the seats in Parliament. In fact, the Congress Party had never managed to obtain fifty per cent of the popular vote in any general elections. It was because the opposition parties had always run candidates against each other, splitting the vote among themselves, that they had remained powerless. In this year's elections, however, the opposition parties for the most part agreed not to run candidates against each other, and most of the contests were "straight fights" between the Congress and one or another of the opposition parties.

The results were unprecedented. Sixty per cent of the electorate, or about a hundred and ninety-four million people, voted. The Janata Party received about forty-three per cent of the ballots, or about eighty-four million votes; and the Congress Party received about thirty-five per cent of the ballots—the lowest percentage since independence—or about sixty-five million votes. In terms of Parliamentary representation, out of five hundred and forty-two seats, the Janata Party won two hundred and seventy, the Congress Party one hundred and fifty-three, the Congress for Democracy twenty-eight, the pro-Chinese and pro-Janata Communists twenty-two, and the pro-Soviet and pro-Mrs. Gandhi Communists seven—the balance of the seats going to sundry others, including seven to independents. Mrs. Gandhi was overwhelmingly defeated in Rae Bareli by her longtime foe, Raj Narain. Sanjay Gandhi and practically every important minister and adviser of Mrs. Gandhi's were also defeated in their individual contests for Parliament. In the meantime, even George Fernandes, the Socialist leader and one of Mrs. Gandhi's most hated enemies, who had fought for a seat in Parliament from a jail cell, where he was awaiting trial on charges of criminal conspiracy to violently overthrow the government, was victorious. By midafternoon of March 20th, many Indian observers knew the irreversible direction of the election results, but the facts were somehow kept from Mrs. Gandhi until eight o'clock that evening. Upon learning them, she went into seclusion. The next morning at four, she drove to the residence of B. D. Jatti, who had been acting President since Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed's death, and asked him to revoke the twenty-one-month-old Emergency. It was her penultimate official act, followed almost at once by her resignation. One week later, Morarji Desai's new government revoked an earlier, "exter-

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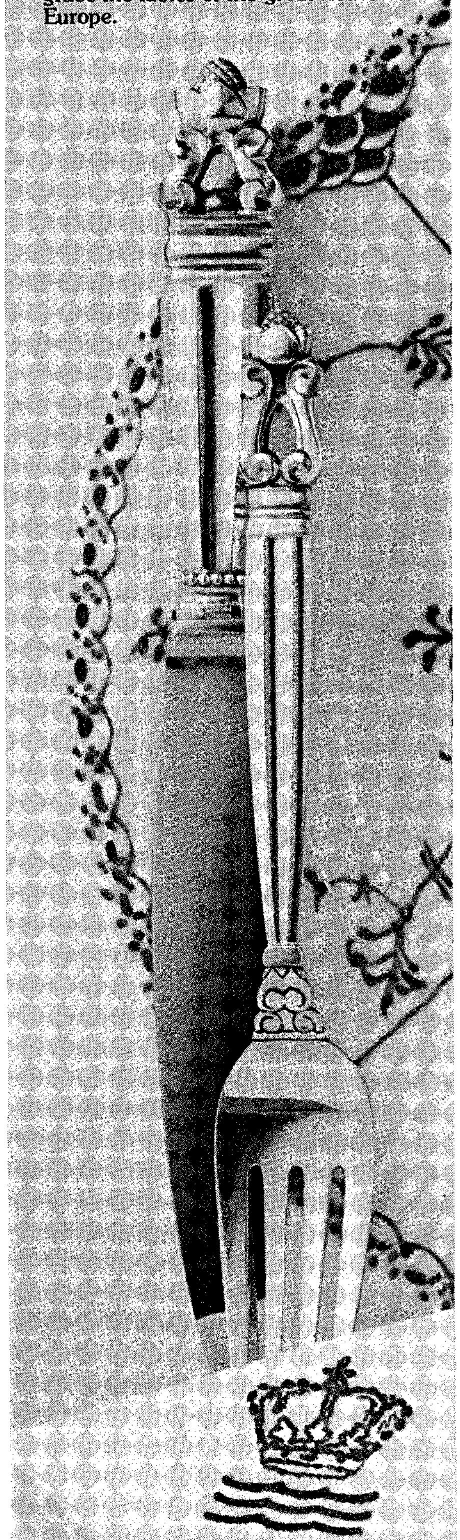

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nal" state of emergency, which had been proclaimed some five years before, at the outbreak of the Bangladesh war. The new government also announced in Parliament that it intended to repeal all the Emergency laws and constitutional amendments. Any repeal of a constitutional amendment, however, would require concurrence of two-thirds of the state legislatures and also of the upper house of Parliament, most of whose members were chosen by the state legislatures. Until 1971, members of the state legislatures and of the lower house of Parliament were elected at the same time, but in that year Mrs. Gandhi's government "de-linked" the elections for Parliament from the elections for state assemblies. Consequently, the state legislatures and the upper house continue to be under Congress rule, so that the new government, despite its announced intentions, is as yet in no position to rid the country of the Emergency, root and branch.

Mrs. Gandhi and her party were turned out of office primarily by the poor, who for centuries had looked upon the government as Ma-Bap (Mother-Father). No one has been able to explain exactly how the poor seized the election as an occasion for rebelling against their Ma-Bap, especially since they had to reject the propaganda of All-India Radio (most of them by now have access to transistors). But then the rumors—a blend of fact and fiction—about the dire effects of the Emergency on the poor had been travelling rapidly for some time through the villages by word of mouth. It was rumored, for instance, that the government was using the Emergency as an excuse to demolish the hutments of the poor, with the homeless poor being shipped out to prison labor camps in the desert; actually, one of Sanjay's pet projects, "beautification of the cities," involved clearing the slums and resettling slum dwellers on the outskirts of the city. It was also rumored that the government was using the Emergency to drive rice, wheat, lentils, cooking oil, and soap off the market. In reality, such necessities had become scarce because their prices were held down during the Emergency. It was said that the country was being run by "the boy"—people's derisive reference to Sanjay—while venerated elders were being put in jail. In the years of the freedom struggle against the British raj, the poor had learned that the government could personify vice and jail could personify virtue, and a politician's most important credential could become his jail sentence, there being hardly a major politician who had not once served some time in British jails. Above all, it was rumored that "the boy" was using the Emergency to castrate the poor much as village bulls were castrated to make bullocks. During the later months of the Emergency, Sanjay, who had instituted a program of what sometimes amounted to forced sterilization, had been executing it with almost brutal zeal. The villagers understood very little about the effects of vasectomies—hastily performed as they were by the government, with regard only for statistics; superstitiously, they associated sterilization with sexual impotence, emasculation, and loss of life-giving energy and spiritual strength—an assault on their bodies, families, and religions. Relatively few poor had direct experience of vasectomies, but it seemed that a great many of them had heard of people who had undergone the operation and suffered disastrous consequences. "Congressmen are finding it hard to counter the Janata Party propaganda that if the Congress is returned to power, *nasbandi* [vasectomy] will be intensified," wrote a correspondent for the *Statesman* shortly before the elections. "Over the past two weeks this 'wave' has taken the form of a scare. . . . Yet in Rae Bareli villages, people talk of excesses in Amethi, in Amethi, they speak of Sultanpur, and so on." In the past, the *sarpanch* (head man) of the *panchayat* (village council), a villager himself, who was often a Congress Party worker, had been able to counteract damaging rumors and sway the votes of the village to the Congress camp, sometimes by actually buying and selling these votes, trading in government favors for village pledges. The program for forced sterilization was so closely identified with Sanjay that the political effectiveness of the *sarpanch* was undermined, as was that of Mrs. Gandhi herself. Correspondents reported that at the polls the lines of the poor were longer, and there were larger numbers of frightened-looking men and women in them, than in any previous elections. Certainly, a poor villager understood the meaning of the choice between dictatorship and democracy, between Emergency measures and democratic procedures, if only, perhaps, from his daily experience with the local constable and other petty officials. During the Emergency, these government func-

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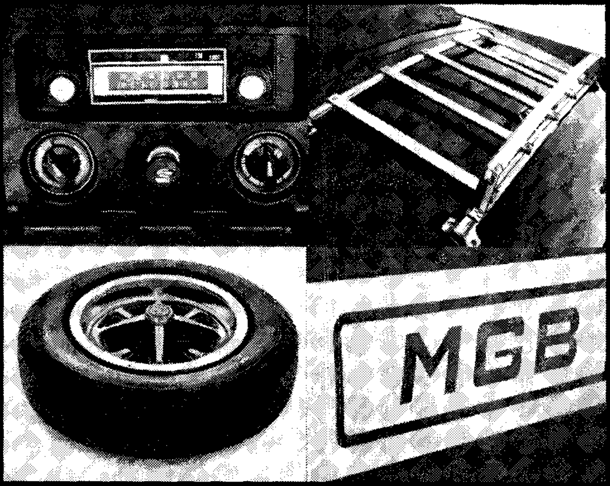

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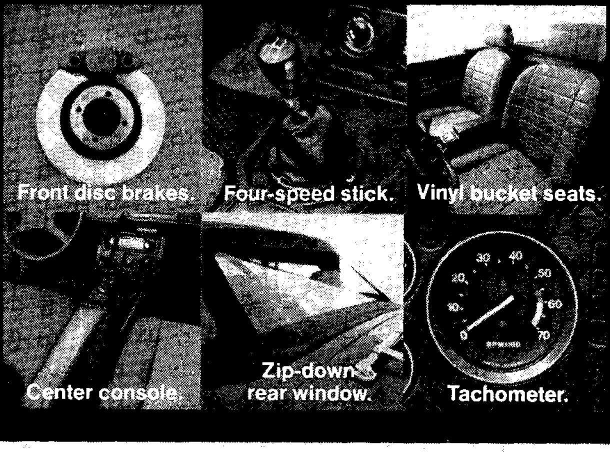

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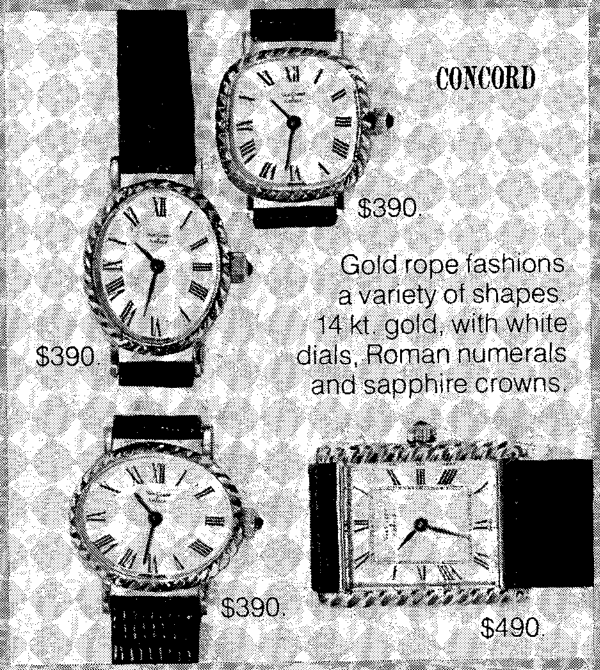

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tionaries, with no legal checks on their power, had become increasingly remote and arbitrary, exacerbating the villagers' customary fear of authority.

Oddly enough, the only precedent for the role of rumor in Mrs. Gandhi's upset may have been the Indian Mutiny of 1857. One of the main causes of that mutiny was a rumored offense to the religious sensibilities of the Hindu and Muslim sepoys. At the time, British military authorities had introduced new rifles, which used greased cartridges, and the troops were instructed to bite off the ends of the cartridges when loading. It was rumored among the Hindus that the cartridges were greased with the fat of sacred cows, and among the Muslims that the same cartridges were greased with the fat of forbidden pigs. Both Hindus and Muslims came to believe that these cartridges were part of a British plot to force them to put the cartridges in their mouths in order to make them into outcastes or infidels, and so easy prey for Christian missionaries. The British authorities, in their ignorance, had indeed failed to take the elementary precaution of not using cow or pig fat. Mysteriously, chapatties (small unleavened cakes) were distributed from village to village, from district to district, across the lowlands and highlands of India, as a signal to the people to rebel. This improvised means of communication touched off the great Mutiny and led to the transfer of the Indian government from the East India Company to the British crown.

IN retrospect, Mrs. Gandhi's defeat can be interpreted in many ways: The election had only a negative significance—the people were rejecting the program of Mrs. Gandhi, not necessarily affirming that of the opposition. Mrs. Gandhi had to fail, because she was trying to reconcile two contradictory propositions: that a poor country needs an imposed dictatorial government, and that this government, after it has been imposed, can be democratically elected. Mrs. Gandhi was naïve in believing that the poor would not be able to see through the smoke screen of the Emergency. Mrs. Gandhi was a casualty of India's thirty-year-old tradition of elections by secret ballot; of the strict electoral law under which she herself had been convicted of electoral irregularities in 1975; and of the elaborate procedures involving independent observers at every stage and a supervisory Central Election Commission. As a result, even if she had wanted to, she could not have rigged the

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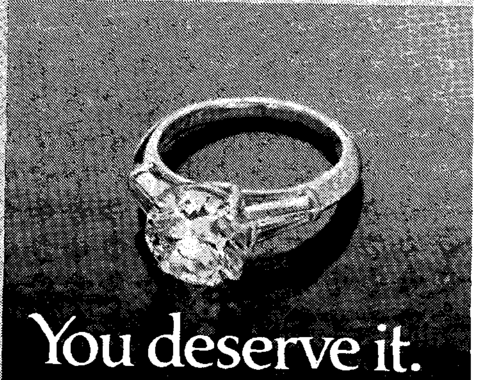

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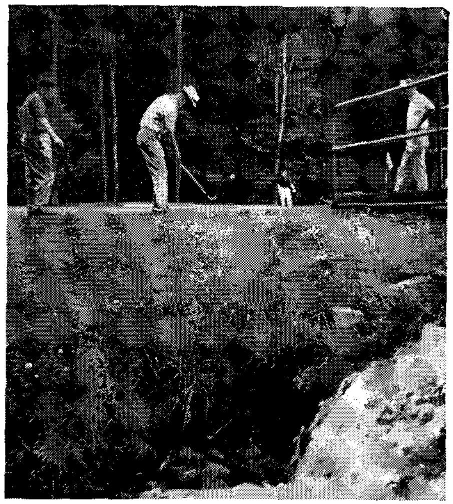

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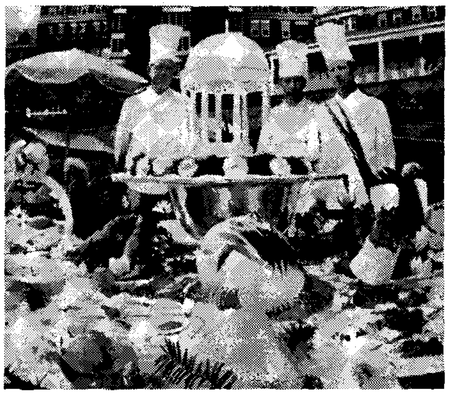

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elections, as Zulfikar Ali Bhutto presumably did, by having the Pakistani ballot boxes stuffed in secret. Or, at least, she would have needed the cooperation of local constables and other petty officials, but she had forfeited their support—along with the support of their caste and religious leaders—by her actions during the Emergency, and they increasingly functioned as a law unto themselves, beholden neither to Mrs. Gandhi nor to the villagers.

Some find the sources of Mrs. Gandhi's downfall in her character—specifically, in her overreaching vanity, in her hubris. She was brought up to think of herself as special, set apart by birth from the Indian masses. When she became Prime Minister, she presented herself as someone predestined to be the ideal leader, and, following her father's example, she encouraged people to think of her as the great leader of the world's greatest democracy. She fostered talk about the fact that she was a Nehru, a rational "modern mind" in a country of medieval superstition. After the proclamation of the Emergency, it was clear from her speeches that she didn't feel comfortable in the role of self-appointed dictator and yearned to be a constitutional dictator. She often claimed that India's problems had forced her onto the dictatorial road, but with her panoply of Emergency laws and constitutional amendments she succeeded only in weakening the legitimacy of her rule. However she justified her actions to the world, she could not escape her Nehru heritage, including her Nehru conscience. (Did she sometimes ask herself "What would Papu say?" as she jailed his friends and colleagues?) In her speeches during the Emergency, she dwelled increasingly on her childhood memories: how she had always been the leader of her playmates; how she had burned her English-made doll; how she had been in the vanguard of charges in imaginary battles; how she had been the first in a group to reach the top of a mountain; how she had dreamed of growing up to be a Joan of Arc. In any case, it seemed that she wasn't at peace with herself. During the first years of her Prime Ministership, she liked to present herself as a Westernized Indian—as a patron of Western arts in India, and as a cosmopolitan hostess who was as much at home with Westerners as she was with Indians—but, lately, she had begun to strike out against the West, condemning it as a meddling, decadent, materialistic society. She had started portraying herself as a devout Hindu. She would go with her head demurely covered to do obeisance to holy men and to have an audience with her woman guru, Ananda—the Bengali mystic whose followers believe her to be an incarnation of Kali, the goddess of destruction, or even of Sarasvati, the goddess of speech itself. Of course, it is hard to say whether Mrs. Gandhi's *volte-face* was a matter of political expedience or of political conviction, or whether it was simply the expression of her feelings of guilt, or an attempt to attain some degree of moral consistency. She was renowned for her cunning—she had outwitted all of her father's colleagues, some of the wisest old tortoises of Indian politics. And she was now hoist with her own petard. Who would have thought that the figure of Nemesis would appear to Nehru's daughter in the guise of an election?

It is accepted by now that a split in her own Congress Party in 1975 forced Mrs. Gandhi onto the dictatorial route of proclaiming the Emergency and launching what she called "The New India." Now, in a sense, yet another split in that party has forced her out of power, and seemingly eliminated her chances of ever again holding high office. Strangely, Morarji Desai, who has succeeded Mrs. Gandhi, is known to be by inclination the most autocratic man in Indian politics. In fact, his authoritarianism was largely responsible for his defeat by Mrs. Gandhi for the office of Prime Minister in 1966, when he was her main rival. Similarly, in 1969 his authoritarianism deepened the split between the old and the new guards in the Congress which consolidated Mrs. Gandhi's position as Prime Minister and seemingly eliminated *his* chances of ever again holding high office.

A FRIEND from New Delhi writes:

> I hope you were able, in New York, to follow the campaign in the *desi* [native] newspapers and magazines. The *Statesman* and the *Indian Express* did a superb job; the *Times of India* woke up as the polling approached; the *Hindustan Times* was futile; but *Seminar* resumed publication and brought out two very forthright issues. It's been a fantastic election and the results have been greeted with a jubilation reminiscent of Independence Day. People are not being boorish or vindictive about Mrs. Gandhi's defeat—the atmosphere here is just *infectiously merry*. And Jaya Prakash Narayan, like a latter-day Mahatma Gandhi, is keeping the Janata Party sober and giving it the sort of vision that governments here have lacked since independence. Let's see what the Janata Party does—but at present we feel happy and hopeful. The electorate has

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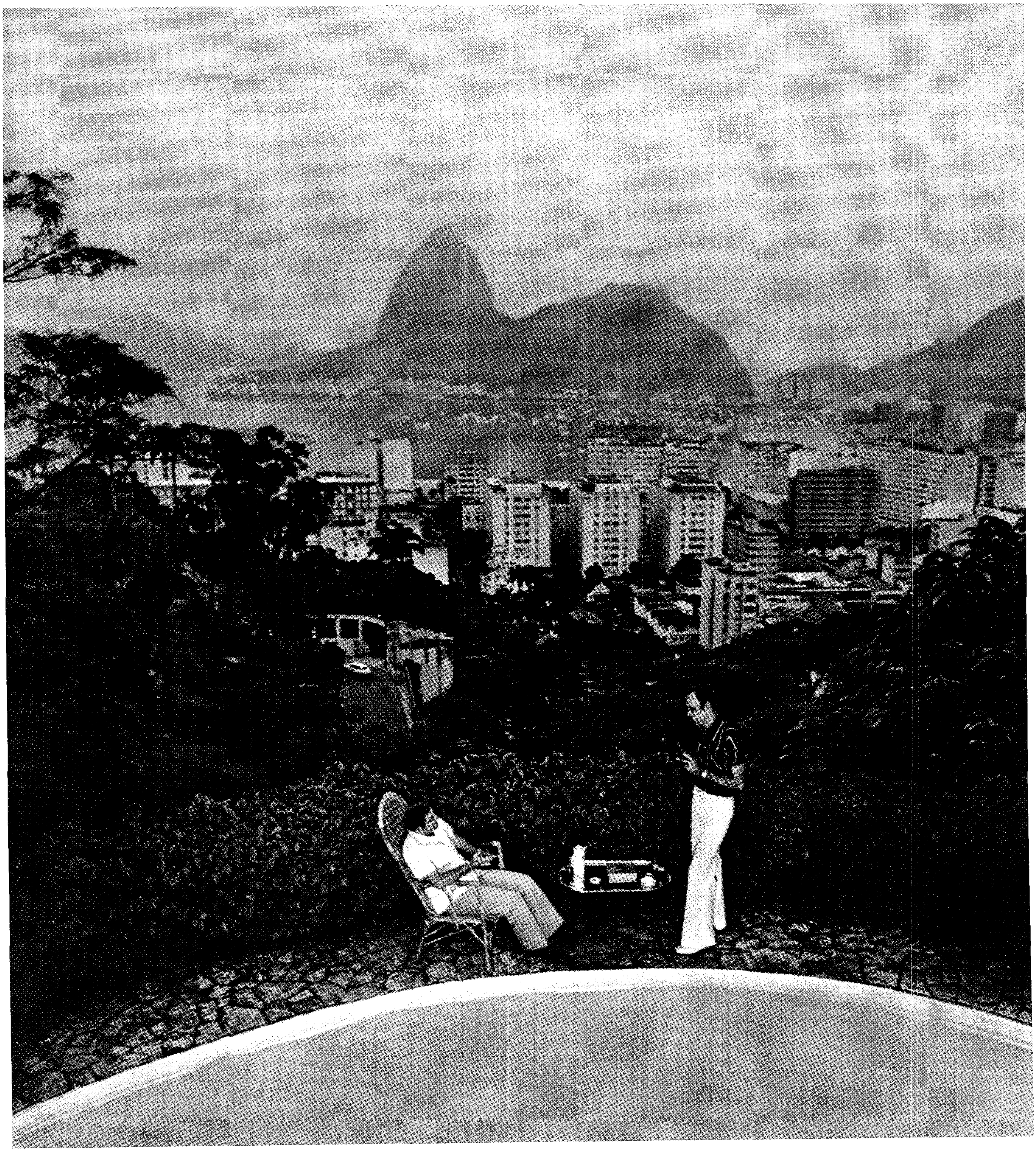

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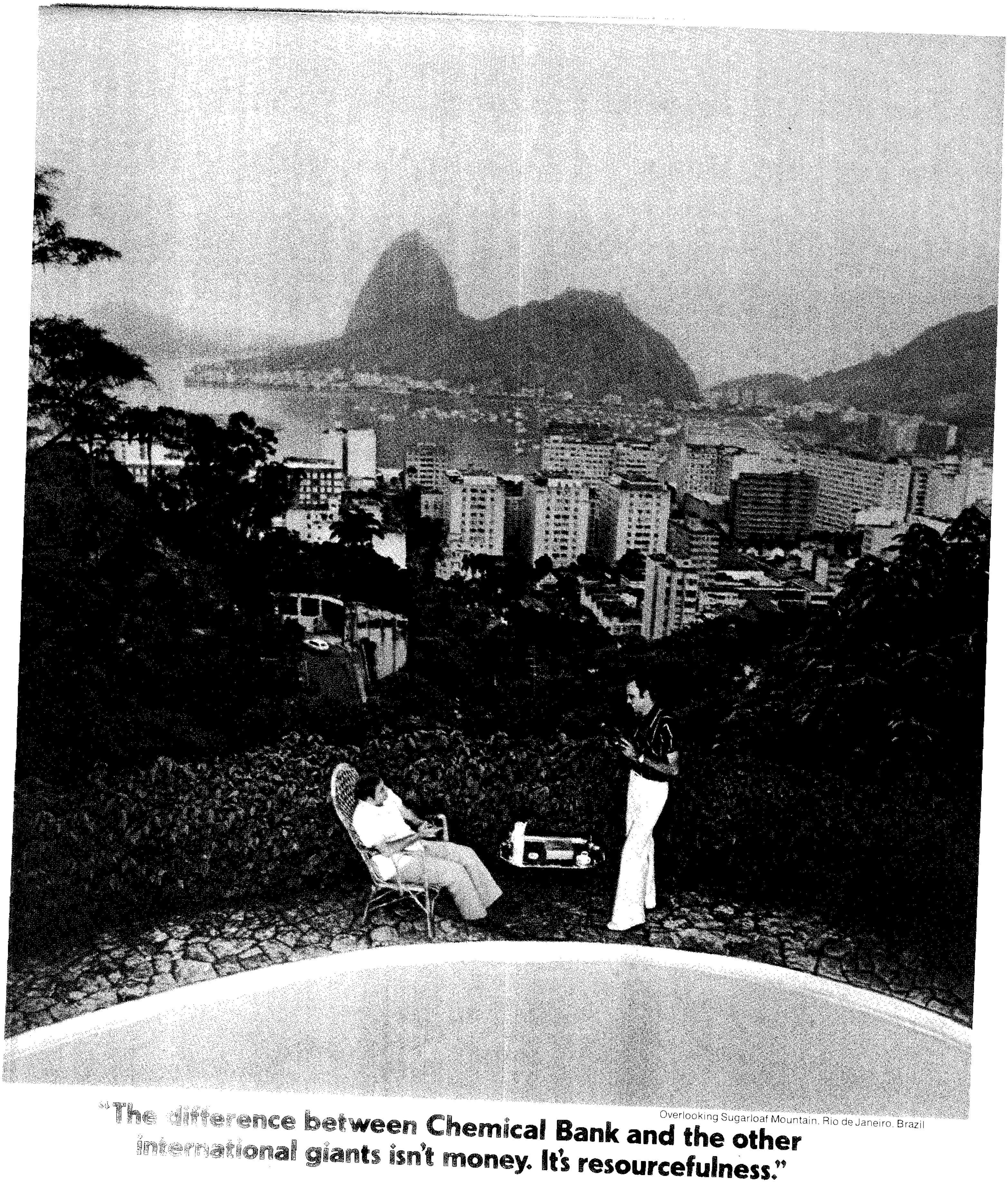

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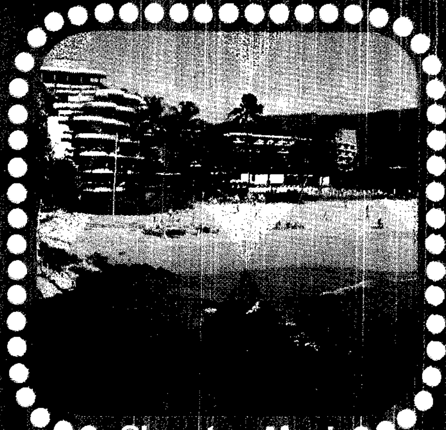

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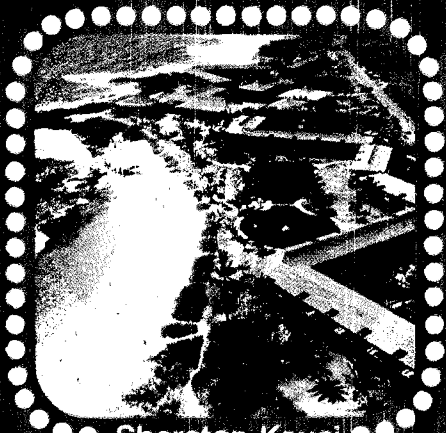

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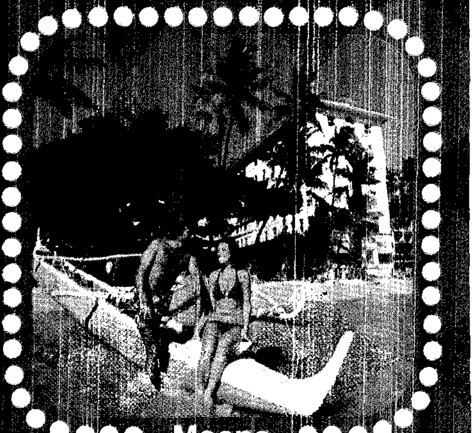

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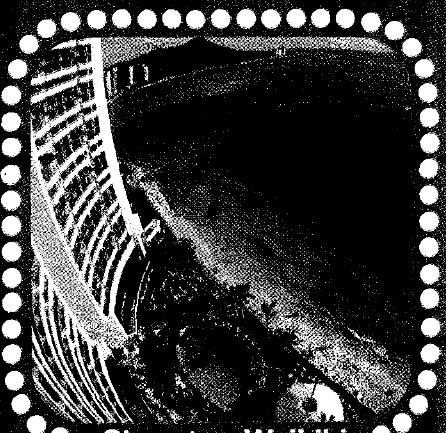

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The election-counting days were quite exhausting. Every night, we would go to bed at one thirty in the morning and wake up at five thirty. To get the latest scoop on the election results, we would rush over to Uncle Ramosh's, on Pandara Road. Everyone at Pandara Road voted Janata—truly remarkable, considering our family's long history of government service.

All-India Radio lived up to expectation, by not reporting the Congress disasters even as they were happening. The crowd had to swarm around newspaper and party offices all day and night for the latest information. Big scoreboards were put up at Connaught Circus, Bahadur Shah Zafar Marg, etc., giving the latest election figures, and you should have seen the crowds—restrained but merry. Our two-year-old daughter, Leela, of course, was merrier than anyone. On the first counting day, she had as many as three drives in the evening—to the various newspaper and party offices and scoreboards—and confidently declared "*Pupup, main elections se bari khush hoon.*" ["Papa, I am very happy with the elections."] It's marvellous to be free of the Emergency: press censorship, Sanjay—not to mention Bansi Lal, V. C. Shukla, H. R. Gokhale [the former Ministers of Defense, Information and Broadcasting, and Law and Justice, respectively], and all the other Congress rogues. Even nice old Swaran Singh, who chaired the notorious Committee to rewrite the Constitution for legitimizing the burgeoning dictatorship, has bit the dust. (Can you believe that now George Fernandes is the Minister of Communications, and Raj Narain the Minister of Health?) I think people are sorry for Mrs. G., as I am, but, as Aunt Mala says, supposedly quoting from the Ramayana, "Where your advisers don't tell you the truth, there is no hope for good government." On the last night of the counting, we were too tired to go out, but the whole family from Pandara Road arrived at our door and we never went to bed.

People here are less interested in who the new Prime Minister is and in what he is like than I expect people outside India are—it's enough to have got rid of one and shown that no one is so exalted as to be deified, even a Prime Minister or a Nehru. For the first time, I think, one sees poor *desis* as free men with respect for themselves and their own judgment rather than blind faith in government office-holders.

"*Pupup, main elections se bari khush hoon*" is as good an epitaph as any for Mrs. Gandhi's Orwellian state.

Faithfully,
VED MEHTA

•

CORRECTIONS

In reporting on a Cub Scout banquet in Bridgewater in a March 7 story the account pointed out that Wally Krueger, Troop 30 sponsor, was "tanked" when, of course, it should have read "thanked."
—*Brockton (Mass.) Enterprise.*

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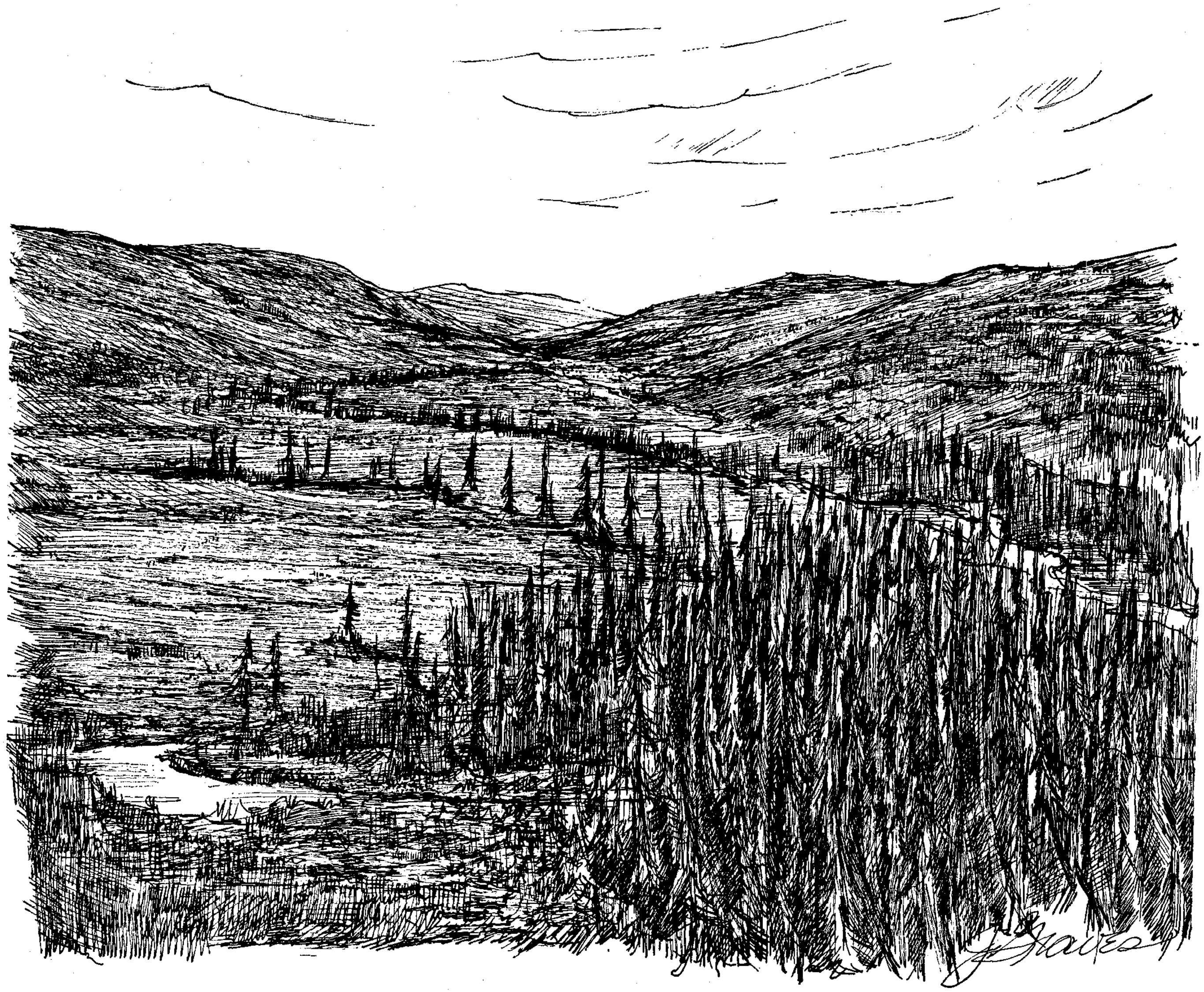
THE ENCIRCLED RIVER—II



NEAR the headwaters of the Salmon River in northwest Alaska, a four-man state-federal study team began a journey by canoe and kayaks to assess the river and its immediate environs for possible designation as a national wild river—this one example being a fragment of some eighty million acres of so-called national-interest land that may soon become national parks, rivers, forests, and wildlife refuges as a result of the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act of 1971. They had invited me to go with them.

THE river was low, and Pat Pourchot had picked a site as far upstream as he judged we could be and still move in boats. We were on an island, with the transparent Salmon River on one side—hurrying, scarcely a foot deep—and a small slough on the other. Deeper pools, under bedrock ledges, were above us and below us. We built our fire on the lemon-sized gravel of what would in higher water be the riverbed, and we pitched the tents on slightly higher ground among open stands of willow, on sand that showed what Bob Fedeler called "the old tracks of a young griz." We would stay two nights, according to plan, before beginning the long descent to the Kobuk; and in the intervening day we would first assemble the kayaks and then be free to disperse and explore the terrain.

There was a sixth man with us, there at the beginning. His name was Jack Hession, and he was the Sierra Club's only salaried full-time representative in Alaska. Pourchot had invited him as an observer. The news that he was absent at the end of the trip could instantly cause hopes to rise in Alaska, where the Sierra Club has long been considered a netherworld force and Hession the resident Belial. Hession, though, was not going to perish on the Salmon. Pressures from Anchorage had travelled with him, and before long would get the better of him, and in cavalier manner—in this Arctic wilderness—he would bid us goodbye and set out early for home. Meanwhile, in the morning sun, we put together the collapsible kayaks—two single Kleppers and the double one we called Snake Eyes. Hession's own single was the oldest of the three, and it had thirty-six parts, hardware not included. There were dowels of mountain ash and ribs of laminated Finnish birch, which fitted, one part to another, with hooks and clips until they formed a pair of nearly identical skeletal cones—the internal structures of halves of the boat. The skin was a limp bag made of blue canvas (the deck) and hemp-reinforced vulcanized rubber (the hull). The concept was to insert the skeletal halves into the skin and then figure out how to firm them together. We had trouble doing that. Hession, who ordinarily used rigid boats of fibre glass in his engagements with white water, could not remember how to complete the assembly. Stiff

In April the five CBS Owned Television Stations launched a pioneering children's program: "Marlo and the Magic Movie Machine." It's a fast-moving frolic of learning, keyed to ages six to twelve. It's one hour long, once a week.

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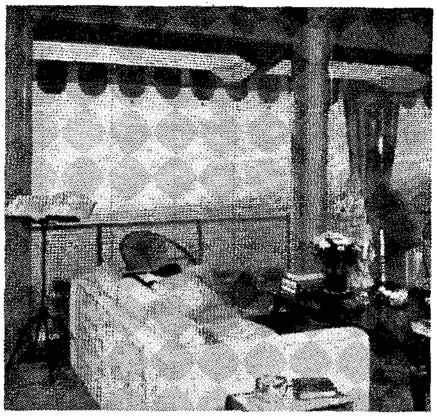

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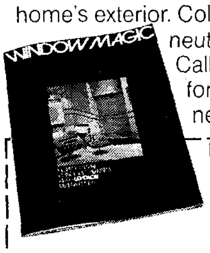

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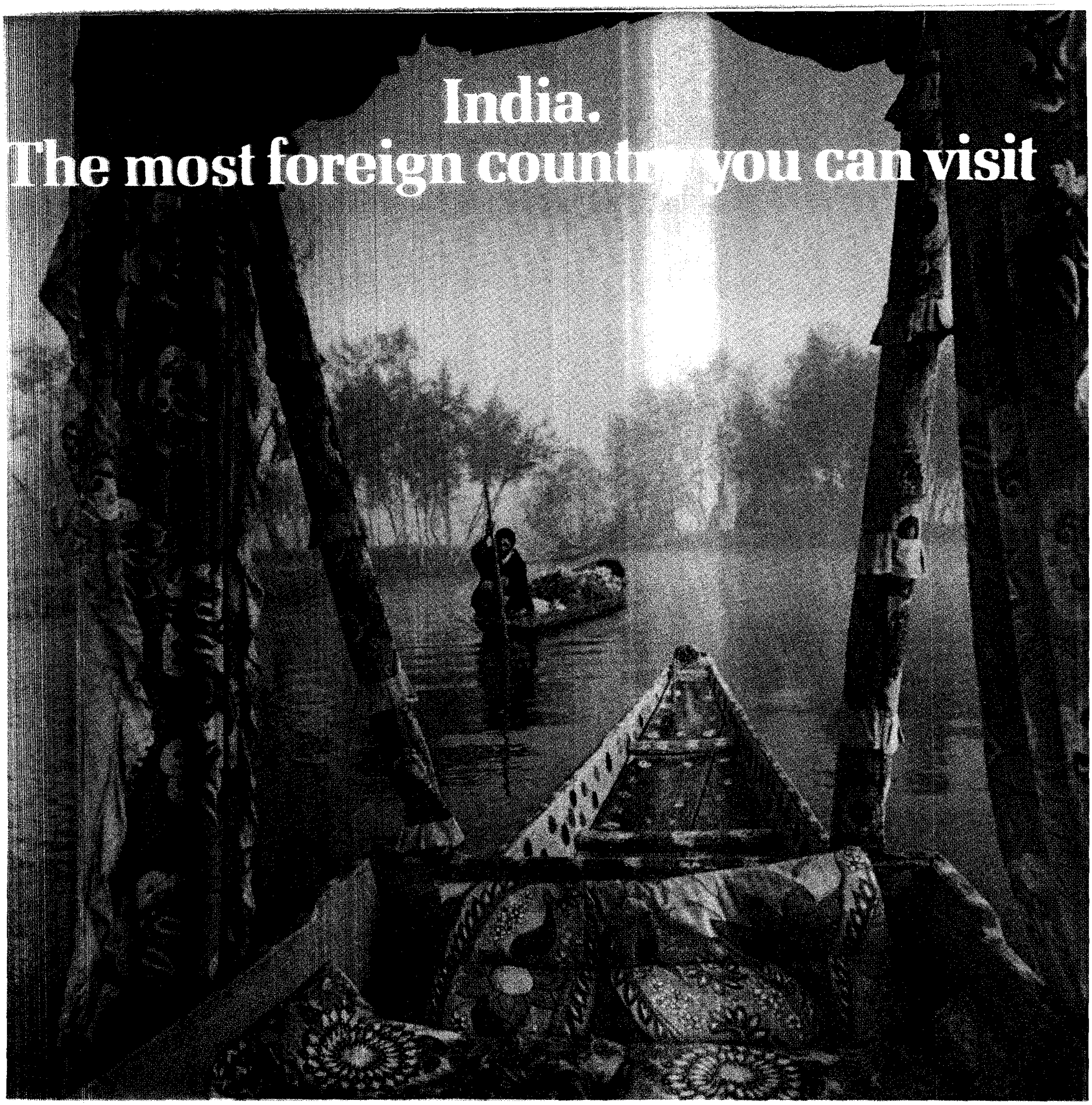
toward the ends and bent in the middle, his kayak had the look of a clip-on tie, and would do about as well in the river. We all crouched around and studied amidships—six men, a hundred miles up a stream, above sixty-seven degrees of latitude, with a limp kayak. No one was shy with suggestions, which were full of ingenuity but entirely failed to work. By trial and error, we finally figured it out. The last step in the assembly involved the center rib, and we set that inside the hull on a tilt and then tapped it with a rock and forced it toward the vertical. When the forcing rib reached ninety degrees to the longer axis of the craft, the rib snapped into place, and with that the entire boat became taut and yare. Clever man, Johann Klepper. He had organized his foldboat in the way that the North American Indians had developed the construction of their bark canoes. Over the years, the Klepper company had simplified its process. Our other single kayak, the more recent model, had fewer and larger skeletal parts, and it went together more easily; but it was less streamlined than the first. Snake Eyes, for its part—all eight hundred dollars' worth of Snake Eyes—was new and had an interior of broad wooden slabs, conveniently hinged. Snake Eyes had the least number of separate parts (only fifteen) and in the way it went together was efficient and simple. Its advanced design had been achieved with a certain loss of grace, however, and this was evident there on the gravel. The boat was lumpy, awkward, bulging—a kayak with elbows.

TOWARD noon and after an early lunch, we set off on foot for a look around. Pourchot went straight up the hills to the west, alone. Stell Newman and John Kauffmann intended lesser forays, nearer the campsite. I decided I'd go with Bob Fedeler, who, with Jack Hession, had the most ambitious plan. They were going north up the river some miles and then up the ridges to the east. I hoped my legs would hold up. I didn't want to embarrass myself, off somewhere in the hills, by snapping something, but I could not resist going along with Fedeler. After all, he was a habitat biologist, working for the state, and if the ground around here was not habitat then I would never be in country that was. The temperature had come up to seventy. The sky was blue, with moving clouds and intermittent sun. We stuffed our rain gear into day packs and started up the river.

Generally speaking, if I had a choice between hiking and peeling potatoes, I would peel the potatoes. I have always had a pica for canoes on rivers and have avoided walking wherever possible. My experience, thus, was limited but did exist. My work had led me up the Sierra Nevada and across the North Cascades, and in various eras I had walked parts of the Long Trail, the Appalachian Trail, trails of New Hampshire, the Adirondacks. Here in the Brooks Range, of course, no one had been there clearing the path. A mile, steep or level, could demand a lot of time. You go along with only a general plan, free lance, guessing where the walking will be least difficult, making choices all the way. These are the conditions, and in ten minutes' time they present their story. The country is wild to the limits of the term. It would demean such a world to call it pre-Columbian. It is twenty times older than that, having assumed its present form ten thousand years ago, with the melting of Wisconsin ice.

For several miles upstream, willow and alder pressed in on the river, backed by spruce and cottonwood, so the easiest path was the river itself. Gravel bars were now on one side, now the other, so we crossed and crossed again, taking off our boots and wading through the fast, cold water. I had rubber-bottomed leather boots (L.L. Bean's, which are much in use all over Alaska). Fedeler was wearing hiking boots, Hession low canvas sneakers. Hession had a floppy sun hat, too. He seemed to see no need to dress like Sir Edmund Hillary, or to leave the marks of waffles by the tracks of wolves. He was a brief, trim, lithe figure, who moved lightly and had seen a lot of such ground. He stopped and opened his jackknife, and stood it by a track in sand at the edge of the river. Other tracks were near. Two wolves running side by side. He took a picture of the track. We passed a deep pool where spring water came into the river, and where algae grew in response to its warmth. Grayling could winter there. Some were in the pool now—bodies stationary, fins in motion, in clear deep water as green as jade. Four mergansers swam up the river. We saw moose pellets in sand beyond the pool. I would not much want to be a moose just there, in a narrow V-shaped valley with scant protection of trees. We came, in fact, to the tree line not long thereafter. The trees simply stopped. We took a few more northward steps and were out of the boreal forest. Farther north, as far as land continued, there would be no



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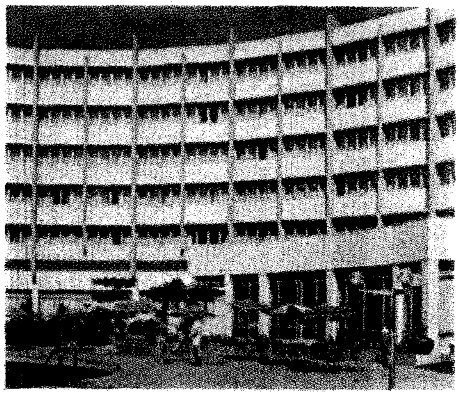

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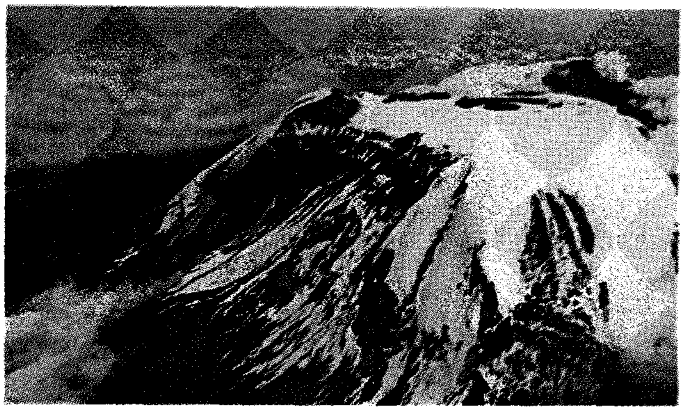
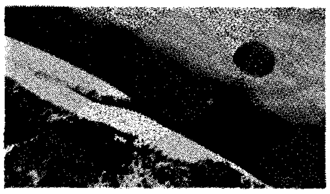
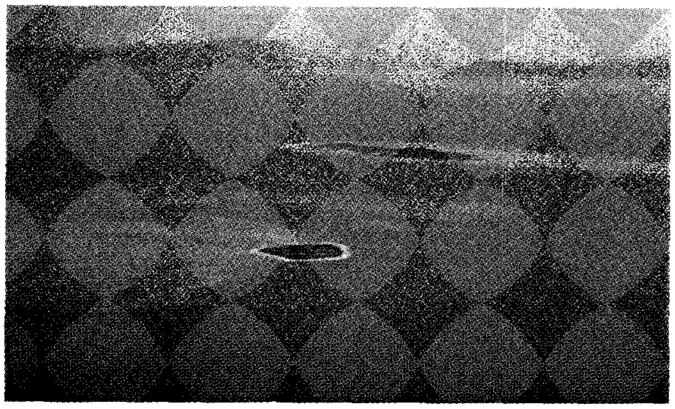


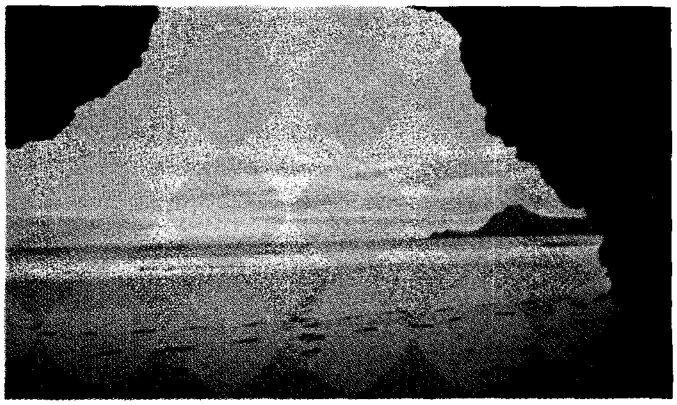


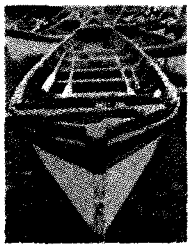
Mt. Kilimanjaro. Your driver will take you from Nairobi Airport 240 miles southeast to the slopes of Kilimanjaro. You'll climb through the Giant Heath Forest to Mandara Hut, 9,000 feet up. The following morning you'll stumble outside to stare straight up at your real work—over 10,000 feet of sliding rock, hidden crevasses, and ice avalanches. In addition to boots, ropes and ice axes, you'll need a sound heart, strong lungs, powerful legs and plenty of luck. But somewhere 19,340 feet over Equatorial Africa, a case of Canadian Club is still waiting for you.



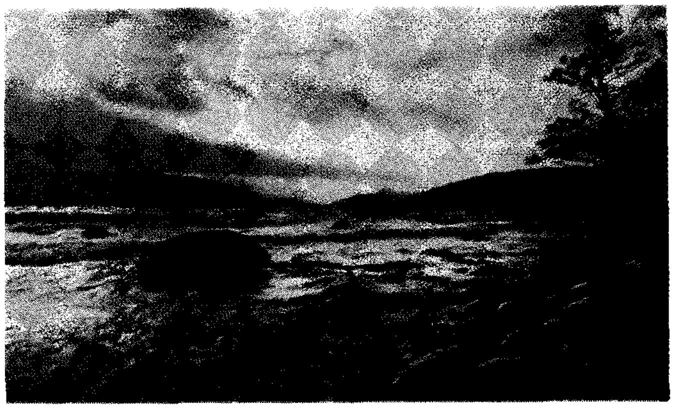
Great Barrier Reef. When you reach cal waters between Little Hope and Big Hope lands you'll need all your courage before facin the deep. Beneath the warm, soothing waves the Coral Sea lurks the world's most treacherou mass of twisted coral and rock, the Great Barrie Reef. As your captain tosses the dinghy over th side, someone will shout "Dabargo warkig (good luck). And you'll need it. You'll be explo ing the eerie world where 200-pound clam filter the clear water. Where giant man-eating sharks patrol. An where we submerged a case of Canadian Club on August 14, 196

Death Valley. Head south out of Furnace Creek. You'll pass Badwater, a brackish pool 280 feet below sea level and as close to Hell as man on earth can get. As you cross the boundary of Death Valley National Monument turn right and look for an old road that leads straight to the hills. The road forks and becomes a wash to the right. As you glance around, notice an ancient rock through which centuries of relentless erosion have carved a natural hole. 144 paces up from that rock turn west for 13 more steps. There, where surface temperatures of 190° can melt the soles of your shoes, 12 bottles of the wettest whisky in 87 lands lie buried.

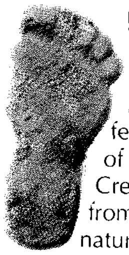




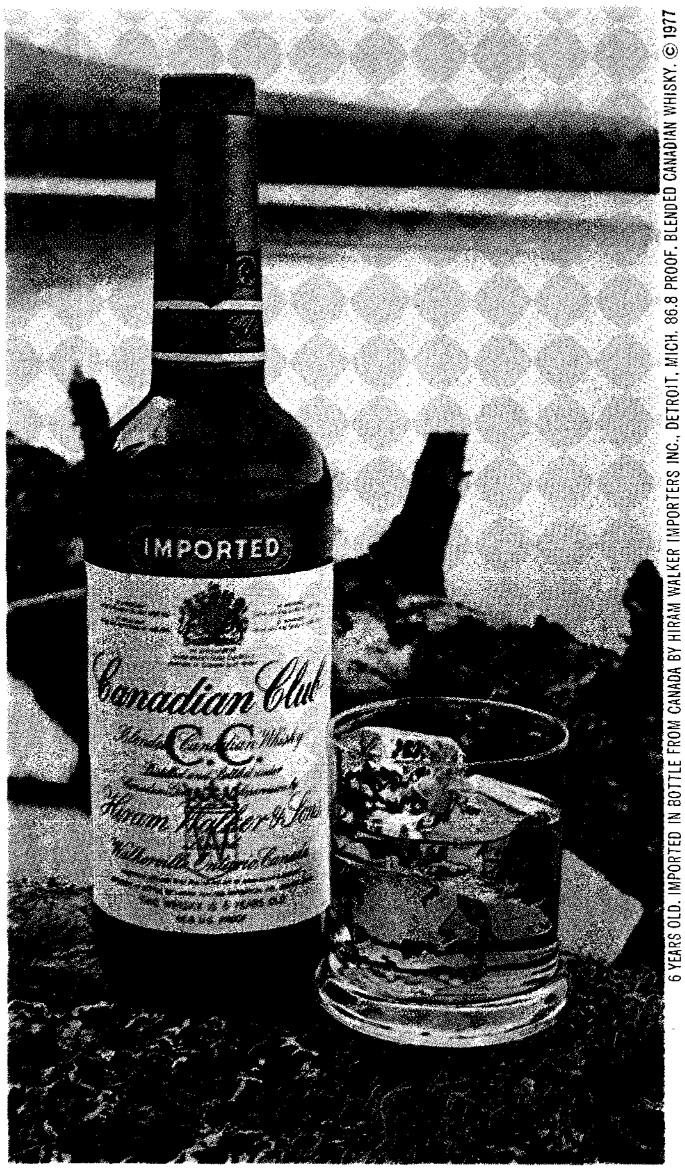
Robinson Crusoe Island. Fly to Santiag Chile, then on to Robinson Crusoe. Once ther the men who run the radio shack will help yo pack your gear down the side of a steep cliff t the beach. There, one of the island's handmad cypress fishing boats will be waiting to take yo on the long trip to the other side. Severa thousand six-foot waves later, you'll pull int Pangal Bay. Buried somewhere inside one of th caves that spot the coastline, beneath one of the boulders throw there by the winter storms, is our treasure. It has been waitin patiently for you since August 1, 1970.



Loch Ness. Fly to Inverness and then drive the few miles to Loch Ness along General Wade's Military Road until you get to the tiny hamlet, Dores. You will be at the northeastern tip of the 24-mile Loch. There's a small inn in town where you can enjoy a Canadian Club and get a good description of the monster from the owner. He and the lady who works with him have actually sighted the beast. In back of the inn, about 250 ards straight out from the dock looking toward Tar Point and about 0 yards off the perpendicular shore to your right, we dropped a ealed, watertight case of Canadian Club.



Bigfoot's feeding ground. Deep into the Cascade Mountains in America's Pacific Northwest lurks a massive 8-foot-tall, 500-pound humanoid they call Bigfoot. The buried case lies smack in the middle of his feeding ground, about the same number of miles south of Canada's Good Hope Mountain as it is north of Bluff Creek in California. Somewhere between 6 and 9 miles from the peak of a dormant volcano you'll find an unnatural pile of broken green rocks. From the top of this pile walk 65 paces east to a stream. Turn and walk 70 paces south. Exactly 11 inches below the virgin forest floor at your feet lies that case of Canadian Club.



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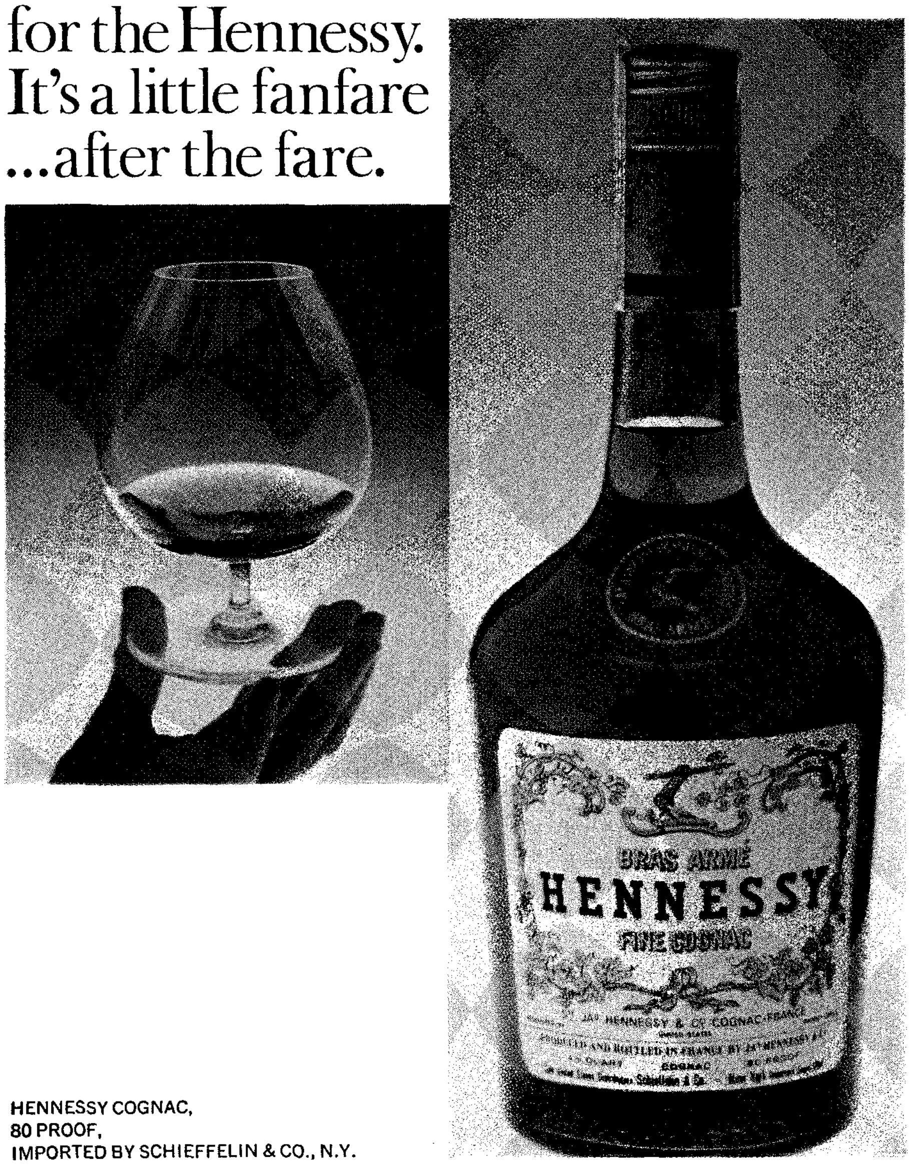

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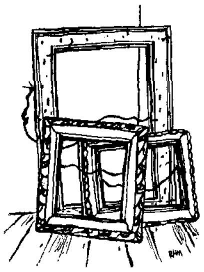
more. I don't mean to suggest that we had stepped out of Sequoia National Park and onto an unvegetated plain. The woods behind us were spare in every sense, fingering up the river valley, reaching as far as they could go. Now the tundra, which had before been close behind the trees, came down to the banks of the river. We'd had enough of shoelaces and of bare feet crunching underwater stones, so we climbed up the west bank to walk on the tundra—which from the river had looked as smooth as a golf course. Possibly there is nothing as invitingly deceptive as a tundra-covered hillside. Distances over tundra, even when it is rising steeply, are like distances over water, seeming to be less than they are, defraying the suggestion of effort. The tundra surface, though, consists of many kinds of plants, most of which seem to be stemmed with wire configured to ensnare the foot. For years, my conception of tundra—based, I suppose, on photographs of the Canadian north and the plains of the Alaskan Arctic slope—was of a vast northern flatness, water-flecked, running level to every horizon. Tundra is not topography, however; it is a mat of vegetation, and it runs up the sides of prodigious declivities as well as across the broad plains. There are three varying types—wet tundra, on low flatland with much standing water; moist tundra, on slightly higher ground; and alpine tundra, like carpeted heather, rising on mountains and hills. We moved on, northward, over moist tundra, and the plants were often a foot or so in height. Moving through them was more like wading than walking, except where we followed game trails. Fortunately, these were numerous enough, and comfortably negotiable. They bore signs of everything that lived there. They were highways, share and share alike, for caribou, moose, bears, wolves—whose tracks, antlers, and feces were strewn along the right-of-way like beer cans at the edge of a road. While these game trails were the best thoroughfares in many hundreds of square miles, they were also the only ones, and they had a notable defect. They tended to vanish. The trails would go along, well cut and stamped out through moss campion, reindeer moss, sedge tussocks, crowberries, prostrate willows, dwarf birch, bog blueberries, white mountain avens, low-bush cranberries, lichens, Labrador tea; then, abruptly, and for no apparent reason, the trails would disappear. Their well-worn ruts suggested hundreds of animals, heavy traffic. So where did they go when the trail vanished? Fedeler did not know. I could not think of an explanation. Maybe Noah had got there a little before us.

On the far side of the river was an isolated tree, which had made a brave bid to move north, to extend the reach of its progenitive forest. The Brooks Range, the remotest uplift in North America, was made a little less remote, fifty years ago, by the writing of Robert Marshall, a forester, who described several expeditions to these mountains in a book called "Alaska Wilderness." Marshall had a theory about the tree line, the boundary of the circumboreal world. He thought that white spruce and other species could live farther north, and that they were inching northward, dropping seeds ahead of them, a dead-slow advance under marginal conditions. Whatever it may have signified, the tree across the river was dead, and out of it now came a sparrow hawk, flying at us, shouting "*kee kee kee*," and hovering on rapidly beating wings to study the creatures on the trail. There was not much it could do about us, and it went back to the tree.

The leaves of Labrador tea, crushed in the hand, smelled like a turpentine. The cranberries were early and sourer than they would eventually be. With the arrival of cold, they freeze on the vine, and when they thaw, six months later, they are somehow sweeter and contain more juice. Bears like overwintered berries. Blueberries, too, are sweeter after being frozen on the bush. Fried cranberries will help relieve a sore throat. Attacks in the gall bladder have been defused with boiled cranberries mixed with seal oil. The sedge tussocks were low and not as perilous as tussocks can be. They are grass that grows in bunches, more compact at the bottom than at the top—a mushroom shape that can spill a foot and turn an ankle. They were tiresome, and soon we were ready to move upward, away from the moist tundra and away from the river. Ahead we saw the configurations of the sharp small valleys of three streams meeting, forming there the principal stem of the Salmon. To the east, above the confluence, a tundra-bald hill rose a thousand feet and more. We decided to cross the river and go up the hill. Look around. Choose where to go from there.

The river was so shallow now that there was no need for removing boots. We walked across and began to climb. The going was steep. I asked Jack Hession how long he had been in Alaska, and he said seven years. He had been in Alaska longer than two-thirds of the people in the state. He was from California, and had lived more recently in western Washington, where he had begun to acquire his expertise in boats in white water. Like Fedeler—like me, for that matter—he was in good condition. Hession, though, seemed to float up the incline, while I found it hard, sweaty work. From across the river it had looked as easy as a short flight of stairs. I went up it a trudge at a time—on reindeer moss, heather, lupine. The sun had suddenly departed, and a cool rain began to fall. At the top of the hill, we sat on a rock outcropping and looked back at the river, twelve hundred feet below. Everywhere around us were mountains—steep, treeless, buff where still in the sun. One was bright silver. The rain felt good. We nibbled M&M's. They were even better than the rain. The streams far below, small and fast, came pummelling together and made the river. The land they fell through looked nude. It was all tundra, rising northward toward a pass at the range divide. Looking at so much mountain ground—this immense minute fragment of wilderness Alaska—one could wonder about the choice of words of people who say that it is fragile. "Fragile" just does not appear to be a proper term for a rugged, essentially uninvaded landscape covering tens of thousands of square miles—a place so vast and unpeopled that if anyone could figure out how to steal Italy, Alaska would be a place to hide it. Meanwhile, earnest ecologues write and speak about the "fragile" tundra, this "delicate" ocean of barren land. The words sound effete, but the terrain is nonetheless vulnerable. There is ice under the tundra, mixed with soil as permafrost, in some places two thousand feet deep. The tundra vegetation, living and dead, provides insulation that keeps the summer sun from melting the permafrost. If something pulls away the insulation and melting occurs, the soil will settle and the water may run off. The earth, in such circumstances, does not restore itself. In the nineteen-sixties, a bulldozer working for Geophysical Service, Inc., an oil-exploration company, wrote the initials G.S.I. in Arctic Alaskan tundra. The letters were two hundred feet from top to bottom, and near them the bulldozer cut an arrow—an in-



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dicator for pilots. Thermokarst (thermal erosion) followed, and slumpage. The letters and the arrow are now odd-shaped ponds, about eight feet deep. For many generations that segment of tundra will say "G.S.I." Tundra is even sensitive to snow machines. They compress snow, and cut off much of the air that would otherwise get to the vegetation. Evidence appears in summer. The snow machines have left brown trails on ground they never touched.

Both sunlight and rain were falling on us now. We had a topographic map, of the largest scale available but nonetheless of scant detail—about five miles to half a thumb. Of the three streams that met below us, the nearest was called Sheep Creek. A rainbow wicketed its steep valley. The top of the arch was below us. The name Sheep Creek was vestigial. "Historically, there were Dall sheep in these mountains," Fedeler said.

"What happened to them?"

"Who knows?" He shrugged. "Things go in cycles. They'll be back."

Alders had crept into creases in the mountainside across the Salmon valley. I remarked on the borderline conditions in evidence everywhere in this spare and beautiful country, and said, "Look at those alders over there, clinging to life."

Fedeler said, "It's hungry country, that's for sure. Drainage and exposure make *the* difference."

We ate peanuts and raisins and more M&M's—and, feeling rested, became ambitious. On a long southward loop back to camp, we would extend our walk by going around a mountain that was separated from us by what looked to be the fairly steep declivity of a tributary drainage. The terrain sloped away to the southwest toward the mouth of the tributary. We would go down for a time, and then cross the tributary and cut back around the mountain.

We passed first through stands of fireweed, and then over ground that was wine-red with the leaves of bearberries. There were curlewberries, too, which put a deep-purple stain on the hand. We kicked at some wolf scat, old as winter. It was woolly and white and filled with the hair of a snowshoe hare. Nearby was a rich inventory of caribou pellets and, in increasing quantity as we moved downhill, blueberries—an outspreading acreage of blueberries. Fedeler stopped walking. He touched my arm. He had in an instant become even more alert than he usually was, and obviously apprehensive. His gaze followed straight on down our intended

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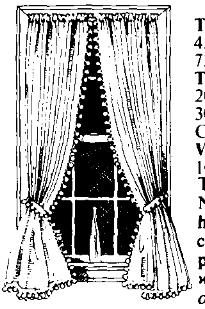

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course. What he saw there I saw now. It appeared to me to be a hill of fur. "Big boar grizzly," Fedeler said in a near-whisper. The bear was about a hundred steps away, in the blueberries, grazing. The head was down, the hump high. The immensity of muscle seemed to vibrate slowly—to expand and contract, with the grazing. Not berries alone but whole bushes were going into the bear. He was big for a barren-ground grizzly. The brown bears of Arctic Alaska (or grizzlies; they are no longer thought to be different) do not grow to the size they will reach on more ample diets elsewhere. The barren-ground grizzly will rarely grow larger than six hundred pounds.

"What if he got too close?" I said.

Fedeler said, "We'd be in real trouble."

"You can't outrun them," Hession said.

A grizzly, no slower than a racing horse, is about half again as fast as the fastest human being. Watching the great mound of weight in the blueberries, with a fifty-five-inch waist and a neck more than thirty inches around, I had difficulty imagining that he could move with such speed, but I believed it, and was without impulse to test the proposition. Fortunately, a light southerly wind was coming up the Salmon valley. On its way to us, it passed the bear. The wind was relieving, coming into our faces, for had it been moving the other way the bear would not have been placidly grazing. There is an old adage that when a pine needle drops in the forest the eagle will see it fall; the deer will hear it when it hits the ground; the bear will smell it. If the boar grizzly were to catch our scent, he might stand on his hind legs, the better to try to see. Although he could hear well and had an extraordinary sense of smell, his eyesight was not much better than what was required to see a blueberry inches away. For this reason, a grizzly stands and squints, attempting to bring the middle distance into focus, and the gesture is often misunderstood as a sign of anger and forthcoming attack. If the bear were getting ready to attack, he would be on four feet, head low, ears cocked, the hair above his hump muscle standing on end. As if that message were not clear enough, he would also chop his jaws. His teeth would make a sound that would carry like the ringing of an axe.

One could predict, but not with certainty, what a grizzly would do. Odds were very great that one touch of man scent would cause him to stop his ac-

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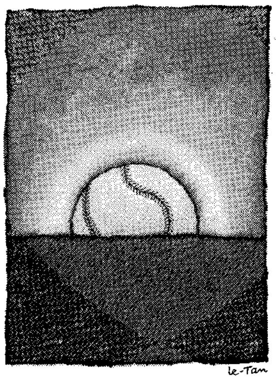
tivity, pause in a moment of absorbed and alert curiosity, and then move, at a not undignified pace, in a direction other than the one from which the scent was coming. That is what would happen almost every time, but there was, to be sure, no guarantee. The forest Eskimos fear and revere the grizzly. They know that certain individual bears not only will fail to avoid a person who comes into their country but will approach and even stalk the trespasser. It is potentially inaccurate to extrapolate the behavior of any one bear from the behavior of most, since they are both intelligent and independent and will do what they choose to do according to mood, experience, whim. A grizzly that has ever been wounded by a bullet will not forget it, and will probably know that it was a human being who sent the bullet. At sight of a human, such a bear will be likely to charge. Grizzlies hide food sometimes—a caribou calf, say, under a pile of scraped-up moss—and a person the bear might otherwise ignore might suddenly not be ignored if the person were inadvertently to step into the line between the food cache and the bear. A sow grizzly with cubs, of course, will charge anything that suggests danger to the cubs, even if the cubs are nearly as big as she is. They stay with their mother two and a half years.

None of us had a gun. (None of the six of us had brought a gun on the trip.) Among nonhunters who go into the terrain of the grizzly, there are several schools of thought about guns. The preferred one is: Never go without a sufficient weapon—a high-powered rifle or a shotgun and plenty of slug-loaded shells. The option is not without its own inherent peril. A professional hunter, some years ago, spotted a grizzly from the air and—with a client, who happened to be an Anchorage barber—landed on a lake about a mile from the bear. The stalking that followed was evidently conducted not only by the hunters but by the animal as well. The professional hunter was found dead from a broken neck, and had apparently died instantly, unaware of danger, for the cause of death was a single bite, delivered from behind. The barber, noted as clumsy with a rifle, had emptied his magazine, missing the bear with every shot but one, which struck the grizzly in the foot. The damage the bear did to the barber was enough to kill him several times. After the corpses were found, the bear was tracked and killed. To shoot and merely wound is worse than not to shoot at all. A bear that might have turned and gone away will possibly attack if wounded.

Fatal encounters with bears are as rare as they are memorable. Some people reject the rifle as cumbersome extra baggage, not worth toting, given the minimal risk. And, finally, there are a few people who feel that it is wrong to carry a gun, in part because the risk is low and well worth taking, but most emphatically because they see the gun as an affront to the wild country of which the bear is sign and symbol. This, while strongly felt, is a somewhat novel attitude. When Robert Marshall explored the Brooks Range half a century ago, he and his companions fired at almost every bear they saw, without pausing for philosophical reflection. The reaction was automatic. They were expressing mankind's immemorial fear of this beast—man and rattlesnake, man and bear. Among modern environmentalists, to whom a figure like Marshall is otherwise a hero, fear of the bear has been exceeded by reverence. A notable example, in his own past and present, is Andy Russell, author of a book called "Grizzly Country." Russell was once a professional hunter, but he gave that up to become a photographer, specializing in grizzlies. He says that he has given up not only shooting bears but even carrying a gun. On rare instances when grizzlies charge toward him, he shouts at them and stands his ground. The worst thing to do, he says, is to run, because anything that runs on open tundra suggests game to a bear. Game does not tend to stand its ground in the presence of grizzlies. Therefore, when the bear comes at you, just stand there. Charging something that does not move, the bear will theoretically stop and reconsider. (Says Russell.) More important, Russell believes that the bear will *know* if you have a gun, even if the gun is concealed:



> Reviewing our experiences, we had become more and more convinced that carrying arms was not only unnecessary in most grizzly country but was certainly no good for the desired atmosphere and proper protocol in obtaining good film records. If we were to obtain such film

and fraternize successfully with the big bears, it would be better to go unarmed in most places. The mere fact of having a gun within reach, cached somewhere in a pack or a hidden holster, causes a man to act with unconscious arrogance and thus maybe to smell different or to transmit some kind of signal objectionable to bears. The armed man does not assume his proper role in association with the wild ones, a fact of which they seem instantly aware at some distance. He, being wilder than they, whether he likes to admit it or not, is instantly under even more suspicion than he would encounter if unarmed.

One must follow the role of an uninvited visitor—an intruder—rather than that of an aggressive hunter, and one should go unarmed to insure this attitude.

Like pictures from pages riffled with a thumb, all of these things went through my mind there on the mountainside above the grazing bear. I will confess that in one instant I asked myself, "What the hell am I doing *here?*" There was nothing more to the question, though, than a hint of panic. I knew why I had come, and therefore what I was doing there. That I was frightened was incidental. I just hoped the fright would not rise beyond a relatively decorous level. I sensed that Fedeler and Hession were somewhat frightened, too. I would have been troubled if they had not been. Meanwhile, the sight of the bear stirred me like nothing else the country could contain. What mattered was not so much the bear himself as what the bear implied. He was the predominant thing in that country, and for him to be in it at all meant that there had to be more country like it in every direction and more of the same kind of country all around that. He implied a world. He was an affirmation to the rest of the earth that his kind of place was extant. There had been a time when his race was everywhere in North America, but it had been hunted down and pushed away in favor of something else. For example, the grizzly bear is the state animal of California, whose country was once his kind of place; and in California now the grizzly is extinct.

The animals I have encountered in my wilderness wanderings have been reluctant to reveal all the things about them I would like to know. The animal that impresses me most, the one I find myself liking more and more, is the grizzly. No sight encountered in the wilds is quite so stirring as those massive, clawed tracks pressed into mud or snow. No sight is quite so impressive as that of the great bear stalking across some mountain slope with the fur of his silvery robe rippling over his mighty muscles. His is a dignity and power matched by no other

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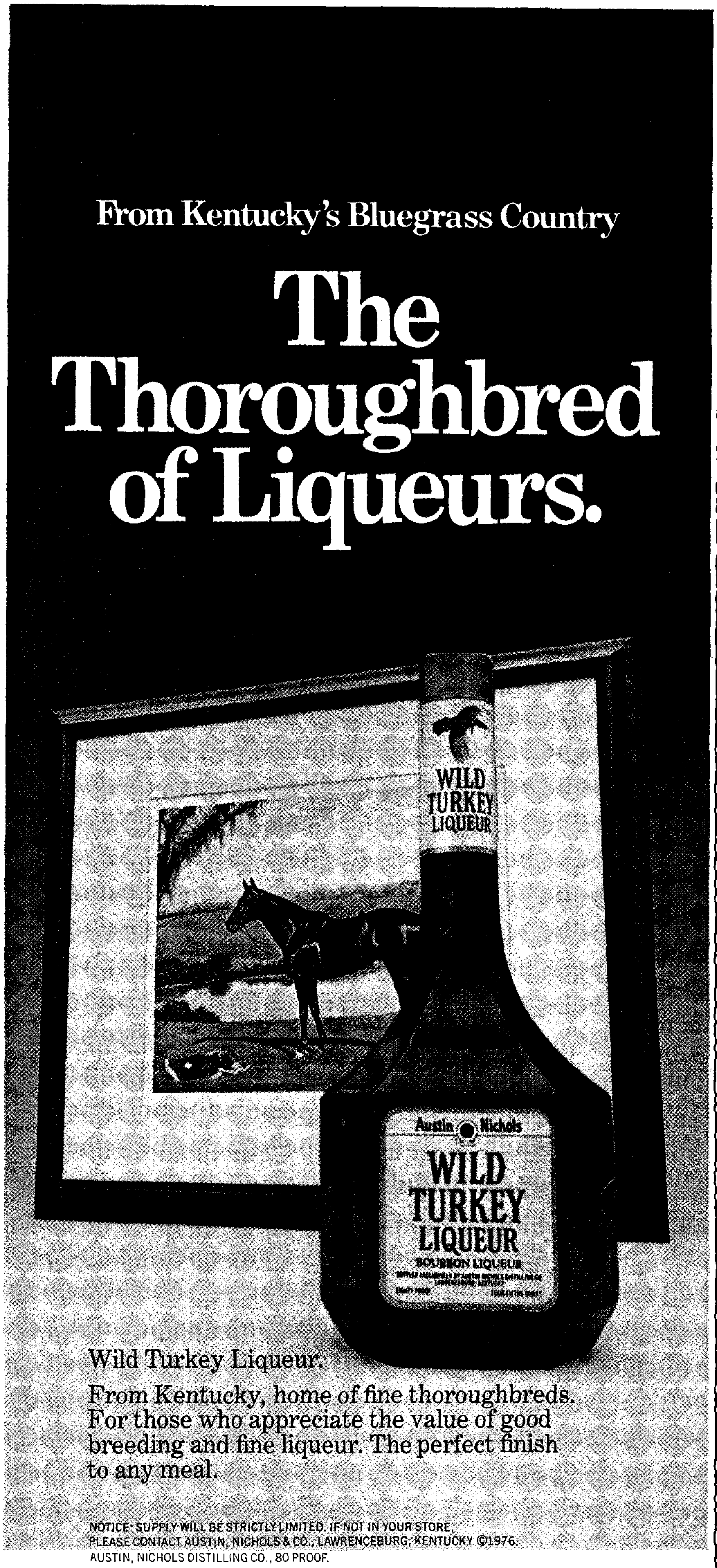

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in the North American wilderness. To share a mountain with him for a while is a privilege and an adventure like no other.

I have followed his tracks into an alder hell to see what he had been doing and come to the abrupt end of them, when the maker stood up thirty feet away with a sudden snort to face me.

To see a mother grizzly ambling and loafing with her cubs across the broad, hospitable bosom of a flower-spangled mountain meadow is to see life in true wilderness at its best.

If a wolf kills a caribou, and a grizzly comes along while the wolf is feeding on the kill, the wolf puts its tail between its legs and hurries away. A black bear will run from a grizzly, too. Grizzlies sometimes kill and eat black bears. The grizzly takes what he happens upon. He is an opportunistic eater. The predominance of the grizzly in his terrain is challenged by nothing but men and ravens. To frustrate ravens from stealing his food, he will lie down and sleep on top of a carcass, occasionally swatting the birds as if they were big black flies. He prefers a vegetable diet. He can pulp a moosehead with a single blow, but he is not lusting always to kill, and when he moves through his country he can be something munificent, going into copses of willow among unfleeing moose and their calves, touching nothing, letting it all breathe as before. He may, though, get the head of a cow moose between his legs and rake her flanks with the five-inch knives that protrude from the ends of his paws. Opportunistic. He removes and eats her entrails. He likes porcupines, too, and when one turns and presents to him a pygal bouquet of quills, he will leap into the air, land on the other side, chuck the fretful porpentine beneath the chin, flip it over, and, with a swift ventral incision, neatly remove its body from its skin, leaving something like a sea urchin behind him on the ground. He is nothing if not athletic. Before he dens, or just after he emerges, if his mountains are covered with snow he will climb to the brink of some impossible schuss, sit down on his butt, and shove off. Thirty-two, sixty-four, ninety-six feet per second, he plummets down the mountainside, spray snow flying to either side, as he approaches collision with boulders and trees. Just short of catastrophe, still going at bone-crushing speed, he flips to his feet and walks sedately onward as if his ride had not occurred.

His population density is thin on the Arctic barren ground. He needs for his forage at least fifty and perhaps a hundred square miles that are all his own—sixty-four thousand acres, his home range. Within it, he will move, typically, eight miles a summer day, doing his travelling through the twilight hours of the dead of night. To scratch his belly he walks over a tree—where forest exists. The tree bends beneath him as he passes. He forages in the morning, generally; and he rests a great deal, particularly after he eats. He rests fourteen hours a day. If he becomes hot in the sun, he lies down in a pool in the river. He sleeps on the tundra—restlessly tossing and turning, forever changing position. What he could be worrying about I cannot imagine.

His fur blends so well into the tundra colors that sometimes it is hard to see him. Fortunately, we could see well enough the one in front of us, or we would have walked right to him. He caused a considerable revision of our travel plans. Not wholly prepared to follow the advice of Andy Russell, I asked Federer what one should do if a bear were to charge. He said, "Take off your pack and throw it into the bear's path, then crawl away, and hope the pack will distract the bear. But there is no good thing to do, really. It's just not a situation to be in."

We made a hundred-and-forty-degree turn from the course we had been following and went up the shoulder of the hill through ever-thickening brush, putting distance behind us in good position with the wind. For a time, we waded through hip-deep willow, always making our way uphill, and the going may have been difficult, but I didn't notice. There was adrenalin to spare in my bloodstream. I felt that I was floating, climbing with ease, like Hession. I also had expectations now that another bear, in the thick brush, might come rising up from any quarter. We broke out soon into a swale of blueberries. Hession and Fedeler, their nonchalance refreshed, sat down to eat, paused to graze. The berries were sweet and large.

"I can see why he's here," Hession said.

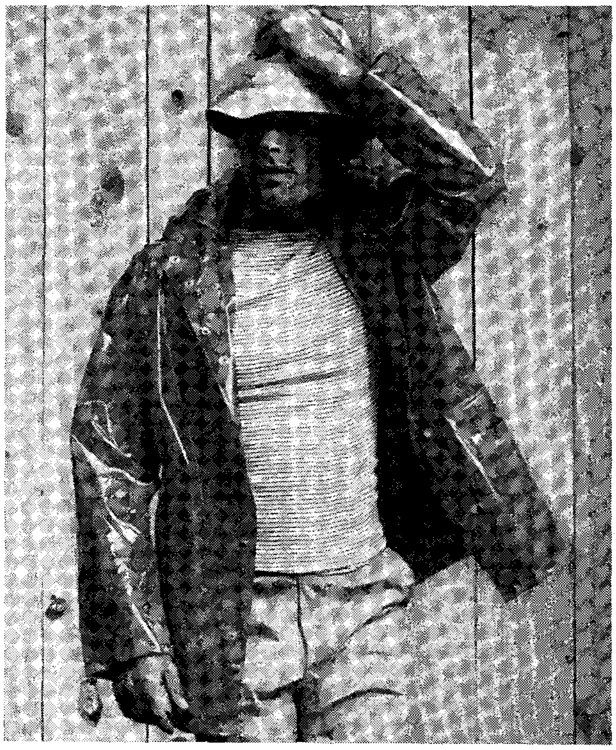
"These berries are so big."

"Southern exposure."

"He may not be the only one."

"They can be anywhere."

"It's amazing to me," Fedeler said. "So large an animal, living up here in this country. It's amazing what keeps that big body alive." Fedeler went on eating the blueberries with no apparent fear of growing fat. The barren-ground bear digs a lot of roots, he said—the roots of milk vetch, for ex-



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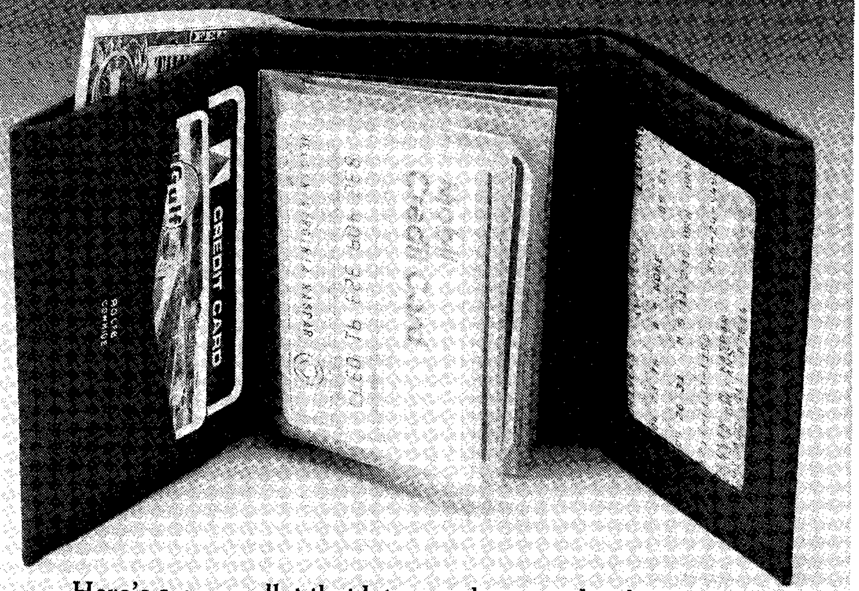

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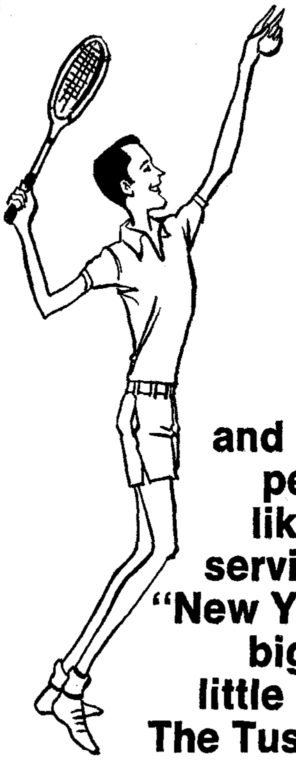

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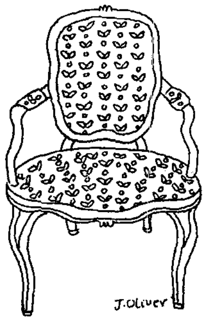
ample, and Eskimo potatoes. The bear, coming out of his den into the snows of May, goes down into the river bottoms, where overwintered berries are first revealed. Wolf kills are down there, too. By the middle of June, his diet is almost wholly vegetable. He eats willow buds, sedges, cotton-grass tussocks. In the cycle of his year, roots and plants are eighty per cent of what he eats, and even when the salmon are running he does not sate himself on them alone but forages much of the time for berries. In the fall, he unearths not only roots but ground squirrels and lemmings. It is indeed remarkable how large he grows on the provender of his yearly cycle, for on this Arctic barren ground he has to work much harder than the brown bears of southern Alaska, which line up along foaming rivers—hip to hip, like fishermen in New Jersey—taking forty-pound king salmon in their jaws as if they were nibbling feed from a barnyard trough. When the caribou are in fall migration, moving down the Salmon valley toward the Kobuk, the bear finishes up his year with one of them. Then, around the first of November, he may find a cave or, more likely, digs out a cavern in a mountainside. If he finds a natural cave, it may be full of porcupines. He kicks them out, and—extending his curious relationship with this animal—will cushion his winter bed with many thousands of their turds. If, on the other hand, he digs his den, he sends earth flying out behind him and makes a shaft that goes upward into the side of the mountain. At the top of the shaft, he excavates a shelf-like cavern. When the outside entrance is plugged with debris, the shaft becomes a column of still air, insulating the upper chamber, trapping the bear’s body heat. On a bed of dry vegetation, he lays himself out like a dead pharaoh in a pyramid. But he does not truly hibernate. He just lies there. His mate of the summer, in her den somewhere, will give birth during winter to a cub or two—virtually hairless, blind, weighing about a pound. But the male has nothing to do. His heart rate goes down as low as eight beats a minute. He sleeps and wakes, and sleeps again. He may decide to get up and go out. But that is rare. He may even stay out, which is rarer—to give up denning for that winter and roam his frozen range. If he does this, sooner or later he will find a patch of open water in an otherwise frozen river, and in refreshing himself he will no doubt wet his fur. Then he rolls in the snow, and the fur acquires a thick plate of ice, which is less disturbing to the animal than to the forest Eskimo, who has for ages feared—feared most of all—the “winter bear.” Arrows broke against the armoring ice, and it can be heavy enough to stop a bullet.



We moved on now, in continuing retreat, and approached the steep incline of the tributary valley we’d been skirting when the bear rewrote our plans. We meant to put the valley between us and him and reschedule ourselves on the other side. It was in fact less a valley than an extremely large ravine, which plunged maybe eight hundred feet, and then rose up an even steeper incline some fifteen hundred feet on the other side, toward the top of which the bushy vegetation ceased growing. The walking looked promising on the ridge beyond.

I had hoped we might see a den site, and this might have been the place. It had all the requisites but one. It was a steep hillside with southern exposure, and was upgrown with a hell of alders and willows. Moreover, we were on the south side of the Brooks Range divide, which is where most of the dens are. But we were not high enough. We were at something under two thousand feet, and bears in this part of Alaska like to den much higher than that. They want the very best drainage. One way to become a “winter bear” is to wake up in a flooded den.

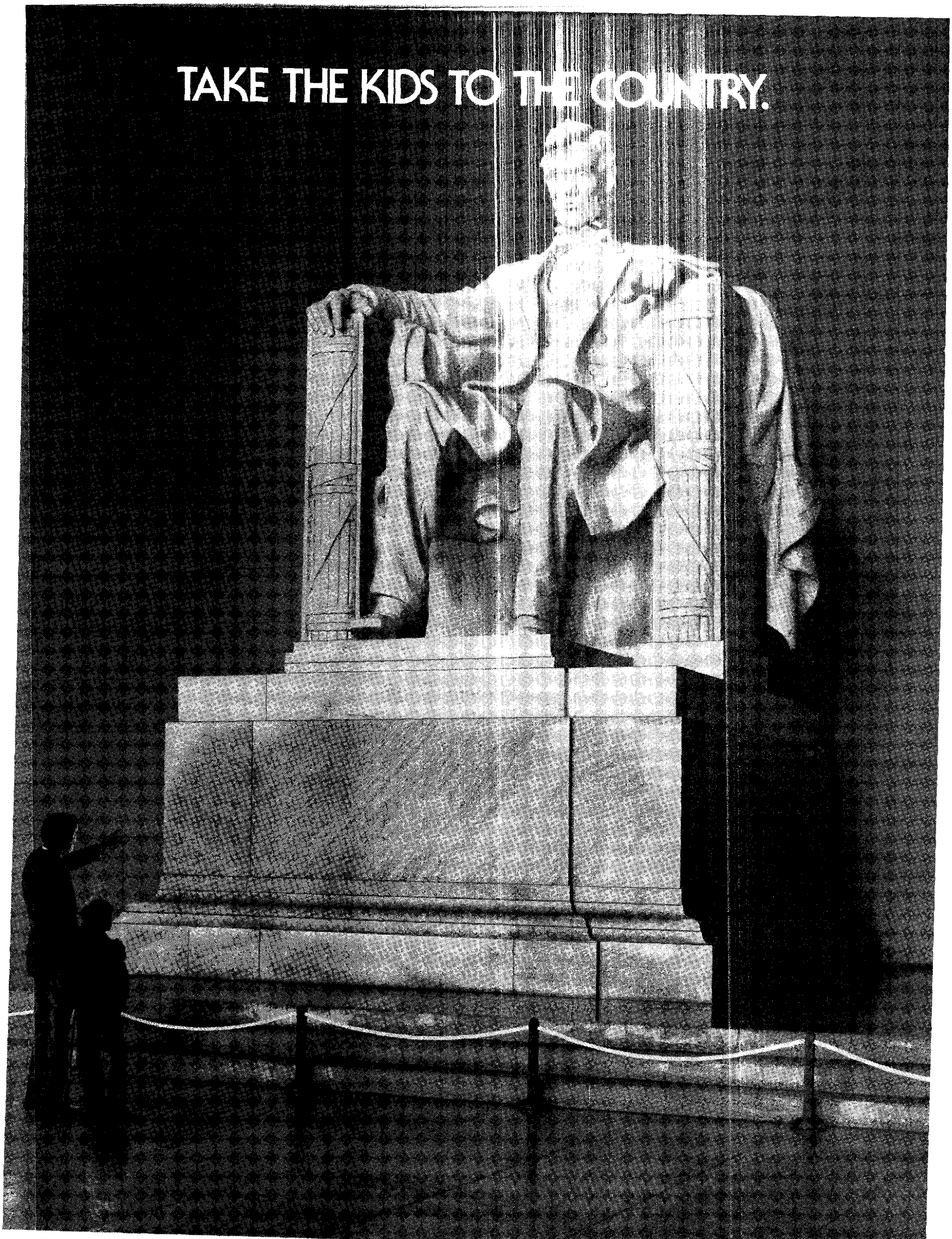
The willow-alder growth was so dense and high that as we went down the hillside we could see no farther than a few yards ahead. It was wet in there from the recent rain. We broke our way forward with the help of gravity, crashing noisily, all but trapped in the thicket. It was a patch of jungle, many acres of jungle, with stems a foot apart and as thick as our arms, and canopies more than twelve feet high. This was bear habitat, the sort of place bears like better than people do. Our original choice had been wise—to skirt this ravine-valley—but now we were in it and without choice.

“This is the sort of place to come upon one of them unexpectedly,” Hession said.

“And there is no going back,” Fedeler said. “You can’t walk uphill in this stuff.”

“Good point,” Hession said.

I might have been a little happier if I had been in an uninstrumented airplane in heavy mountain cloud. We thunked and crashed for fifteen min-



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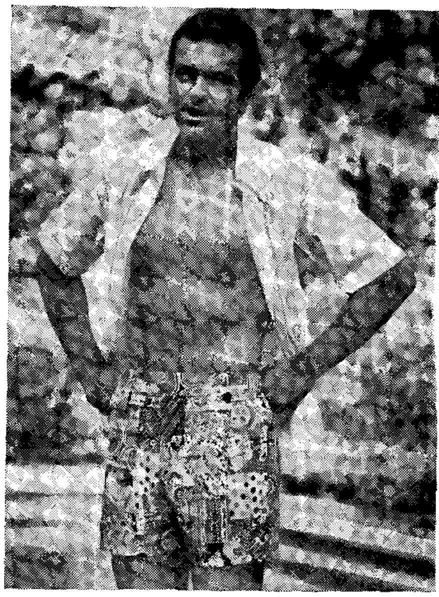

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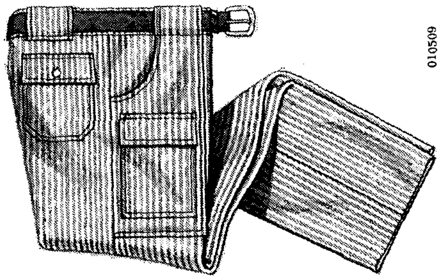

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utes and finally came out at the tributary stream. Our approach flushed a ptarmigan, willow ptarmigan; and grayling—at sight of us—shot around in small, cold pools. The stream was narrow, and alders pressed over it from either side. We drank, and rested, and looked up the slope in front of us, which must have had an incline of fifty degrees. The ridge at the top looked extremely far away. Resting, I became aware of a considerable ache in my legs and a blister on one of my heels. On the way uphill we became separated, Hession angling off to the right, Fedeler and I to the left. We groped for handholds among bushes that protruded from the flaky schist, and pulled ourselves up from ledge to ledge. The adrenalin was gone, and my legs were turning to stone. I was ready to dig a den and get in it. My eyes kept addressing the ridgeline, far above. If eyes were hands they could have pulled me there. Then, suddenly, from far below, I saw Jack Hession lightly ambling along the ridge—in his tennis shoes, in his floppy cotton hat. He was looking around, killing time, waiting up for us.

Things seemed better from the ridge. The going would be level for a time. We sat down and looked back, to the north, across the deep tributary valley, and with my monocular tried to glass the grazing bear. No sight or sign of him. Above us now was a broadly conical summit, and spread around its western flank was a mile, at least, of open alpine tundra. On a contour, we headed south across it—high above, and two miles east of, the river. We saw what appeared to be a cairn on the next summit south, and decided to go to it and stand on it and see if we could guess—in relation to our campsite—where we were. Now the walking felt good again. We passed a large black pile of grizzly scat. "When it's steaming, that's when you start looking around for a tree," Hession said. This particular scat had sent up its last vapors many days before. Imagining myself there at such a time, though, I looked around idly for a tree. The nearest one behind us that was of more than dwarf or thicket stature was somewhere in Lapland. Ahead of us, however, across the broad dome of tundra, was a dark stand of white spruce, an extremity of the North American forest, extending toward us. The trees were eight hundred yards away. Black bears, frightened, sometimes climb trees. Grizzlies almost never climb trees.

At seven in the evening, after wading up a slope of medium to heavy brush, we came out onto more smooth tundra and reached the hilltop of the apparent cairn. It was a rock outcropping, and we sat on it in bright sunshine and looked at the circumvallate mountains. A great many of them had such outcroppings projecting from their ridges, and they much resembled the cairns shepherds build on bald summits in Scotland. For that matter, they suggested the cairns—closer to the Kobuk—that forest Eskimos once used in methodical slaughter of caribou. The cairns were built on the high tundra in a great V, open end to the north, and they served as a funnel for the southbound herd. To the approaching caribou, the cairns were meant to suggest Eskimos, and to reinforce the impression Eskimos spaced themselves between cairns. At the point of the V, as many caribou as were needed were killed and the rest were let through.

Before us now, lying on the tundra that stretched away toward the river we saw numerous caribou antlers. The Arctic herd cyclically chooses various passes and valleys in making its way south across the range, and of late has been favoring, among other places, the Salmon and Hunt River drainages. Bleached white, the antlers protruded from the tundra like the dead branches of buried trees. When the forest Eskimo of old went to stalk the grizzly bear, he carried in his hand a spear, the tip of which was made from bear bone or, more often, from the antler of the caribou. A bearskin was the door of an Eskimo's home if the occupant had ever killed a bear, for it symbolized the extraordinary valor of the hunter within. When the man drew close and the bear stood on its hind legs, the man ran under this eave of flesh and set the shaft of the spear firmly on the ground, then ducked out from under the swinging, explosive paws. The bear lunged forward onto the spear and died.

Eskimo knife handles were also made from caribou antlers, and icepicks to penetrate the surface of the river, and sinkers for the bottoms of willow-bark seines, and wood-splitting wedges, and arrowheads. All caribou, male and female, grow antlers. The horns of sheep, cattle, buffalo consist of extremely dense, compactly matted hair. The antler of the caribou is calcareous. It is hard bone, with the strength of wrought iron. Moving downhill and south across the tundra, we passed through groves of antlers. It was as if the long filing lines of the spring migration had for some reason paused here for shedding to occur. The antlers, like the bear, implied the country. Most were white, gaunt, chalky. I picked up a younger one, though, that was recently shed and was dark, like polished brown marble. It was about four feet along the beam and perfect in form. Hession found one like it. We set them on our shoulders and moved on down the hill, intent to take them home.

We headed for the next of the riverine mountains, where we planned to descend and—if our calculations were accurate—meet the river at the campsite. The river, far below us, now and again came into view as we walked abreast over open tundra. Fedeler, even more alert than usual, now stopped and, as before, touched my arm. He pointed toward the river. If a spruce needle had been floating on the water there, Fedeler would have seen it. We saw in an instant that we had miscalculated and were heading some miles beyond the campsite and would have come eventually to the river not knowing—upstream or downstream—which way to go. Fedeler was pointing toward a gravel bar, a thin column of smoke, minute human figures near the smoke, and the podlike whiteness of the metal canoe.

Another two miles, descending, and we were barefoot in the river, with pink hot feet turning anesthetically cold. We crossed slowly. The three others were by the campfire. On the grill were grayling and a filleted Arctic char. The air was cool now, nearing fifty, and we ate the fish, and beef stew, and strawberries, and drank hot chocolate. After a time, Hession said, "That was a good walk. That was some of the easiest hiking you will ever find in Alaska."

We drew our route on the map and figured the distance at fourteen miles. John Kauffmann, tapping his pipe on a stone, said, "That's a lot for Alaska."

We sat around the campfire for at least another hour. We talked of rain and kestrels, oil and antlers, the height and the headwaters of the river. Neither Hession nor Fedeler once mentioned the bear.

When I got into my sleeping bag, though, and closed my eyes, there he was, in color, on the side of the hill. The vision was indelible, but fear was not what put it there. More, it was a sense of sheer luck at having chosen in the first place to follow Fedeler and Hession up the river and into the hills—a memento not so much of one moment as of the entire circuit of the long afternoon. It was a vision of a

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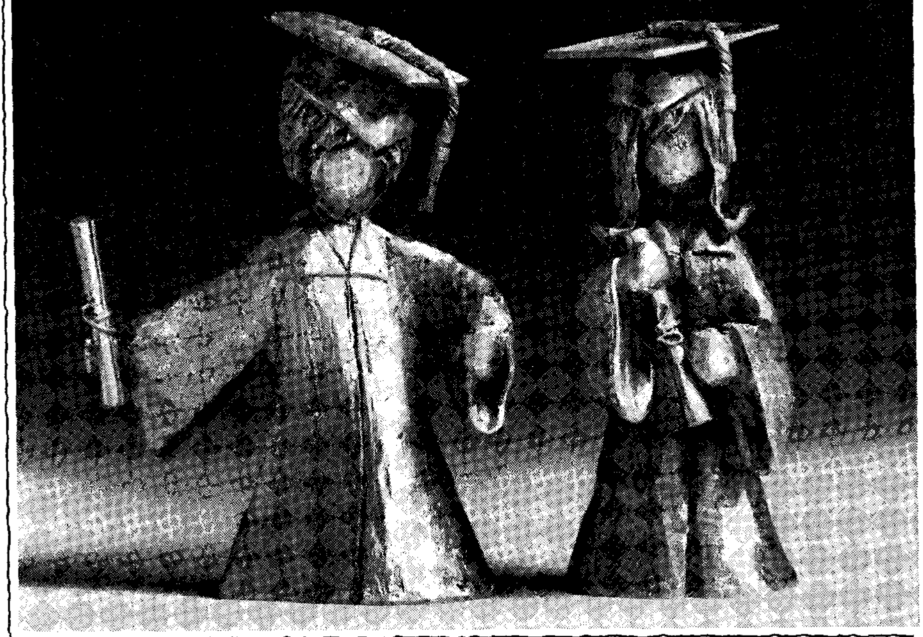

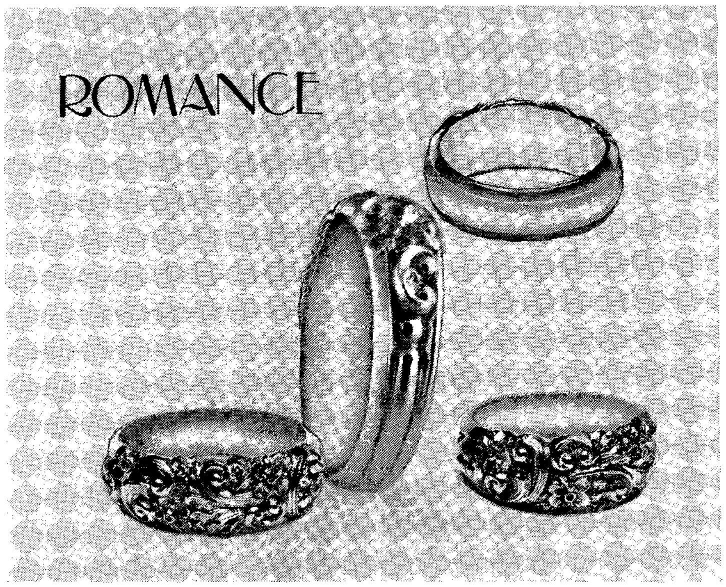

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whole land, with an animal in it. This was his country, clearly enough. To be there was to be incorporated, in however small a measure, into its substance—his country, and if you wanted to visit it you had better knock.

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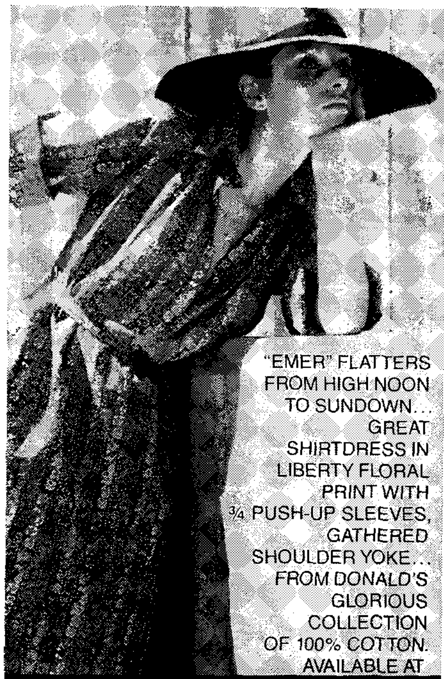
IN the night, the air and the river balanced out, and both were forty-six at seven in the morning. Walking in the water promised to be cold, and, given the depth of the river at the riffles, that is apparently what we were going to do. We took a long time packing, as anyone would who apparently had twenty per cent more cargo than there was capacity in the boats. Duffel was all over the gravel bar. I had brought my gear in a Duluth sack—a frameless canvas pack in every way outsized. It had a tumpline and shoulder straps, all leather, and, stuffed to the bulge point, it suggested Santa Claus on his way south. My boat for the day was a single kayak. I spread out the gear on the gravel beside it, turned the empty Duluth sack inside out and rolled and trussed it so that it was about the size of a two-pound loaf of bread. This went into the bow of the kayak. I poked it up there with a stick. Anyone with a five-foot arm could easily pack a Klepper. The openings in the rib frames were less than the breadth of two spread hands. Stowing gear fore and aft was like stuffing a couple of penholders, but an amazing amount went in. All excess was taken by the canoe, and it was piled high—our aluminum mule. I tied the caribou antler across the stern deck of the kayak, and we moved out into the river. The current was going about four miles an hour, but we travelled a great deal more slowly than that, because we walked almost as far as we floated. If we had a foot of water, we felt luxuriously cushioned. Often enough, we had an inch or two. Pool to riffle, pool to riffle, we rode a little and then got out and walked, painters in our hands. The boats beside us were like hounds on leashes, which now and then stopped and had to be dragged. Getting into a kayak just once is awkward enough, let alone dozens of times a day. You put your hands behind you on the coaming, then lower yourself into place, all in the same act removing your legs from the river and shaking off water. Hession, at the start, showed me how to do this, and then he sat down lightly in his own kayak and floated away. I flopped backward into mine and nearly rolled it over; but the day would hold, if nothing else, practice in getting in and out of a kayak. When the boats scraped bottom at the tops of riffles, we got out, sought the channel of maximum depth, moved the boats through, and then got back into them where the water was fast and deepening in the lower parts of the rips. The problem of getting in was therefore complicated by generally doing so in the middle of rapids. In the first such situation, I lost all coördination, lurched backward onto the boat, nearly sat in the river, and snapped a toe, ripping the ligaments off the second joint. By noon, however, I was more or less competent, and further damage seemed unlikely.

I was not disappointed that the Salmon was low. In a lifetime of descending rivers, this was the clearest and the wildest river. Walking it in places made it come slow, and that was a dividend in itself. A glance at the gravel bars, ledges, and cut banks told where the river at times would be—high, tumbling, full of silt, and washing down. I would prefer to walk in water so clear it seemed to be polished rather than to ride like a rocket down a stream in flood. For all of that, another two inches would have helped the day.

The water was cold by anyone's standards, for had it been much colder it would not have been water. Pourchot and Hession were wearing sneakers, and I did not envy them. Fedeler and Newman wore hip boots. Kauffmann and I had wet-suit boots—foam-rubber socks, more or less, that keep wet feet completely warm. The water that is arrested in the foam takes on the temperature of blood. I had on thick wool socks as well, and my feet were never cold. The sun was circling a cloudless sky, and needles of light came flashing off the river. The air went into the seventies. We walked along in T-shirts—feet warm, legs cool in soaking trousers, shoulders hot in the Arctic sun.

A couple of tributaries came into the river, the first from the east, the second from the west, and they deepened the pools and improved the rips. Somewhere up the easterly stream, said



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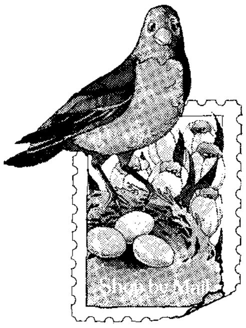

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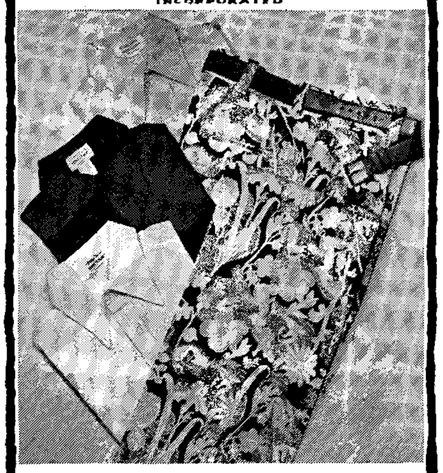

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Pourchot, nineteen placer gold claims had been filed in 1968. The claims had not been kept up with yearly "assessment work," however. No mining had begun, and now would not begin as long as the claims were in national-interest land. This was not important gold country. Perhaps the most unusual event in the experience of the forest Eskimos was the arrival in 1898 of more than a thousand prospectors who had heard glistering rumors about the Kobuk valley. They looked around, did not find much, and lasted, for the most part, a single winter. About ten years later, gold of modest but sufficient assay was discovered on a creek near Kiana. Claims there were worked by placer mining—sluicing gravels, flushing out the gold. Where gold is mined in Alaska now, bulldozers, for the most part, move the gravels. The clear water that comes in from the upstream side goes on its way—brown and turbid—with a heavy load of fresh debris. Early in Fedeler's time with the Habitat Section of the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, he was shifted from pipeline surveillance to gold-mining surveillance—going from one site to another to check effluent standards in placer operations. He might better have waltzed with grizzlies than approach some of the miners, who told him to pack up his permit applications and get the hell off their claims. So what if some fish got a gutful of silt? Fedeler was only a few short years from his family's farm in Iowa, his master's thesis on the life cycle of pheasants, but he was quickly learning the folkways of Alaska. "Get out!" the miners suggested. "We've always done things when we want to, where we want to, how we want to, and that is what we're going to do now."

The forest around us, to the extent that it could be called forest, consisted of bands of spruce and cottonwood. Occasionally, it made sallies up the hillsides onto protected slopes or into dry ravines, but mainly it pointed north like an arrow, and gradually it widened as we moved downstream. Close to the river edge, much of the way, were clumps of willow and alder, backed by the taller trees, which in turn had bands of alder backing them, before the woods gave way altogether to open, rising ground—to the lichens, the sedges, and mosses of the high tundra. The leaves of alder, chewed to break out the sap, relieve itching when rubbed on mosquito bites. The forest Eskimos make red dyes from alder bark—American green alder, the only species that grows so far north. Wil-

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low, as a genus, is hardier. The Sitka spruce is the state tree, in recognition of its commercial distinction, for Sitka spruce is the most negotiable thing that grows from roots in Alaska. It grows only in the south, however, and while the Sitka spruce goes off to the sawmill, the willow vegetates the state. There are only a hundred and thirty-three species of trees and shrubs in all Alaska, and thirty-three of those are willows. Before the importation of nylon, fishnets were made from willow—from long pliant strips of the bark, braided with the split roots of spruce. Rope, dog collars, and hunters' bows were made from willow, and snares for small game and birds. Willow still goes into snowshoe frames, and fish traps, and wicker baskets. Young leaves, buds, and shoots of willow are edible and nourishing. The inner bark, chewed like cane, is full of sugar. Willow sap, scraped together with a knife, is sweet and delicious. At least twelve kinds of willow were growing along the Salmon—among them little-tree willow, halberd willow, netleaf, skeleton-leaf, and diamond-leaf willow, Arctic willow, barren-ground willow, Alaska bog willow. Oranges are easier to tell apart. We called all willows willows. The wood was agreeable in fires, and became almost as hot as the coals of alder.

On a broad acreage of gravel, we stopped now for lunch, and built a fire of willow and alder. The sun was hot to the point of headache, but there was a factor of chill in the day. Gradually the kayaks were acquiring water, dripping from us as we got out and in. One's buttocks, after several hours in cold kayak bilge, began to feel like defrosting meat. However warm one's head and shoulders might have been, a shiver went into the bones. The fire was piled high with wood that had bleached on the gravel in the sun, and a light breeze tilted the flame. Standing in the downwind heat was like standing in the Grand Canyon on a summer day. In a few minutes, our clothes had dried.

Three more tributaries came into the river, and its navigable stretches lengthened through the afternoon. Still, though, we did a lot of walking. Mergansers—a mother and six—fled ahead of us, running on the water like loons. Now and again, big ledges of bedrock jutted into and under the river, damming water, framing pools. Below one ledge, where water ran white from a pool, we stopped to fish. Stell Newman caught an Arctic char. Bob Fedeler caught another. They

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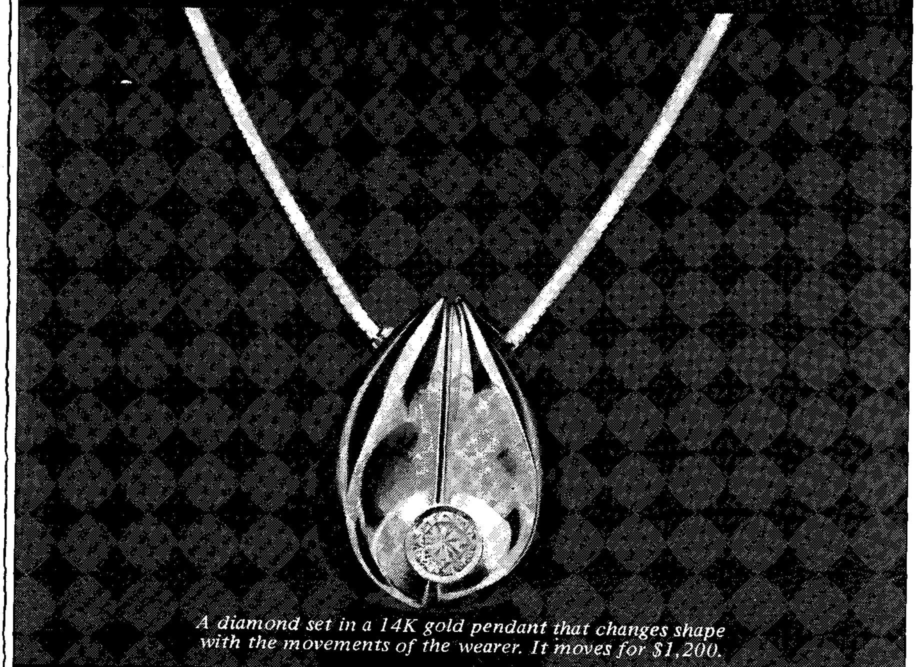

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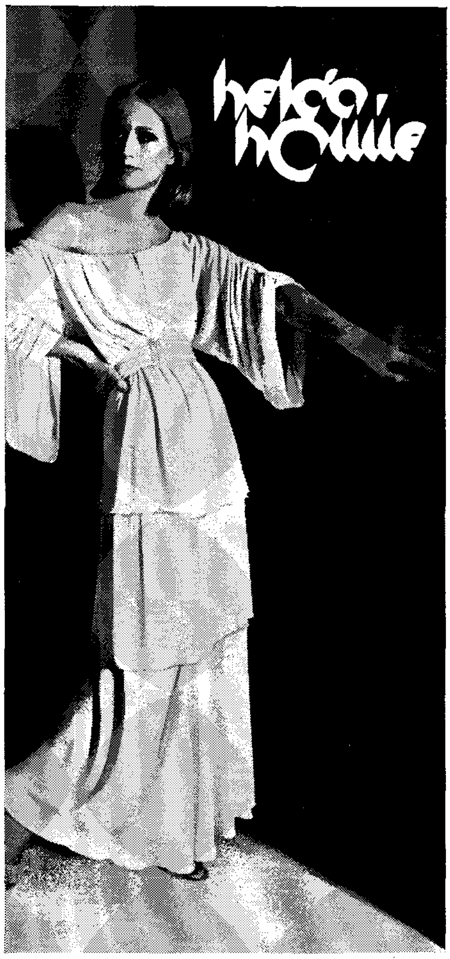

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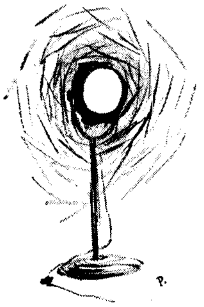
were imposing specimens, bigger than the Salmon's salmon. They were spotted orange and broad-flanked, with lobster-claw jaws. Sea-run Arctic char. They could be described as enormous brook trout, for the brook trout is in fact a char. They had crimson fins with white edges and crimson borders on their bellies. Their name may be Gaelic, wherein "blood" is "*cear.*" The Alaska record length for an Arctic char is thirty-six inches, and ours were somewhat under that. I tossed a small Mepps lure across the stream, size zero, and bringing it back felt a big one hit. The strike was too strong for a grayling—more power, less commotion. I had, now, about ten pounds of fish on a six-pound line. So I followed the fish around, walking upstream and down, into and out of the river. I had been walking the kayak all day long, and this experience was not much different. After fifteen minutes or so, the fish tired, and came thrashing from the water. I took out my tape and laid it on him, from the hooking jaw to the tip of the tail. Thirty-one and a half inches. Orange speckles, crimson glow, this resplendent creature was by a long measure the largest fish I had ever caught in fresh water. In its belly would fit ten of the kind that I ordinarily keep and eat. For dinner tonight we would have grilled Arctic char, but enough had been caught already by the others. So, with one hand under the pelvic fins and the other near the jaw, I bent toward the river and held the fish underwater until it had its equipoise. It rested there on my hands for a time, and stayed even when I lowered them away. Then, like naval ordnance, it shot across the stream. The best and worst part of catching that fish was deciding to let it go.



Floating for a time, we moved on downstream. When Eskimos returning from long summer hunting trips rode down the Salmon River, they travelled on rafts. In June, when they had established their seine-fishing camps along the Kobuk, the men left the women and went off into the mountains in small groups to spend the summer killing creatures whose skins were needed for winter—marmots, muskrats, lone caribou, caribou fawns (for undergarments). The hunters had long hours of leisure, and they sat around campfires, as we do, telling tales. They repeated the narratives night after night, yet no one ever told someone else's story; a sense of copyright was inherent, and plagiarism was seemingly unknown. Sons inherited stories from their fathers. Needless to say, many tales had to do with the hunt—hunting the wolf, hunting the caribou, fall and winter hunting the bear. Tramping up the mountains on snowshoes, they searched for signs of denning—watching, in otherwise uniform snow, for a glaze of ice, the product of the vapors of breath. Finding such evidence, they carefully removed the ice, quietly, gingerly, revealing a vent hole. An exploring spear was inserted in the hole and moved about until it touched something soft. Resting there, the spear would slowly move up and down. The hunter then rammed it home, and leaned on it with all his weight as the bear heaved in torment, lifting the hunter off the ground. The modern method is to poke for the bear with a long rod and when contact is established place a rifle by the rod and fire. When the bear is still, the hunters go into the den. Sometimes, living bears are in there, too—new cubs, or full-grown cubs, or a living mother and a dead cub. There is no need for fear, the hunters say, because a bear will not fight in its den. The bear is the animal whose intelligence they respect above all others', and around which they have spun over centuries skeins of ritual and taboo. In times past, the skull of a killed bear was ceremonially touched to the bear's heart and was then placed atop a living spruce and left in the forest with its eye sockets facing north.

With signs of autumn, hunters came down from the mountains to the upper waters of the river. They cut dead spruce, built their rafts, and piled them high with fur. In the upper river, in shallow water, rafts consisted of just a few logs, tied together with thongs of bear hide. The narrow ends of the logs all faced downstream; the wide ends formed the stern. Thus, the raft was a wedge, pointing down the river. Afloat, it was guided with a spruce pole at the bow. When it ran aground, it was dragged, like a Klepper, through the shallow rips. As the river deepened, the rafts of two or more parties were joined together. The bigger the river, the bigger the total raft—a stable vessel anytime, even in thundering flood.

Some of the wood in the rafts was for winter fires, but most was used for housing, a need that has waned on the Kobuk. Houses now come from the government, in three choices—A, B,

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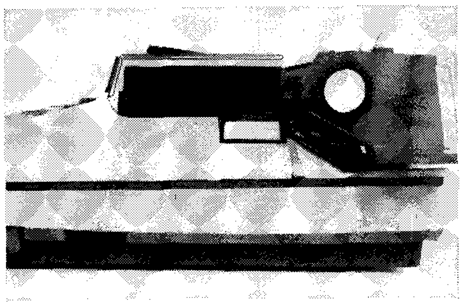

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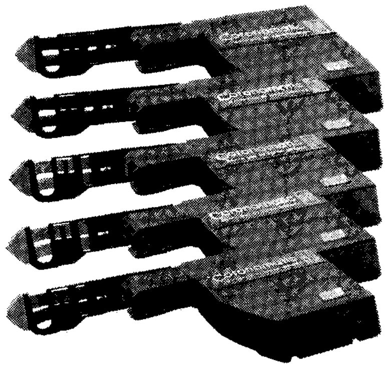

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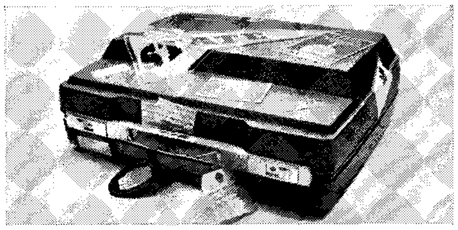

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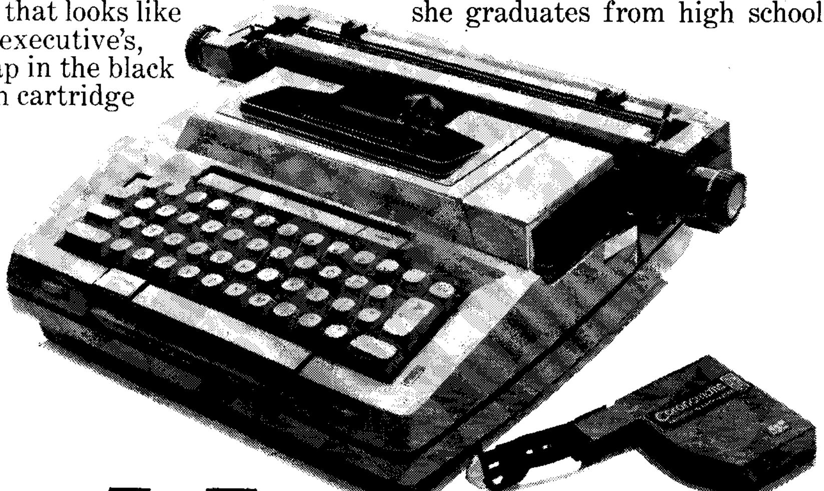

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and C—at so much a month for twenty years. They are frame structures, gabled, nondescript. They could be garages with windows. In winter the walls sweat, and show a frost line four feet high. Their exterior sheds are not large enough for the storage of meat and equipment. There is a new house today in Kiana made of river-floated logs.

We stopped for the night below a bedrock pool, pitching the tents on a sandy bank under woolly mountains whose ridgelines were a couple of thousand feet above the river. The forest now filled in most of the valley floor and went up the slopes maybe three hundred feet. Bear tracks in the sand by the river were eleven inches long, six inches wide. We fished—take-and-put—catching and releasing half a dozen grayling and several char. Eskimos, on their journeys, now cook char in aluminum foil, which is what we did. The pink flesh steamed in its own moisture, and each of us ate at least two pounds. Looking up from dinner, we saw a black bear, long and leggy, crossing a steep hillside at a slow lope. It stopped to graze for a time, and then, apropos of nothing, suddenly ran and took a crashing leap into a stand of willow and alder, breaking its way through, coming out the other side onto a high plain of pale-green caribou moss.

IN the morning there was wind. A front as dank as an oyster was moving in over the eastern mountains. Rain was coming—an uninviting day to frog kayaks in the river. We ate oatmeal, and then, after coffee, Jack Hession said he thought he'd be going. He had deadlines to meet and simply had to get back to the office. The office—in Anchorage—was six hundred miles away. If there was a wild place in the United States, we were in it, and Hession was about to take off on his own, pressed for time. Terribly sorry, he said. He would have enjoyed staying with us, but he had pressures from home. He had decided to make the trip with us more or less at the last moment, and now he was deciding to leave at the last moment plus one. He would take the mail plane from Kiana, which was something like ninety miles downstream. With a packet or two of freeze-dry and six pieces of pilot bread, he got into his single Klepper and bobbed down the river. The two blades of his paddle wagged like a semaphore, and he was gone. He had no tent. Rain fell through much of the day, and all through the night.

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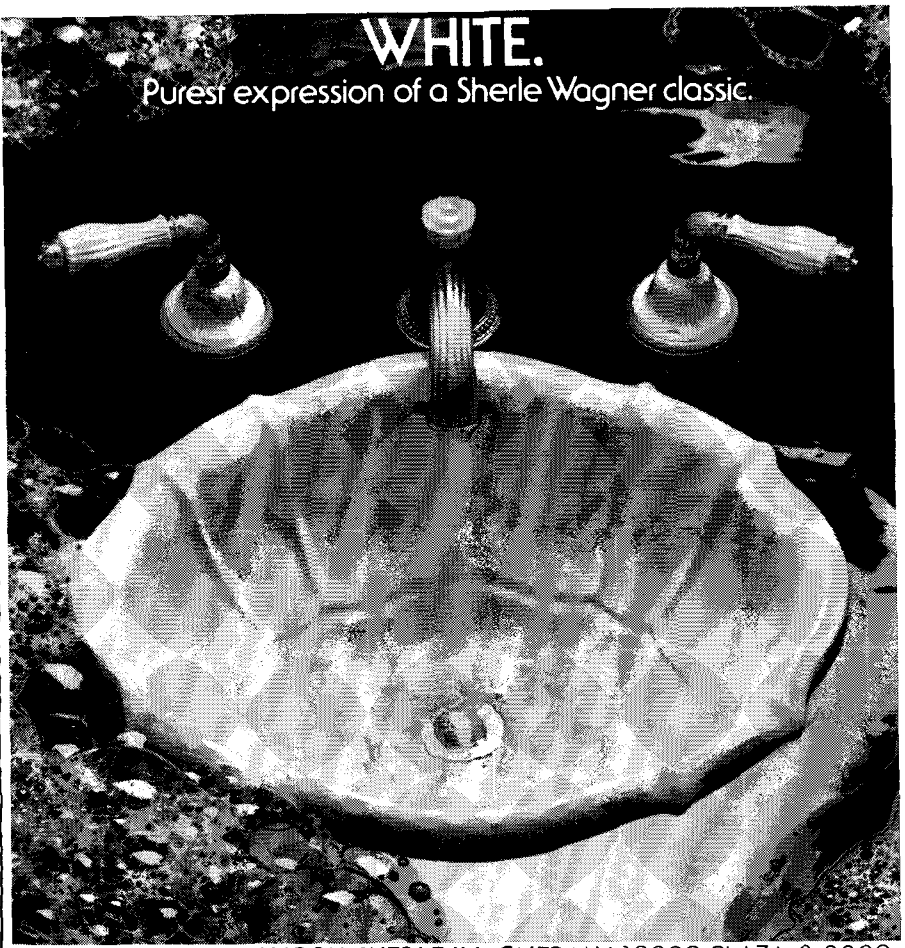
Hession told us, many days later, stories of his solo run. Not long after he left us, he became preoccupied with his thoughts and overshot a channel in a riffle. Near the far ends of pools, where loose-stone deposits had built up as dams, the river would characteristically become fast and shallow and would tumble to one side over a brink of gravel—racing white toward a lower pool. The knack of navigation was to read the riffle, sense the heaviest flow there, and get into it before the broad general current could take the boat a little farther and run it aground; for while much water went down the riffle even more simply disappeared into the earth, passing into the porous basements of high, dry bars of gravel. Often enough, there was just a narrow slot, angling left or right, through which the kayak could proceed, and now Hession had missed such a place, so he would have to backferry—moving, stern first, across the stream, to realign his course and shoot the rip. He was close to a bank. Realizing his mistake, he reached backward with his paddle. He happened to look up as well. On the bank above him were a sow grizzly and a huge two-year-old cub. Across a distance of no more than fifteen feet Hession and the mother grizzly looked each other in the eye. Staring steadily at her, he slowly moved the paddle, retreating at an angle to the current. He felt helpless, because he could think of nothing to do if the bear attacked. He thought of turning the boat over in order to disappear beneath it, but there was nowhere to hide in less than a foot of water. Therefore, all decisions belonged to the bear. Hession kept on gazing fixedly into her eyes, making no gesture of fear or flight. The bears themselves retreated. But after a few steps they turned, and both stood up on their hind legs, squinting. Hession thought they were going to come for him, after this second look. But they dropped down, turned, and went. He told this story without modulation, without a hint of narrative excitation; and in the same flat manner he went on to say that he had later seen a pair of sandhill cranes and, some time after that, a golden eagle. It was all wildlife to him. When you are the Sierra Club's man in Alaska, the least of your problems is bears.

That evening, when he decided it was time to sleep, the rain was steady and miserable, and he looked around for shelter. He looked for big driftwood. He finally came to an uprooted spruce, washed downriver probably in June. Resting on its root structure, it



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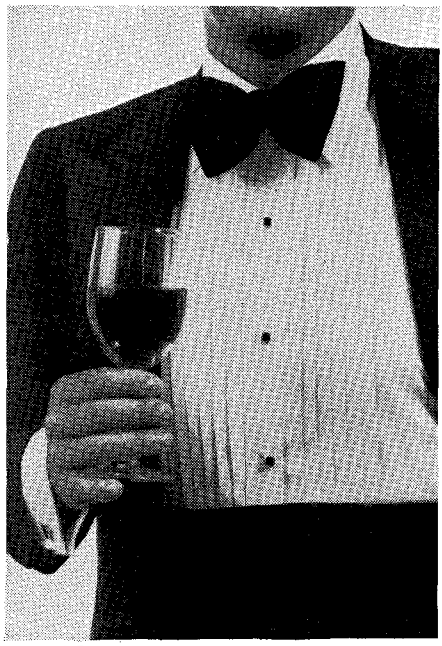

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was partly off the ground. He tipped the kayak so that it leaned against the tree, and put his sleeping bag in the space formed between them. (As an alternative, he might have cut a number of young spruce and arranged them in a circle with their tips together at the top—a form of tepee that the forest Eskimos call "poor people's camp.") Hession slid himself into place. The rain fell on the boat and tree. "I passed out," he said, "and the next thing I knew it was morning." When he arrived at the confluence of the Salmon and the Kobuk, two Eskimos were fishing there. They shared their boiled salmon with him, in a sauce of seal oil. Their Evinrude took him to Kiana.

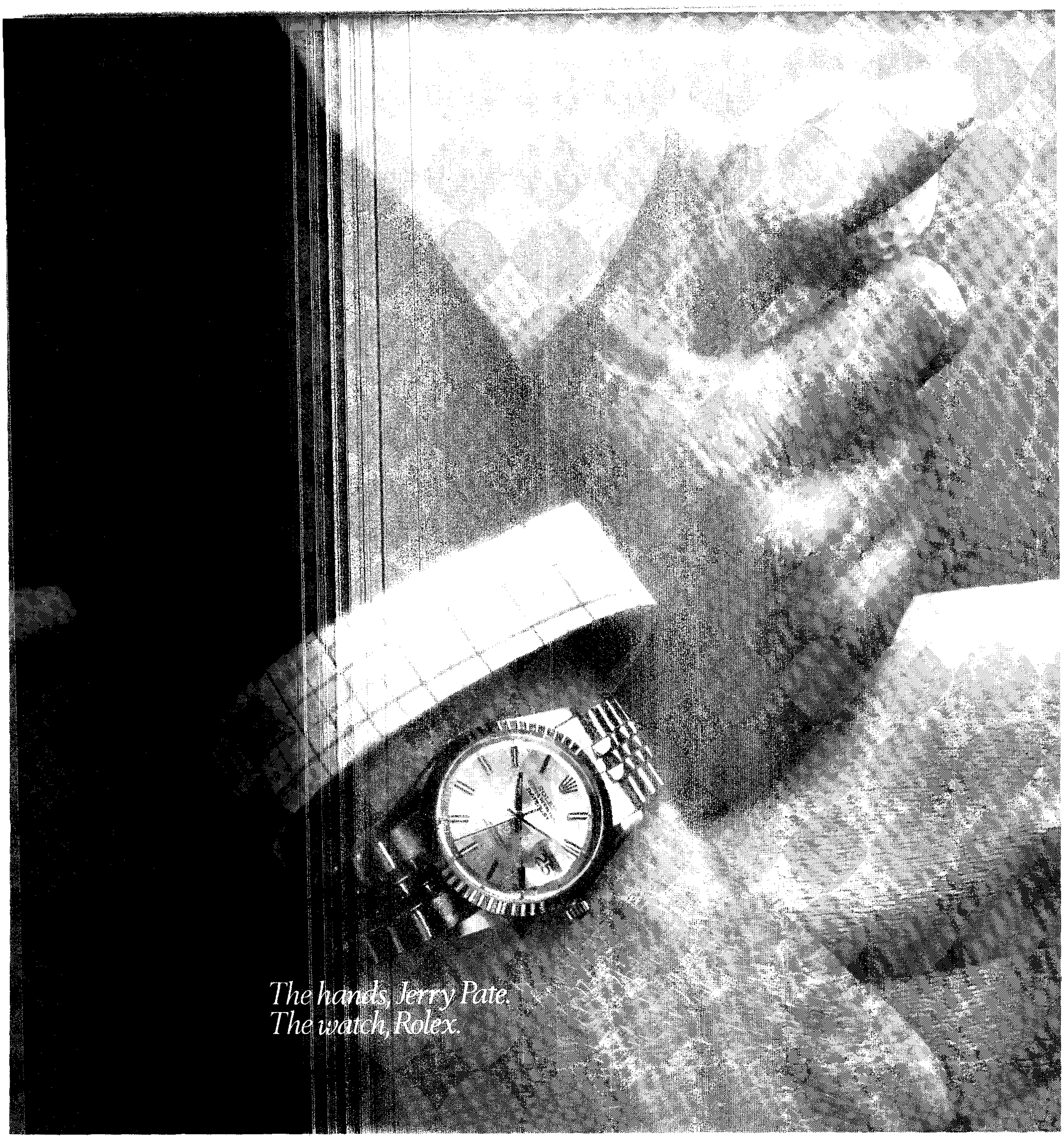
John Kauffmann and I paddled Snake Eyes the day Hession left, and we spent a lot of time in the river beside it, making Klepper trails in the gravel. We had to bail frequently, because water was accumulating inside the hull not only from the rain and from our dripping boots but also through leaks in the vulcanized rubber. The shallow river was grinding Snake Eyes down. The hull, advertised to be as "strong as a heavy-duty conveyor belt," was losing its capability to convey us. We were coming into many deep pools and fine stretches of water now, but the momentum and response of Snake Eyes afloat were not much better than of Snake Eyes aground, so the others—in their maneuverable, shallow-draft canoe and light kayak—often had to wait. On the slope above the left bank we saw a lone grizzly walking north in the rain. Since the river was narrow and bending, the boats were sometimes out of sight from one another. Fedeler, in the single Klepper, saw a grizzly that was gone when the rest of us came along. There was no telling how many bears we may have failed to notice—or, for that matter, how many bears we may have seen twice. The Nikok, a tributary, came into the Salmon from the west, and we stopped for lunch beside it, and cast lures from smooth ledges into deep holes that were clear and green.

After the Nikok, there was more river to float us. The rain turned to mist and put a soft gray light on the hills. No matter what the weather might be, Kauffmann said, the Brooks Range for him was the best of Alaska—in the quality of its light, in the clarity of its flowing water, in the configuration of its terrain. He did not much care for the glacier country—the south. "It's too raw," he went on. "Up here in the north, you have all the effects of the glacier land forms without the glaciers themselves. You have clear streams." Studying the Salmon as a national wild river had been Kauffmann's idea. If Kauffmann could have his way, at least a quarter of Alaska would be held as wilderness forever. After his five years of study and planning for Gates of the Arctic National Park—an area twice as large as the state of Hawaii, four times the size of Yellowstone—odds seemed favorable that it would be congressionally confirmed. Kauffmann's total plans for the park's development—his intended use of airstrips, roadways, lodges, lean-tos, refreshment stands, trash barrels, benches—added up to zero. The most inventive thing to do, as he saw it, was nothing. Let the land stand wild, without so much as a man-made trail.

Kauffmann, among Alaskans, represented only a small arc or two in a wheel of attitudes toward the land. For one thing, he was a "fed" and thus an "outsider," who—in the view of some—was trying to "grab" and "lock up" prime terrain. Yet he was also an Alaskan. In a state largely populated by aggressive transients, he was at least as Alaskan as most. He had built a home and had become an earnest Alaskan citizen. As such, and not merely as a fed, he did indeed favor locking up land, if that meant saving it for the future of the future.

In the time Kauffmann had lived in Alaska, the number of voters with views sympathetic to his own had risen from very low to modest. Yet the presence of this minority (backed by support from outside) had produced a tension that underlay much of what was happening in the state. It was tension over the way in which Alaska might proceed, tension somewhat reminiscent of the matters (water rights, grazing rights) that divided earlier pioneers. In its modern form, it was the tension of preservation versus development, of stasis versus economic productivity, of wilderness versus the drill and the bulldozer, and in part it had caused the portentous reassignment of land that now, in the nineteen-seventies, was altering, or threatening to alter, the lives of everyone in the state.

The federal government, long ago, used to watch over Alaska with one eye, and with so little interest that the lid was generally closed. In all that territorial land, so wild and remote, emigrants from the United States easily



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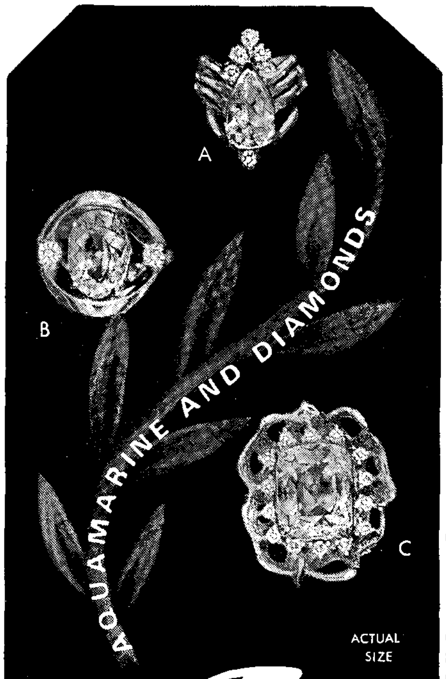

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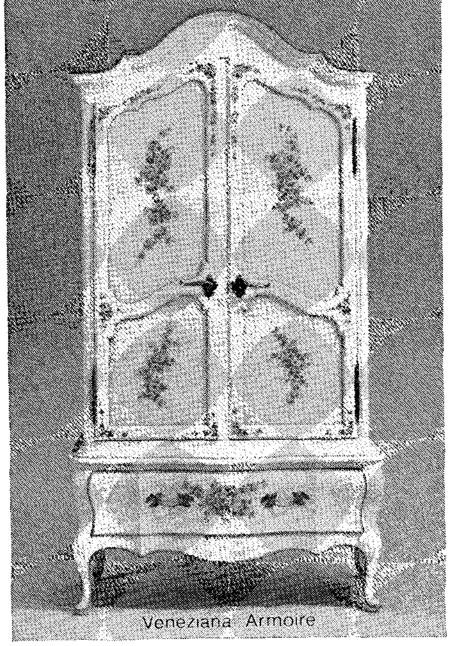

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established their frontier code: breathe free, do as you please, control your own destiny. If you had much more in mind than skinning hares, though, it was difficult to control much of a destiny—to plan, for example, any kind of development on a major scale—since the federal government owned more than ninety-nine per cent of the land. The push for statehood was seen as a way to gain more control; but, to their frustration and disappointment, Alaskans found that the big decisions continued to be made (or postponed, as the case might be) in Washington. After some years, and under pressure to find new energy resources, the federal government awakened to the potentialities of Alaska. With the development of the oil field at Prudhoe Bay, state and federal interests at last seemed to complement each other. The discovery of oil felt like the discovery of gold, and the future seemed lighted from behind. With the pipeline, however, Alaska suddenly had more development than it could absorb. It suddenly had manifold inflation and a glut of trailer parks. It had traffic jams. You could pick up a telephone and "dial a date." In the reasonably accessible bush, fishing and hunting—the sorts of things many people had long sought in Alaska—became crowded and poor. A boom was on, money was around, and buildings were going up; but a dream may have come too true. Most of the money was passing over the heads of Alaskans long established in the state. Confused and disillusioned, many were forced to ponder if big-scale development meant bonanza after all.

The people's new hesitation about the wisdom of development was expressed in 1974 in the election, by a narrow margin, of Jay Hammond as governor. Hammond had homesteaded land in Alaska. His wife was an Alaskan native. His approach to Alaska's future was to attempt to go slow, to build with caution, to try to find a middle course—not only *between* conservation and economic development but *within* them as well. He appointed Robert Weeden, a wildlife biologist from the University of Alaska, as State Policy Development and Planning Director, and set him the task of drawing together a state proposal for the future of the designated national-interest lands. Unsurprisingly, the state soon informed Congress that it would like to participate in the management of these lands, and hence was willing to put some of its own land into the total. The state would like various options to be left open for the future and not to be

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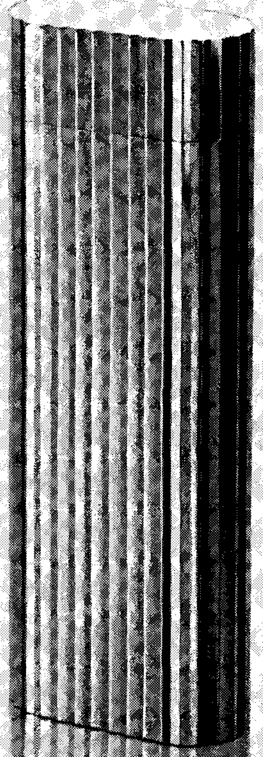
written away in legislation. "We're interested in sharing in the decisions on federal lands forever," Weeden told me one day in the capitol, in Juneau. "The federal proposals reflect the territorial imperative of agencies rather than the long-term interests of the state as the nation relates to it. The state has gone from a development urge to development plus conservation, while the federal trajectory—in general—has been from neglect and preservation to exploitation of resources. We've almost changed roles. Meanwhile, federal agencies are scrapping among themselves. The National Park Service wants the land as it is, and the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management would like to see it exploited. The Fish and Wildlife Service is closer to the middle. Their lands are available for 'compatible uses.' For example, their Kenai National Moose Range has oil wells in it. The Moose Range was the first oil field in Alaska. The National Park Service and Fish and Wildlife are the conservationists' favorites. Developers favor the Bureau of Land Management. We need an additional approach. Suppose you have good parkland that also has minerals. You say a firm decision should not be made there—not right now. There are places where a reasonable man would not want to make decisions yet. Our position has been described by some as a middle-of-the-road stance. Perhaps so, but in this road all the traffic seems to be hugging the two ditches. These days, man should be somewhat humble about his *capacity* to make permanent decisions." On a wall in Weeden's offices, a sign said, "Earth, this is God. I want all you people to clear out before the end of the month. I have a client who is interested in the property."

I had lunch one day in Anchorage with an entrenched Alaskan boomer—Robert Atwood, editor and publisher of the Anchorage *Times*. If the state government and its Robert Weedens were about ninety degrees around from the attitude represented by John Kauffmann, Atwood was a hundred and eighty. "We should preserve wilderness only in areas that are without other resources," he said. "The U.S. needs our oil. We're not going to prevent it going. God damn it, they should take it. They need it. The ultimate destiny of Alaska is to help the nation be self-sufficient. We should bend and help, not tie the land up in a knot to save a tree or a bear or a fond dream. A state develops by developing its resources. Prudhoe Bay was a big start for this little state. Then what



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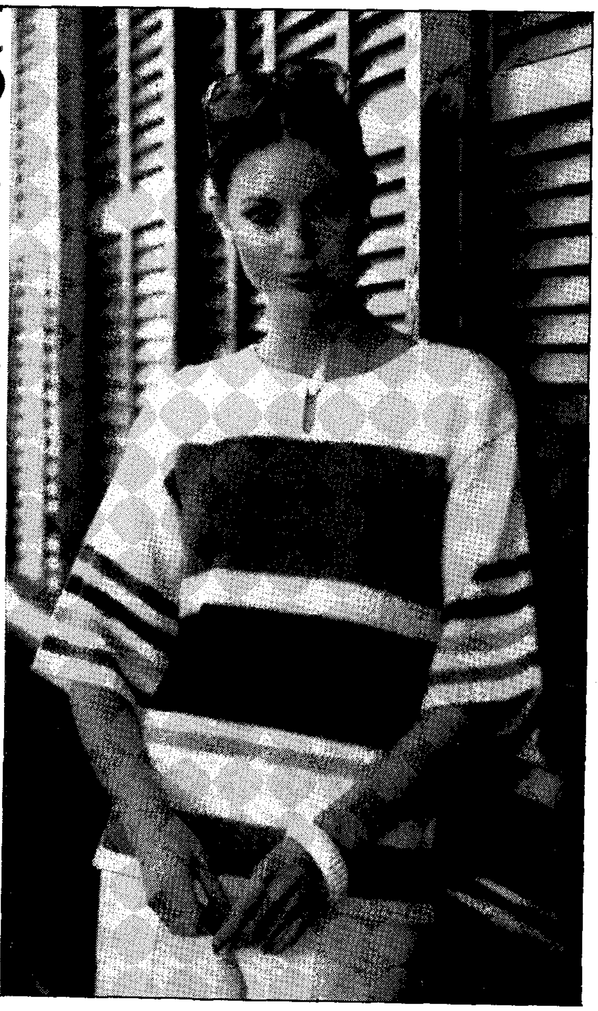

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happened? The pipeline was stopped for years by conservationists. It was the first time in history that a state was told it could not take its resources to market. Some people think anybody who wants to do anything with a shovel is bad. They should see Prudhoe Bay. It's so damned clean and neat and sterile—with refrigerated pilings, so the tundra won't melt. The pipeline will be the biggest tourist attraction in Alaska. Caribou will move close to it for heat. Meanwhile, these wilderness buffs, like your friend Kauffmann, have an insatiable appetite for wilderness. They have drawn lines on the map according to what is best and beautiful from their point of view. What they are trying for is a land grab, but they see it as the last chance to preserve something. From their point of view, it *is* the last chance. But locking the land up is unfair to future generations. Nobody knows wholly what is under it, in coal or oil or minerals."

Alaskan natives, for their part, were somewhere on the way back to Kauffmann. They saw the federal park and refuge proposals as possibly—but not necessarily—the least disturbing of the changes that could come to, for example, the Salmon River and the Kobuk valley. Willie Hensley, an Eskimo leader, once described it this way for me: "If we can hunt, fish, trap, we're not concerned. We don't have that assurance yet. If we can't drive our boats up the river, we're going to have problems. If we can't take our dog teams or snow machines after caribou, we're going to have problems. Now is a time of transition for the native people. We have long used the land as if we owned it. We thought we *did* own it. We had lived here ten thousand years and assumed it was ours. But in the past we never had the political or economic clout to make a single bit of difference in Alaska. The Native Claims Settlement Act has given us a voice that we did not have before. It has also given us the problem of the national-interest lands. If these lands can be used for subsistence hunting, fishing, trapping, we don't have many qualms." No less wary of the coming of the parkland were any number of whites living in the bush, who had also been trapping and hunting and fishing for (in many cases) generations, and who now found themselves confronted with much the same worries the natives had—but without the incidental benefits of a billion dollars and forty million acres of land.

Paddling on through the light rain, Kauffmann now began to fulminate. He said he had once drawn up an Alaskan coat of arms, its shield quarterly gules and gold with a motto written in each quarter, expressing what he took to be the core attitudes of the people of Alaska toward—as the Aleut word "Alaska" means—"the great land." The motto written on one quarter of the shield was "Dig It Up." On another, "Chop It Down." On another, "Fish It Out." On the fourth, "Shoot It." He said the forty million acres involved in the Native Claims Settlement Act amounted to something over six hundred acres for each native. He said the Statehood Act had provided what now amounted to two hundred and fifty acres for each Alaskan. And that left roughly one acre of Alaska for each citizen of the United States as a whole—an amount he considered minimal. "People who have come to Alaska, worked hard, and grubbed out a living feel resentment toward people whom they call 'Lower Forty-eight meddlers,' " he went on. "People here take a proprietary attitude. They say, 'Don't tie our hands.' They forget that we *all* own Alaska. They call it their land, but it's everybody's land. Alaska is the last great opportunity this nation has to set aside adequate chunks of natural landscape for a variety of conservation purposes. The land is still open. It is uncommitted. Think what the East would look like if Thoreau had been heeded. Think of the rivers and lakes of New Hampshire and Maine—Lake Winnipesaukee, Moosehead Lake. The opportunity exists in Alaska on a scale incomprehensible to anyone who hasn't seen it. Local interests should be satisfied, certainly, and state interests as well—but so should *national* interests. This river, this land around us, is of national interest, and it belongs to everybody in the United States."

In part to make him paddle harder, I said, "Yes, but why do all you sneakerfaces, you ecocentrics, think you need so much of it? Why do you need eighty million acres?"

"Everything in Alaska is on a bigger scale," he said. "There is a need for a place in which to lose yourself, for more space than you can encompass. It's not sufficient just to set aside sights to see. We need whole ecosystems, whole ranges, whole watersheds."

"Entire mountain ranges?"

"We're going to have to live in close harmony with the earth. There's a lot we don't know. We need places where we can learn how. The carrying capacity for plants and animals is limited here. They need plenty of space and time. Think of the years it takes a grayling to grow. If we do our thing, if we exploit shortsightedly, we impoverish even the biggest landscapes. There is no such thing as superabundance. I think many people have come to realize this. A sense of spaciousness has shaped the character of this country. We don't want to let that sense entirely pass. The frontier society feels it is here to exploit the land, though—to grow, to build, to tame, to extract, to realize the wealth that is here. They don't like regulation. They don't like to be told they can't do something. They want to do what they want to where and when they please. Between their interests and the interests of the nation as a whole the Native Claims Settlement Act tried to strike a balance."

"Some balance," I said. "The map is covered with proposed parks."

"The parks are ten per cent of the state, God damn it. Tithed to the future. The proposals are not repetitious. They are different. They complement each other. This river and the Gates of the Arctic are at the wilderness end of the spectrum. This is the last big piece of magnificent mountain wilderness we have left. First it was the Appalachians, then the Rockies, then the Sierra Nevada, then Alaska, and this is the last part of Alaska. This is America's ultimate wilderness; it goes no farther. This is our last opportunity to provide, admittedly in a contrived way, the chance to go adventuring in country so wild that valleys and mountains are without names."

"But why lock it up forever?"

"It will *not* be locked up. The resources aren't going to go anywhere. In some dire situation, they are there. People say, 'Study it first.' This is a delaying tactic by people who want to exploit it later. There's always someone who wants another look. Meanwhile, the time has historically come for preserving major pieces of land in Alaska, to have the freshness of Alaska—large landscapes, habitats—perpetuated, not tarnished and degraded as man grubs his way along with awesome power. The locations of oil reserves are largely determined. The national-interest lands include very little oil. What the contention comes down to is mining. Nineteenth-century laws let the miner onto most government land, but the miner is no longer the quaint old man with the burro and the pick."

Having goaded him, I thought I

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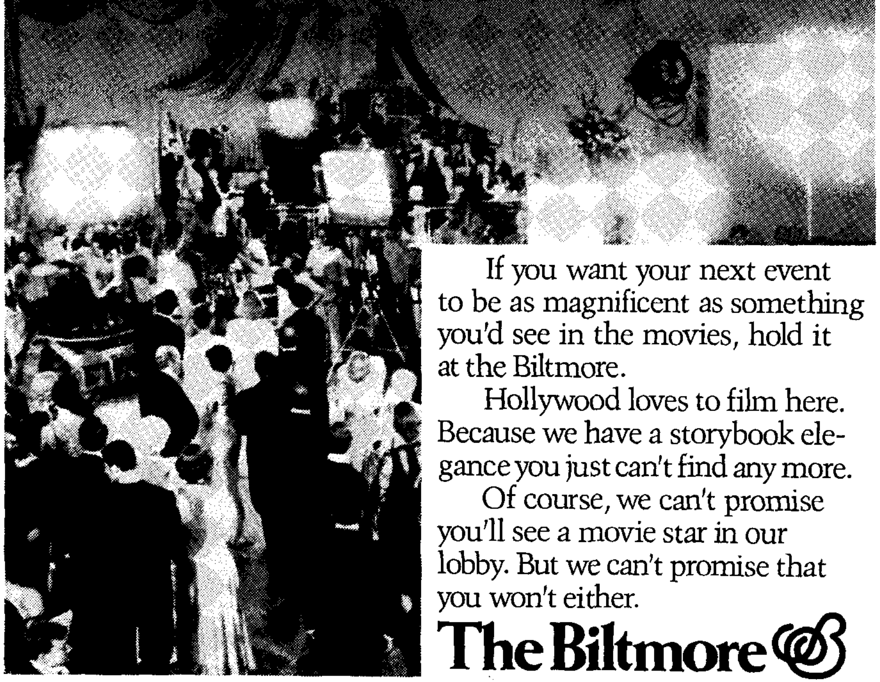

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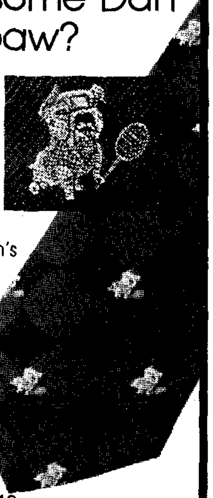

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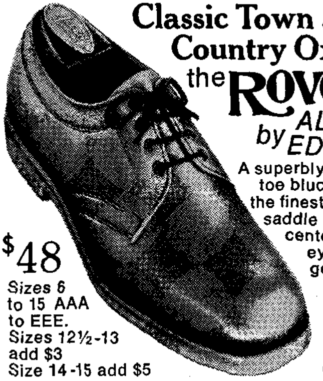

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should reward him. I said, "In Alaska, we appear to be recapitulating ourselves. This may be our last chance to suggest that we've learned anything at all." I felt the momentum of Snake Eyes perceptibly increase.

We came to the end of a pondlike pool, and Snake Eyes ran aground. Salmon were thrashing up the riffle there—backs exposed, sculling against water and stones. Toward the bottom of the rip, water collected, becoming heavy and white and two feet deep. The river then curved right—a bending chute with a cut bank on one side and an apron of gravel on the other. Over the cut bank a sweeper had recently fallen, a spruce whose trunk reached into the river. Its green boughs spread over the white water. The swiftest of the current went under the branches, so the problem presented to Kauffmann and me was to get into the kayak in fast water and then collect ourselves at once for a move around the tree. Sweepers tend to trap boats and hold them almost broadside to the current while the weight of the river rolls them over. Kauffmann and I attacked the situation with the same easy confidence we had displayed over the years on a number of analogous occasions, beginning with a near double drowning in 1955. Standing in the rain in the fast water, we settled into Snake Eyes and flew at the sweeper. In concept, we would skirt it to the right. In practice, we hit it dead center. Kauffmann was still reminding me that this was our last opportunity to save the final American wilderness when Snake Eyes bought the river. The thought occurred to me as I pitched head first into the rushing water that I had not often involuntarily overturned on a river trip, and that on almost all the occasions when I had the last thing I had seen on my way to the bottom was Kauffmann. Tact restrained me from mentioning this to him until he had come up out of the river. Meanwhile, I jumped to my feet. The water was waist deep, cold as a wine bucket. I retrieved Kauffmann's hat. Under the gin-clear water, his head, with its radical economy of hair, looked like an onion. Snake Eyes was upside down. I wrenched it right side up, then took its painter and hurried out of the river. From the moment we spilled until I was standing on the dry apron of riverine gravel, scarcely *fifteen seconds went by.* Kauffmann was soaked, but I was not. My rain gear had been drawn tight at the neck and had elastic cuffs. I was half wet—in harlequin patches, and not

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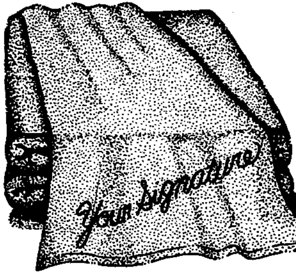

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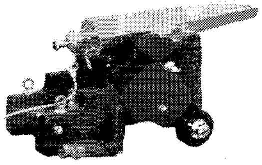

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much on the chest or the back. A piece at a time, we floated our duffel out of Snake Eyes—sleeping bags, clothes bags. Then we dumped out the water, repacked the duffel, and got back onto the river.

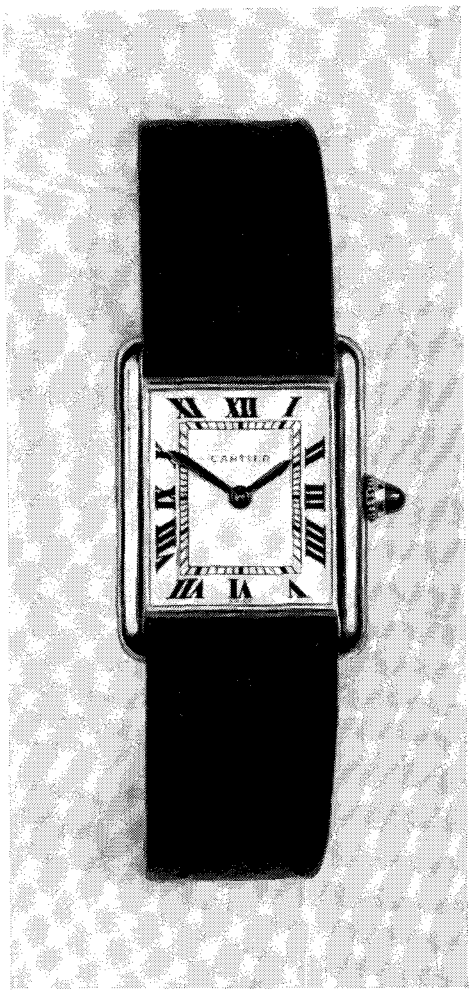
We were chilled, and that was a long cold afternoon. Snake Eyes continued to move downstream like a sea anchor, and in the miserable rain we chose not to stop and build a fire. A few hours later, we embraced the fire that ended the day.

POURCHOT, after dinner in the bright evening light, began repairing the Kleppers. The hulls were so abraded, the damage so extensive, that he interrupted the job for his night's sleep and finished it after breakfast. Kleppers afloat, it is only fair to insert, are tough and sturdy boats; and, as someone pointed out, an almost identical twin of Snake Eyes in 1956 had crossed the Atlantic Ocean. "Good God!" Kauffmann said on receiving this news. But the Salmon River in low water—with its limestones, its dolomite, its sharp miscellaneous schists—was too much for the rubber-coated kayaks. Both had been leaking seriously, and as I watched Pourchot taping their hulls I could not help thinking that we would be a stone's throw from nowhere without them. He worked slowly, with fibreglass tape, trying through applied friction to enhance the strength of the sticking.

"We're up some creek," I said, "without those boats."

Pourchot said, "I always pack an extra day's food in case everything does not go right."

Since he had advised bringing emergency rations, I had along a bacon bar, a can of mixed nuts, a bag of dried fruit, and half a dozen packets of M & M's. Their octane seemed low for a walk to Kiana. I had waterproof matches strewn around in various places in my pack. I asked Pourchot if he ever took along a radio, and he said no. He said there was a choice of two types and both were disadvantageous. One was an FM transmitter that was much like a walkie-talkie, but it worked only on line of sight, and, even from a ridge, would at best carry twenty miles. Twenty miles is not an impressive radius in Alaska. Anyway, almost no one ever monitored the frequency. On the other hand, if you had a single-side-band, you could, with a properly laid-out antenna, call anywhere in Alaska. But the single-side-band was big as a breadbox, bulky, heavy (thirty pounds), and extremely expensive. So



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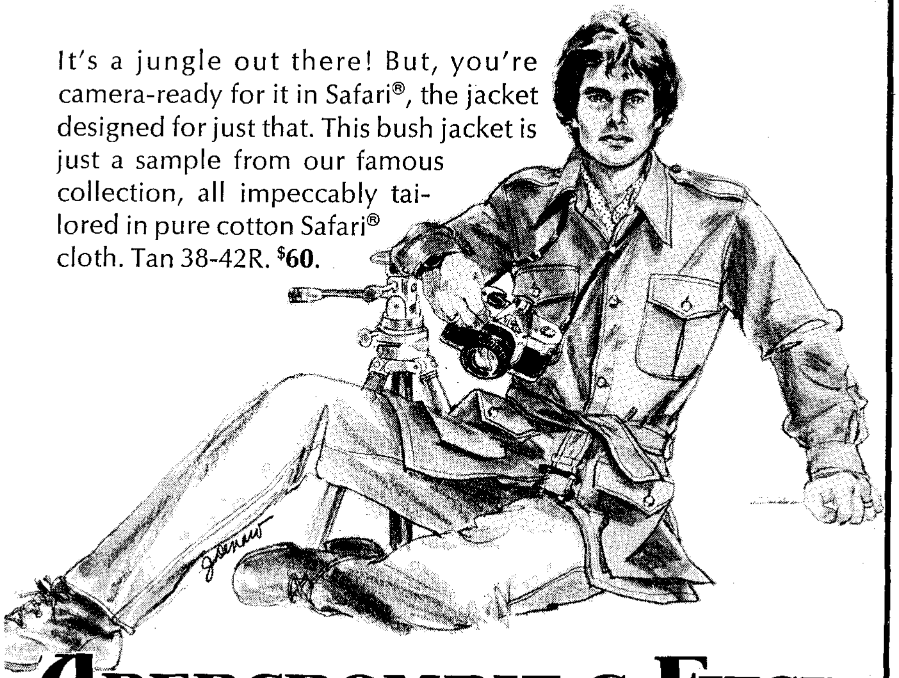

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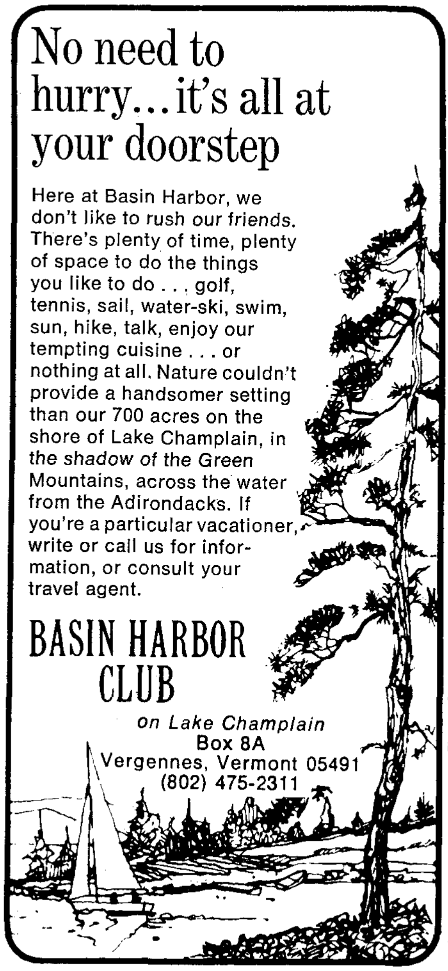

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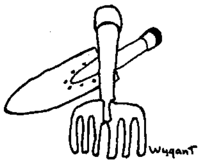
Pourchot could not be bothered with that, either. We had no axes with us, which at least reduced chances of injury. Pourchot said he had brought along a ten-dollar first-aid kit, but it had no sutures and no prescription drugs, and "a doctor would laugh at it."

He cut a short piece of tape and laid it over a particularly open break in the hull of Snake Eyes, then put a longer strip over that. "These trips are not fail-safe," he went on. "You can get hurt and not get attention for several days. There's nothing you can do, short of staying home all the time."



"You come to the place on its terms," Kauffmann put in. "You assume the risk."

"When people come to Alaska, there's a sifting and winnowing process that follows," Pourchot said. "Some just make day trips out of Anchorage into the bush. Others go out for more than one day—fishing or whatever—but they stay in one place, at an established camp or lodge. After that come the hikers and canoers, and from them you get many stories of, say, the boat that breaks up and the guy who sits on the gravel bar for two weeks and walks out in five miserable days. He makes it, though. It's a rare day when somebody starves or bleeds to death. You're just not going to make a trip perfectly safe and still get the kind of trip you want. There are no what-if types out here. People who come this far have come to grips with that problem."

Pourchot was apparently unaware that he was addressing a what-if type—an advanced, thousand-deaths coward with oak-leaf clusters. If I wanted to, I could always see disaster running with the river, dancing like a shadow, moving down the forest from tree to tree. And yet coming to grips with the problem may have been easier for me than for the others, since all of them lived in Alaska. Risk is everywhere, but it is in some places more than others, and this was the safest place I'd been all year. I live in New Jersey, where risks to life are statistically higher than they are along an Arctic river.

Fedeler pointed out that on the back of Alaska fishing licenses are drawings of a signal system for people in trouble who are fortunate enough to be seen by an airplane. I looked at my license. It showed a figure holding hands overhead like a referee indicating a touchdown. That meant, "Please pick me up." A pair of chevrons, sketched on the ground, was a request for firearms and ammunition. An "I" indicated serious injury. An "F" called for food and water, and an "X" meant "Unable to proceed."

"To get a plane to see you, a big smoky fire will help," Fedeler said.

What had struck me most in the isolation of this wilderness was an abiding sense of paradox. In its raw, convincing emphasis on the irrelevance of the visitor, it was forcefully, importantly repellent. It was no less strongly attractive—with a beauty of nowhere else, composed in turning circles. If the wild land was indifferent, it gave a sense of difference. If at moments it was frightening, requiring an effort to put down the conflagrationary imagination, it also augmented the touch of life. This was not a dare with nature. This was nature.

The bottoms of the Kleppers were now trellised with tape. Pourchot was smoothing down a final end. Until recently, he had been an avocational parachutist, patterning the sky in star formation with others as he fell. He had fifty-one jumps, all of them in Colorado. But he had started waking up in the night with cold sweats, so—with two small sons now—he had sold his jumping gear. With the money, he bought a white-water kayak and climbing rope. "You're kind of on your own, really. You run the risk," he was saying. "I haven't seen any bear incidents, for example. I've never had any bear problems. I've never carried a gun. Talk to ten people and you get ten different bear-approach theories. Some carry flares. Ed Bailey, in Fish and Wildlife, shoots pencil flares into the ground before approaching bears. They go away. Bear attacks generally occur in road-system areas anyway. Two, maybe four people die a year. Some years more than others. Rarely will a bear attack a person in a complete wilderness like this."

Kauffmann said, "Give a grizzly half a chance and he'll avoid you."

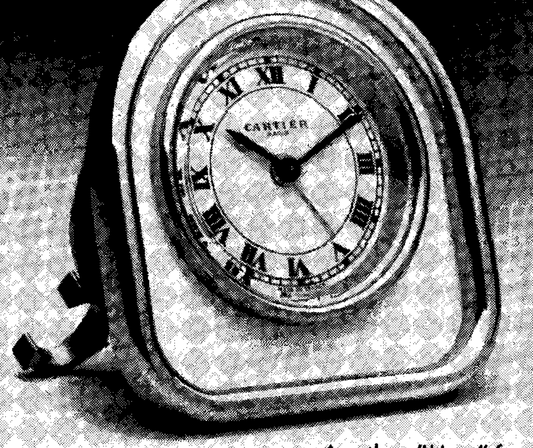
Fedeler had picked cups of blueberries to mix into our breakfast pancakes. Finishing them, we prepared to go. The sun was coming through. The rain was gone. The morning grew bright and warm. Pourchot and I got into the canoe, which, for all its heavy load, felt light. Twenty minutes downriver, we had to stop for more repairs to the Kleppers, but afterward the patchwork held. With higher banks, longer pools, the river was running deeper. The sun began to blaze.

Rounding bends, we saw sculpins, a pair of great horned owls, mergansers, Taverner's geese. We saw ravens and a gray jay. Coming down a long, deep, green pool, we looked toward the riffle at the lower end and saw an approaching grizzly. He was young, possibly four years old, and not much over four hundred pounds. He crossed the river. He studied the salmon in the riffle. He did not see, hear, or smell us. Our three boats were close together, and down the light current on the flat water we drifted toward the fishing bear.

He picked up a salmon, roughly ten pounds of fish, and, holding it with one paw, he began to whirl it around his head. Apparently, he was not hungry, and this was a form of play. He played sling-the-salmon. With his claws embedded near the tail, he whirled the salmon and then tossed it high, end over end. As it fell, he scooped it up and slung it around his head again, lariat salmon, and again he tossed it into the air. He caught it and heaved it high once more. The fish flopped to the ground. The bear turned away, bored. He began to move upstream by the edge of the river. Behind his big head his hump projected. His brown fur rippled like a field under wind. He kept coming. The breeze was behind him. He had not yet seen us. He was romping along at an easy walk. As he came closer to us, we drifted slowly toward him. The single Klepper, with John Kauffmann in it, moved up against a snagged stick and broke it off. The snap was light, but enough to stop the bear. Instantly, he was motionless and alert, remaining on his four feet and straining his eyes to see. We drifted on toward him. At last, we arrived in his focus. If we were looking at something we had rarely seen before, God help him so was he. If he was a tenth as awed as I was, he could not have moved a muscle, which he did, now, in a hurry that was not pronounced but nonetheless seemed inappropriate to his status in the situation. He crossed low ground and went up a bank toward a copse of willow. He stopped there and faced us again. Then, breaking stems to pieces, he went into the willows.

We drifted to the rip, and down it past the mutilated salmon. Then we came to another long flat surface, spraying up the light of the sun. My bandanna, around my head, was nearly dry. I took it off, and trailed it in the river. —JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)



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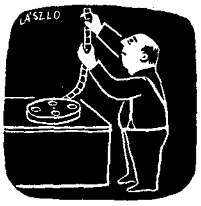
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Humbug



IBSEN was the great skeptic in a china shop full of bric-a-brac, like many a poetic recusant before and after him. In 1884, when he wrote "The Wild Duck," Norway must have seemed almost suffocating to him, with its paraphernalia of gentility, its clutter of middle-class piousness that denied the sombre purity of the fjords behind the closed windows. The West German director Hans W. Geissendörfer has just made one of the best film transcriptions of this play, which was to start Ibsen on his Symbolist phase ("The Lady From the Sea," "The Master Builder"). We are in a world where the ticking of a clock is like the ticking of the anxious heart of a child hiding in a cupboard full of musty grownup clothes. Gina Ekdal (Jean Seberg) sews and troubles herself in a crowded room where yellowy muslin curtains suggest tantalizingly that there is a sunlit world outside. Her husband, Hjalmar (Peter Kern), a photographer who boasts of inventing when he has never invented a thing, is played exactly as the conceited ass whom Ibsen created; he looks disgruntled, and his body seems filled with down, as if he were a cushion that would stay dented if one put one's finger into it. When his little daughter, Hedvig, loyally asks if he is very busy, he is, of course, asleep. The director precisely catches his wrongheadedness, which makes him egg his daughter on to learn basket-weaving. The child (Anne Bennent)—an anxious, mannerly little girl—is slowly going blind, but she sees a lot more than her spoiled father, whose shape and face seem to spread like pools of spilled syrup. She doesn't find much point in the basket-weaving idea. Her heart is with her wild duck, in the attic with the hens. The hens are not alone, but the wild duck has no one she can rely on, Hedvig says.

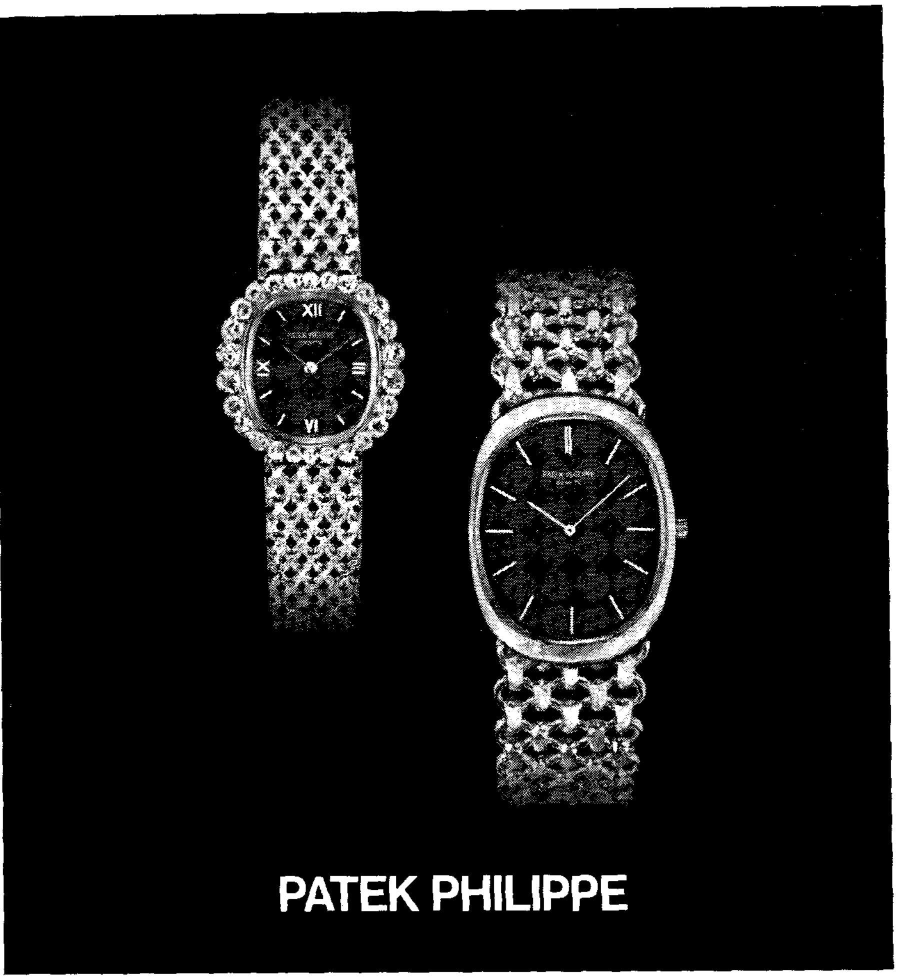
The play is about false and true idealism. Gregers (Bruno Ganz) is a friend of the family who suffers acute spasms of integrity which do no one any good. He can smell hypocrisy as if he were scenting the vapors of a swamp, but nothing he does dispels sham. He speaks only in the abstract of laying the foundations of a new way of life. He yearns for something different, but he has no vision of what it might be. Hjalmar's small petulance when he learns that his daughter may be illegitimate, his flouncing out of the house, tells once again that three-quarters of the tragedy of "The Wild Duck" is comedy. It is Ibsen's way to use humor to unseat ensconced opinion. From the look of things, Gregers is an upright man; the hints in the play and in the playing that he is a weak mother's boy are funny and to the heart of the matter. Like many shaky idealists, he believes that salvation lies in sacrifice. Poor starveling Hedvig, weeping for her gone father, is easily persuaded by Gregers that she has to give up the most precious thing in her life to bring Hjalmar back; he means her to kill the wild duck, but she takes the most precious thing to be her own life, of which the wild duck is the symbol. The people in the play are typical of Ibsen's characters, and of half the people in the world, in finding it easier to deal with living by turning it into a series of symbolic objects. The film is astutely acted, especially by Kern, whose Hjalmar is drowning in a noble sorrow that he will convert in six months into self-pity, and by Ganz, as the romantic weakling whose mouth suddenly tugs down at one side when he realizes the outcome of his lofty advice to Hedvig.

Ibsen's drama is about an edifice of self-deception. In a key scene, the self-styled inventor Hjalmar takes Gregers into a small workroom where there is nothing but a chair and a table with a green tablecloth: no work going on, no sign of an invention. Ibsen's architectural use of the house is an illustration of the psychology of the family. The attic is the territory of aspiration. We see no major conflict there: only the birds, the duck's water tank, the straw. Another world, not sufficiently grasped by anyone in the drama. Geissendörfer's "The Wild Duck" is a transporting film. One sits there drawn further and further into the Ekdal life, and further and further into one's own. One looks with grief and pity at the tragedy, shaking with laughter all the time at the self-deceiving comedy; one leaves not a distracting entertainment but an event more deep-running than life itself ever brings to most people.

IN "Jabberwocky"—cheerfully announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish"—we are in the Middle Ages, which is to say that we are in the middle of demolition, muddle, an what might well be thought of as right old mess of pottage. It is a worl very like the world of the films of th inspired Monty Python lot, starrin one of the same actors—Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth calle Dennis Cooper—and directed by Python's Terry Gilliam, with a screenplay by him and Charles Alverson The havoc of a kingdom we are i is ruled by King Bruno the Questionable, played by that great old Englis music-hall comedian Max Wall. Hi voice is like something being drawn u and down a nutmeg grater; he carrie his orb as if he were about to lob it, an he appears to be dressed in a handmade patchwork horse blanket. Possibl the monarchical robe was made by th nuns living with his daughter, who ar all eternally stitching away, and wh are named the Sisters of Misery.

Outside, medieval chaos runs amok Slops are flung from every window A voice rather like a muezzin's call "Rush hour!" and the streets immediately give way to even more pus and shove than usual. Dust reigns. The palace is powdered with it. Nobody can set foot anywhere, or sneeze, without raising a cloud of it. People irritably get words wrong. The incomparably sniffy John Le Mesurier, playing the Chamberlain, calls the King "sire" and, receiving no thanks for his manners, lapses into calling him "darling." The King has attacks of fury with the mayhem of his realm which seize him like bouts of hay fever. Having graciously congratulated his fragile daughter (Deborah Fallender) on how beautiful she looks, he sits with her and the Chamberlain at a tournament that spatters their finery with blood. There must be some better way of choosing a champion than all this carnage, the Chamberlain feels. Someone suggests hide-and-seek. So the knights, still clanking in their armor, but on foot, creep around "Henry V"-looking tents and play a game of surprise with each other. This is a world of prayers chanted to flying hogfish; of beggars who smilingly flourish bits and pieces of amputated limbs for a gracefully accepted coin; of filthy, overcrowded battlements; of a wild red-headed fanatic (Graham Crowden) preaching in a smithy that may well be a production line for the most up-to-date in Middle Age torture instruments; of a reputedly brilliant master cooper (Dennis's father, played by Paul Curran) who hasn't the faintest idea of how to keep the staves of his barrels together. In the midst of this buoyant shambles, a peculiar decorum reigns. Dennis Cooper, in a dreadful fight, protects himself with a painted shield that looks like a papier-mâché knickknack from a crafts shop. A knight sent out to kill the Jabberwock wears a lobster on his helmet. The monster is a cobwebby creature who, carrying out the crustacean motif, has an upper torso that seems to be definitely in the seafood line. Lower down, he gives the impression of a dilapidated bat, but he has the face of a pair of lobster crackers that has spent centuries on the top floor of the house of the Madwoman of Chaillot.

Dennis is besotted for the moment with a girl called Griselda Fishfinger. (Fishfingers are an unappealing sort of frozen food in England, often fed to cats, though they are advertised happily on commercial TV as the ideal TV-watching nourishment for the family.) Griselda (Annette Badland), known as The Lovely Griselda and cast for her very large size, is a tightly corseted wench who keeps a potato in her bulging upper lacing. She speaks little but munches the potato hungrily. Dennis manages to get the potato and treats it as if it were a golden apple. Like him, everyone else in the film seems to be contentedly misled. A character will tug a door pull, and behind the door a man on the other end of the bell rope will be abruptly jerked up by the neck, screaming blue murder. "Someone at the door, dear," a nice-looking wife will then say domestically to her husband at the fireside. The film's citizens—even the King—put up with severe difficulties. The monarch's trumpeter plays paeans that are impossibly out of tune, and the monarch's drummer has an instinct for drumming interruptions to everything the royal herald is trying to say. While the Bishop (Derek Francis) is in full flood, a dustpan is being used, as it well should be, though it is not the medieval filth that mostly bothers people but the monster, which is said to have once so scared a man that the man's teeth turned white overnight—as, again, they well should do, the general color of teeth in the Middle Ages being rust-brown, according to this film. Still, the characters survive on the whole with amazing good temper. They are only occasionally pettish. There is a nasty moment when Dennis and the Princess are married. "I pronounce you man and wife," says the officiating clergyman. "*Princess*," corrects H.R.H., on her high horse. "Jabberwocky" deserves its Lewis Carroll association; he would have rejoiced in its nincompoop wit and the blue-sky reaches of its non-



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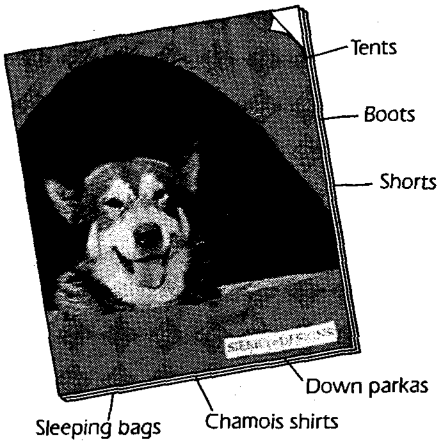

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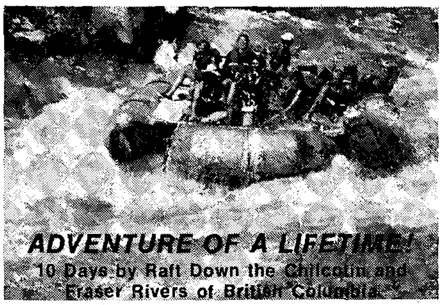

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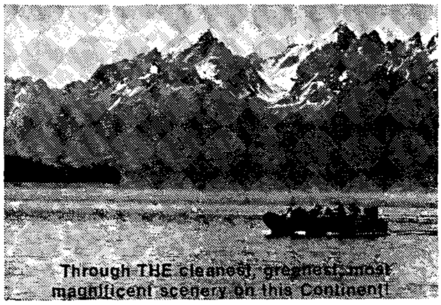

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sense. Not often has the rude been so recklessly funny.

JOAN MICKLIN SILVER's "Between the Lines," from a screenplay by Fred Barron, begins with a shot of the skyline of Boston. This new film has all the qualities of her film "Hester Street": qualities that flourished in her true-pitched recent Channel 13 movie of Scott Fitzgerald's "Bernice Bobs Her Hair." Her style is anecdotal and illustrative: she knows what to show you of a character, though she is only beginning to go into the contradictions of temperament; and she has a sure grasp of how long to let a scene run on. This film celebrates an affable gang spirit. It might be about provincial musicians, like Ivan Passer's "Intimate Lighting," or about kids putting on a show, like a dozen Hollywood movies of the thirties and forties, or about the Grand National in "National Velvet," with Elizabeth Taylor tucking her hair under a jockey cap and ganging up with her horse; but it happens to be about a group of young people on a Boston weekly paper called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Harry (John Heard) is a once famous investigative reporter for the paper, now a drifter, threatening to quit, and a languid troublemaker to his girlfriend Abbie (Lindsay Crouse), who is the paper's staff photographer. There is a red-satin-jacketed rock critic called Max, freebootingly played by Jeff Goldblum; a beauty called Laura (Gwen Welles), who is the spine of the place, though she writes deadly-dull pieces; and an appealing receptionist called Lynn (Jill Eikenberry), with loose Edwardian hair, swift charm, and a defenseless conviction that she is quite untalented. One of the best scenes is an editorial conference. Someone wants a free trip to the Cannes Film Festival. Other people want to do social pieces about Boston: about health clinics, about crime. People talk through each other with the abruptness of familiars; and especially through the editor. The tribe mood is contagious, and it is precisely depicted. Joan Silver knows one of the most obvious but least often portrayed things about talk: that even in official situations people hardly ever answer questions until two sentences later, and they go back to points made five minutes ago. One of the first playwrights who understood this was Shakespeare.

As a gang-spirit picture has to, "Between the Lines" finds enemies. One is a prim, three-piece-suited, hysterical advertising man called Stanley (Lewis J. Stadlen), whom we would be more inclined to believe in if he dressed and behaved like the rock critic. Another is a press mogul called Roy Walsh (Lane Smith), who betrays the staff up and down the line with the ease of the rich young man to whom everyone is dispensable and replaceable. His unbuttoned shirt and the oily surface of his ruthlessness make him a dead likeness of some of the power men in American and English publishing. He is attracted to buying *Mainline* because of its history as a radical underground weekly and as part of the "counterculture." Heaven help us.

Put together as it is, with an engagingly unaggressive, unsystematic plot, the film also has a sequence about a stripper of eager conventional views whose clothes are made by her mother, and one about a relaxed journalist who gives a cub reporter a lesson in how to write a story on whales, with subjective involvement in the whales' problems. An obstinate happenstance artist comes into the reception room, mute, hair flowing; he kicks a coffee machine and does other interesting office damage, handing the receptionist a card that says people have just witnessed a work of conceptual art. Mrs. Silver has the gift of making her characters seem fortified behind their peculiarities. At the center, "Between the Lines" reports a convincing incident of gang rebellion in a place of power. There is a commanding quiet beat to the film. The climax is the scene of the receptionist's abrupt defiance of the mogul. In the serene plan of the drama, the battle seems unjarring to the flow, a cloudless fancy.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

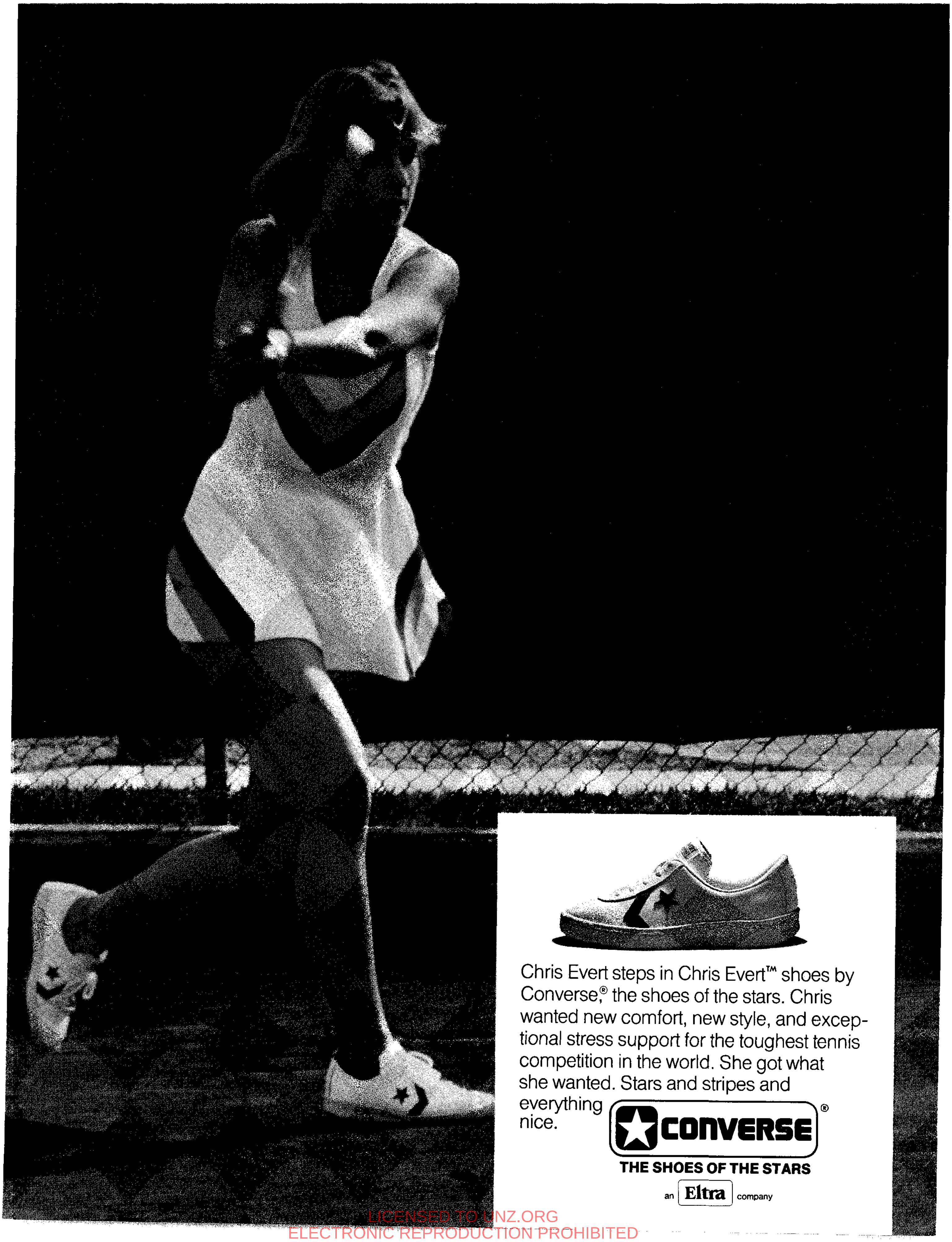
• •

PARENT

Letting down the isinglass curtains
Between the wet rain and the back seat,
Where new plaster flattened me, my father said,
"Wait here. I will get you the sherbet
Of your eight-year-old dreams."
There were no drive-ins then.
The rain roared. "Don't go away,"
I said to him? He said to me.

—JOSEPHINE MILES

HOW DO YOU STEP INTO YOUR BACKHAND SO NICELY, CHRIS?



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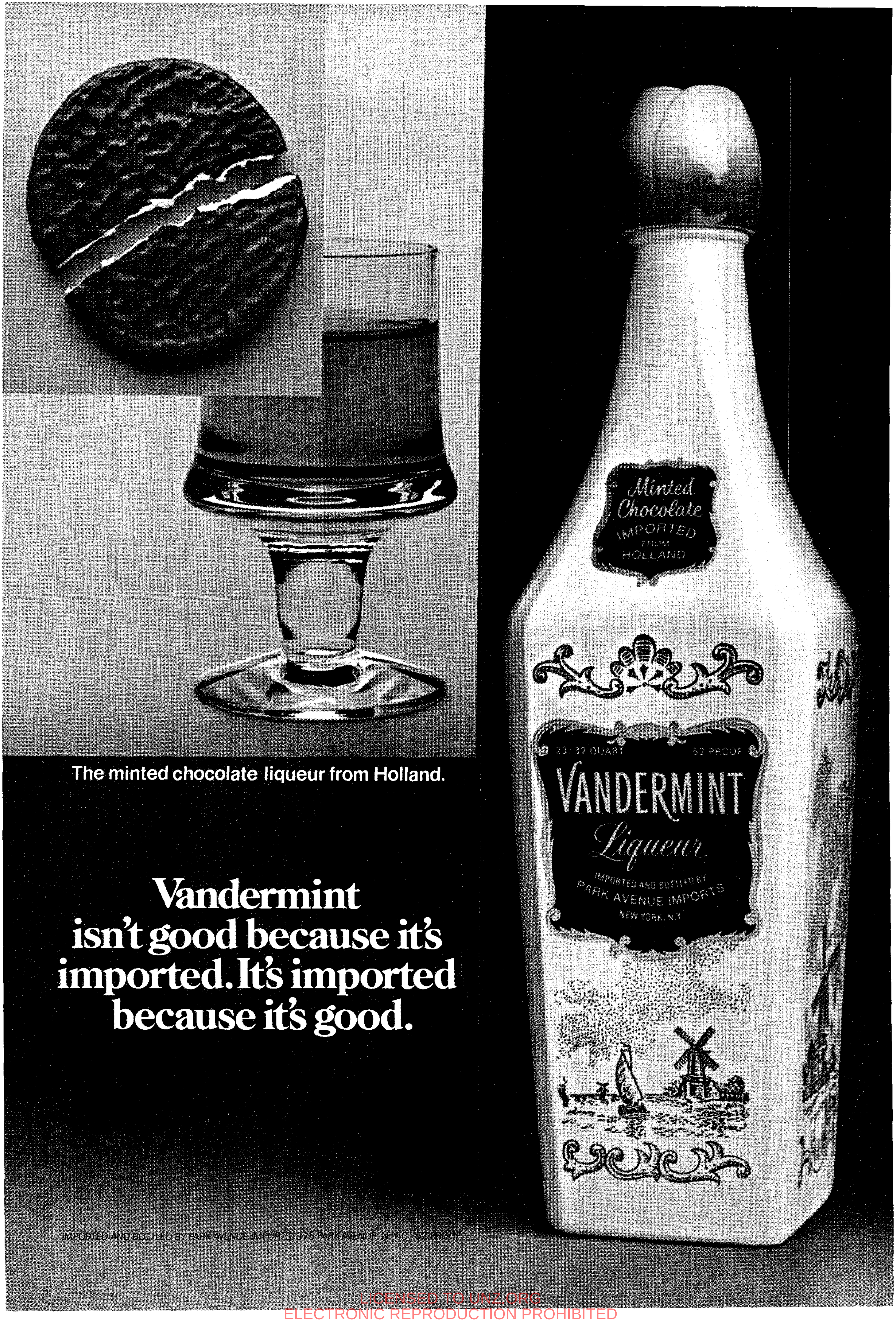
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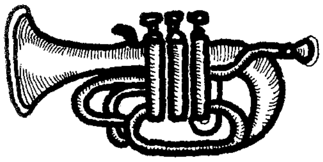

THE Federal Music Society Orchestra and Wind Band, conducted by John Baldon, made its formal New York début in Town Hall last month. The wind band numbered a baker's dozen (pairs of flutes, clarinets, oboes, horns, bassoons, and trumpets, and a serpent); a dozen strings, drums, and a continuo keyboard joined them to form the full orchestra. They played music, mainly American, of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries on instruments of the same date. There were many marches. Most of the native music, by such composers as Benjamin Carr, Samuel Holyoke, Oliver Shaw, and Victor Pelissier, was agreeable and melodious in no very striking way; the overture to John Christian Bach's "Lucio Silla" stood out as a composition of substance. But it was the sounds rather than the scores which gave distinction to the concert: the gentle clarity of the gut-stringed fiddles; the sweet, true timbre of the woodwinds; above all, the purity and freshness of the natural horns, and the easy blend of the whole. While listening, one was persuaded that modern instruments are gross and overpowered, too tensely strung, too fierce and shiny—fit for such stuff as "Salome" and the "Leningrad" Symphony. Of course, one would not want to hear even gentle music by, say, Debussy, Webern, or Elliott Carter tackled by the Federal Orchestra, but—given the same conductor—I certainly would rather listen to it than to the Chicago Symphony in Haydn and Mozart. For this concert made clear on an orchestral scale what many soloists and chamber ensembles who use instruments and techniques contemporary with the music they play have demonstrated: that gentleness is not incompatible with vigor and brightness; that musicians can show strength without being aggressive.

In the second part of the program, the players were joined by solo singers and a small chorus, the Columbian Singers. Two excerpts from Arne's "Artaxerxes"—the overture and the bravura air "The soldier tir'd"—were done. (Whether they were played in Arne's own orchestration or in the rescoring by Charles Edward Horn used at the New York première of the opera, in 1828, was not stated.) They made me eager to hear the whole of "Artaxerxes" again. (Last time I heard it, it was accompanied by a twentieth-century band.) The work goes well in the theatre. Let us hope that the Federal Orchestra finds full employment, both symphonic and operatic. Its sound is needed. Two small, connected points: the string section, seven fiddles at the top and only one double bass at the bottom, seemed top-heavy; and the platform arrangement, with that bass way over on the right, suggested the twentieth century. The addition of a second bass, over on the left, might provide a more authentic eighteenth-century balance.

CONCERT performances and student productions do much to fill gaps in an operagoer's experience. Puccini's second opera, "Edgar," which Eve Queler's Opera Orchestra of New York presented in concert in Carnegie Hall last month, was not new to me; ten years ago, the Hammersmith Municipal Opera mounted it as its first production (Hammersmith is a London borough), and five years later there was a BBC studio performance. But I had not heard it grandly cast, as it was by Miss Queler, with Renata Scotto and Carlo Bergonzi in two of the leading roles. "Edgar" is an arresting piece. It does not sound like prentice work. Nor is it, in the third (and briefest) version of the score, which Miss Queler used. This was prepared in 1905, after "Tosca," after "Butterfly," and comparison with the earlier vocal scores, of 1889 and 1892, shows how considerably Puccini reworked the piece in his maturity. The libretto is—well, peculiar. Ferdinando Fontana drew it from Musset's play "La Coupe et les Lèvres," cut all the reflective passages, and shaped it as an abrupt, violent, existentialist, and curiously modern drama—formal and symbolic, not veristic. Nothing is explained; actions are shown, not motivated. The libretto is prefaced by a highfalutin poem: "Edgar are we all, for Fate leads everyone to the crossroads—shadow and light, love and death. . . . Woe if, to the light of serene love, which can on mighty pinions lift souls aloft, we prefer the obscene flame that kindles the senses, etc." Fontana's aim seems to have been a kind of "Carmen" ennobled by copious draughts of "Tannhäuser." The irresolute Edgar, the faithful Fidelia, and the tigrish Tigrana are three type-figures enacting a drama of small credibility but, on a non-realistic plane, of high poetic power. "Edgar" first appeared, at La Scala, on Easter Sunday, 1889. Fidelia was Aurelia Cataneo, Italy's first Isolde. Tigrana was Romilda Pantaleoni, Verdi's first Desdemona. In later revivals of the piece, Francesco Tamagno and Giovanni Zenatello, the first Otello and his most famous successor, played Edgar. That shows the sort of scale Puccini had in mind. It is easy to understand why he was reluctant to abandon the work and repeatedly tried to give it currency. By intention, at least, it represents opera of a different kind from that of his popular successes—more ambitious, more elevated.

The music is enjoyable. There are influences from Verdi, Wagner, Ponchielli, Berlioz, and Meyerbeer; shadows are thrown forward to "Turandot," to which "Edgar" is closer in tone than to the other Puccini operas. The scoring is filled with interesting and characteristic ideas, and the vocal writing with memorable turns of phrase. The music becomes jaunty, raises a smile, when Edgar—disguised as a monk, assisting at what purports to be his own funeral—and his friend Frank tempt Tigrana, with jewels, to dishonor the memory of the supposedly dead hero. Fidelia's aria in the last act, "Nel villaggio d'Edgar son nata anch'io," can rank among Puccini's happiest lyric inventions. When I saw "Edgar" on the stage, it was treated as a dramatic fable, presented formally, almost as a series of illustrations in a frieze, and this is probably the way to save it from absurdity. In an age disenchanted with *verismo*, "Edgar" may have a future.

In the Micaëla-Elisabeth role of Fidelia, Renata Scotto sang with warmth and intensity, and in tones that were pure and lovely except when the line was both loud and high. To the Carmen-Venus role of Tigrana, Gwendolyn Killebrew brought appropriate fire, though the focus of her voice was not always sharp. As the hero, Mr. Bergonzi produced a splendid stream of effortless, beautiful tone. Vicente Sardinero, as Frank, showed a fresh and well-founded baritone. There was good choral work from the Schola Cantorum of New York. Miss Queler, though not quite as cogent an interpreter of Puccini as she is of Donizetti and Verdi, directed a vivid performance. The show was recorded for future re-

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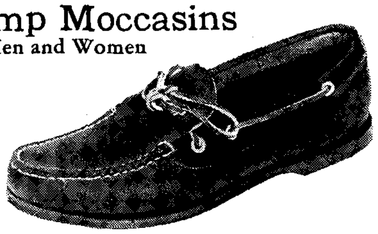

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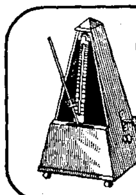

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lease by Columbia. An Italian-English libretto, printed expressly for the occasion, was supplied gratis.

THE April issue of *The Musical Times* reports on university productions of Handel's "Giulio Cesare" (uncut), Schubert's "Alfonso und Estrella," Auber's "La Muette de Portici," Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco," and Carl Nielsen's "Saul og David," all done within the span of a month and within a radius of two hours, by British Rail, from London. In March, Sadler's Wells (a state- and city-supported opera house, now maintained as a London showplace for interesting companies both British and foreign) put on a season of student opera which included Lully's "Alceste," Gluck's "Le Cinesi," Ib Nørholm's "The Garden Wall," and Brian Hughes' "Stars and Shadows" (composed, to a libretto by Ursula Vaughan Williams, to make a double bill with V.W.'s "Riders to the Sea"); the troupes came from the opera schools of London, Manchester, and Copenhagen. I wish New York could afford something of the kind—perhaps at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which is the city's showplace closest in spirit, in friendliness, and in fare to Sadler's Wells. Campus productions I have valued in this country have included Busoni's "Doktor Faust" (Bloomington, Indiana), Alessandro Scarlatti's "Griselda" (Berkeley), Robert Kurka's "The Good Soldier Schweik" (San Diego), Marc Blitzstein's "Regina" (San Jose), Debussy's "Fall of the House of Usher" (New Haven), and Richard Strauss's "Intermezzo" (Philadelphia). Seeing those required travel. In New York, this season, *there have* been Chabrier's "Le Roi Malgré Lui" (Juilliard), Wolf-Ferrari's "I Quattro Rusteghi" and Britten's "Paul Bunyan" (Manhattan School), and Tchaikovsky's "Iolanta" (Mannes College). From past seasons, Bloch's "Macbeth" (Juilliard) and the world première of Robert Starer's "Pantagleize" (Brooklyn College) stand out. According to statistics gathered by the Central Opera Service, about one of every three opera performances given in this country is done at a university (about 2,400 of the 7,109 performances tallied in 1975-76).

Juilliard's latest production is of Verdi's "Falstaff"—no rarity, but an understandable choice, since Tito Gobbi, a celebrated Italian Falstaff, was on hand to direct it. And, that being so, it was forgivable to essay a performance in Italian. But Mr. Gobbi

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did some unforgivable things. Perhaps because most of the audience would miss the wit of the Italian text and the way Verdi set it, the director set about amusing them in other ways. In Act I, Falstaff pinched the hostess's bottom. (The start of his "So che se andiam, la notte" was drowned in laughter.) In Act II, he had a merry time trying to poke a long-stemmed rose down the front of Alice Ford's dress. (Anything to do with bosoms seems to strike audiences as hilarious.) The close of Act III, Scene 1—the magical episode of distant voices calling from side to side across an empty, darkling scene—was treated as a pantomime for Ford and Dr. Caius. By then, the audience was in a mood to crash into the start of the next scene—far-off horn calls and delicate woodwind replies stealing through Windsor Forest, introducing Verdi's most exquisite love music—with the noise of their own applause for Robert Yodice's décor. As modern "Falstaff" productions go, this one was not in fact among the worst. By comparison with Götz Friedrich's at the Holland Festival, or Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's for Glyndebourne, it can be counted a marvel of sensitivity. There was nonsense in it—the host and hostess, undisguised, pressed bills upon Falstaff during the scene when he should think a supernatural rout has beset him—but basically the characters were correctly conceived and presented. And Mr. Gobbi had coached his protagonist, Ronald Hedlund, into producing a Falstaff at times uncannily close to his own; "Quand'ero paggio" seemed to be a carbon copy, inflection by inflection—a good copy of something very good. In general, however, a feeling that the players had got up their roles by rote took some of the edge off the fun. The show lacked spontaneity and natural buoyancy. (Sixten Ehrling's cautious conducting did not help.) But it did not lack accomplishment.

Ricordi assigned a publication number to a production book of "Falstaff" based on the Scala première, which the composer himself supervised. If it is as detailed as that for "Otello" (which leaves no movement and no motivation in doubt; each character, down to the last chorus member, has his actions and positions assigned—yet is told to remember that he is an individual and to act as one), it should be a revelation. But no copy has been traced. Nevertheless, we do have Verdi's own stage plans for the second and fourth scenes, and several of his observations about how "Falstaff" should be mounted:

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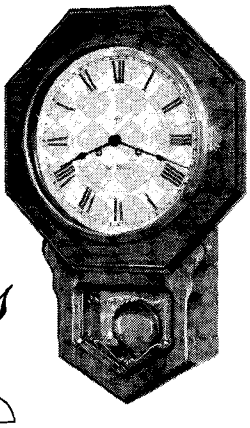

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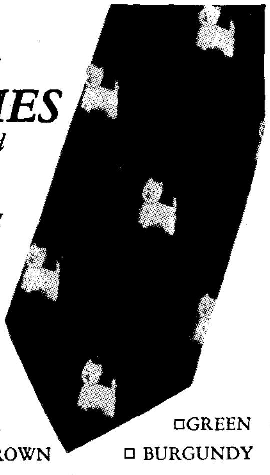

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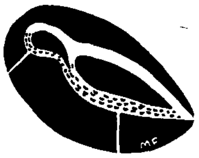
THE Opera Company of Boston's "Rigoletto," which opened last week, had several interesting features. It was done in a text based on a new critical score that H. C. Robbins Landon is preparing for the complete Verdi edition announced by Ricordi and the University of Chicago Press. It was uncut (the first uncut "Rigoletto" I've encountered in the theatre since Solti's at Covent Garden in 1964). Indeed, it was even "more than complete," in that it included Maddalena's aria. The instrumentation was reduced. The wind bass was supplied not by a tuba or a bass trombone but by a genuine cimbasso. And Beverly Sills sang the first stage Gilda of her career.



Mr. Landon's score purges the familiar text of wrong articulations, accents, and dynamics—and of some wrong notes—which have crept in over the years. Maddalena's aria was brought to light recently by Patric Schmid, a director of Opera Rara (a London-based company celebrated for its revivals of Mercadante and the rarer pieces of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and Offenbach). The aria appears in an early French vocal score (Escudier, Plate No. L.E. 1764) of 1857-58, and in all French librettos up to the one sold today. In Act III, after the Duke has gone to sleep upstairs, and before Gilda has returned in man's attire, Maddalena sings "Prends pitié de sa jeunesse"—four quatrains of plea to her brother to spare the life of the handsome young stranger: "Une sœur ou bien sa mère Doit l'attendre en ce moment." It is a suave, attractive piece of music (and in Boston it was poignantly sung, in Italian translation, by Susanne Marsee), but it is undramatic. Verdi composed it, perhaps, for the French-language première of "Rigoletto" (Brussels, 1858); Mr. Schmid gives the details in an article in the forthcoming newsletter of the American Institute for Verdi Studies. It was dropped from all later editions of the French score. Although it proved very interesting to hear the piece in context, I doubt whether "Prends pitié" deserves to become a regular part of "Rigoletto": once the storm has begun, it needs to proceed without lyrical interruption to the climax of the trio and the stabbing of Gilda.

For "Rigoletto," Verdi did not have a sunk orchestra pit; the ordinary Italian term for one is "*golfo mistico*"—and that "mystic chasm" devised by the magician of Bayreuth did not reach Italy for a long while. In 1871, Verdi regretted that Wagner's admirable idea had not been adopted at La Scala, where, in the spectator's eye, white ties and tails still mingled with costumes Egyptian, Assyrian, or Druidical, and the tops of double basses and harps formed part of the décor. (It is said that Toscanini was the first to sink the pit at La Scala.) The Orpheum, where the Boston "Rigoletto" was done, has no pit, either. This makes for an "authentic" balance—provided that the orchestra does not produce an overpowering, twentieth-century volume and intensity of sound. Sarah Caldwell's orchestra did not, since her score was stripped of second oboe, second bassoon, third and fourth horns, and second and third trombones. Their essential notes were so cunningly cued in that the average listener probably noticed nothing amiss—only that he could hear the singers uncommonly well. By using an inauthentic score, a nineteenth-century balance more authentic than usual was achieved.

The mysterious cimbasso, defined in reference books as a narrow-bore tuba, proved to be something more like a valved bass trombone, cylindrical for most of its length, then flaring into a big bell that rises over the player's shoulder but points horizontally—not, like a tuba's, upward. Its tone—the instrument used was an American one made on the Italian model—was smooth and refined, less fat than a tuba's, less brazen than a bass trom-

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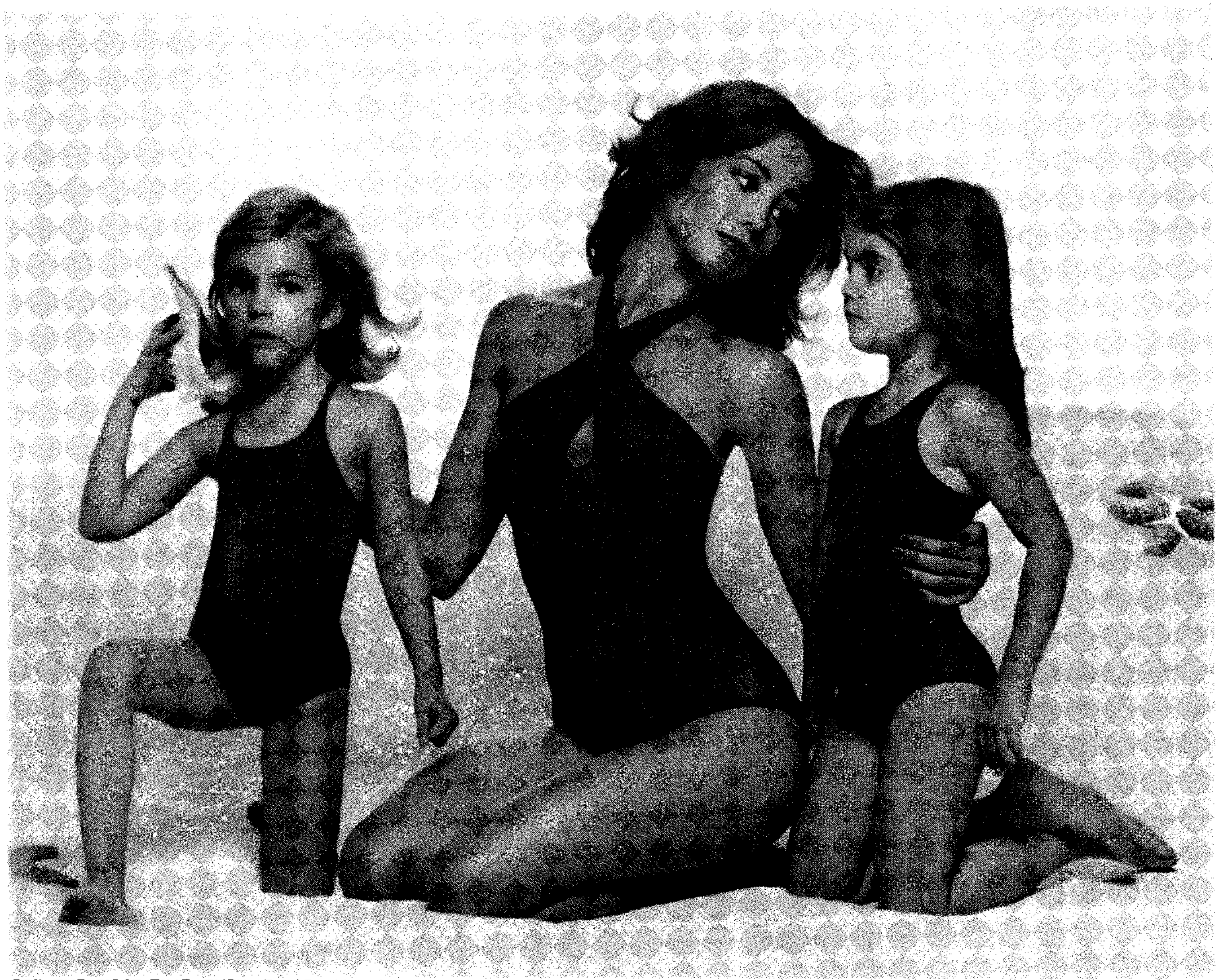

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bone's. (Verdi, incidentally, would have expected valved trombones in his orchestra, not the more fiery slide trombones used today.)

Miss Sills, it was announced, was singing despite a fever and a heavy cold. One would not have guessed it (except, perhaps, when the trill at the end of "Caro nome" slipped down to the lower note), for her voice moved freely, and there was plenty of power in the climaxes. Her interpretation, strongly and richly conceived, was often very moving—especially in the revelatory asides of the last act. Verdi once recalled how Adelina Patti, by her declamation of the three notes of Gilda's "Io l'amo," produced "a sublime effect that no words can describe." Miss Sills was not yet sublime there, but she does have the gift of investing apparently simple phrases with rare eloquence. The role suits her. It is astonishing that she has not undertaken it before. Joseph Evans was a young, fresh-voiced, mellifluous Duke, graceful and buoyant in his phrasing. Richard Fredericks' Rigoletto lacked weight and grandeur, both of tone and of personality, but his singing was clear and often ringing. Miss Caldwell's conducting was dramatic and colorful, her pacing purposive and exciting. Her staging included some needless novelty. Monterone's daughter (Diane de Poitiers in the Hugo play, "Le Roi S'Amuse," on which "Rigoletto" is based) made a mute appearance in the first scene. At the start of Act II, we were still outside Rigoletto's house, where the Duke enacted his narrative recitative ("Inner premonition prompted me to retrace my steps; the gate was open, the house deserted"). To sing the aria, he then stepped into a downstage pool of light while, behind him, the garden scene dissolved into the palace. Quite unnecessary—but not, as it happened, ineffective or destructive of the music. Especially striking was the sharp definition of the courtiers' feelings about their duke and his jester. Too many of the solos, I felt, were sung from the upper levels—the balconies and terraces—of Douglas W. Schmidt's sets; the device began to seem like a mannerism. Gilbert Hemsley's lighting was dramatic—a sharp play of light and shadows which did not depend upon follow spots.

—ANDREW PORTER

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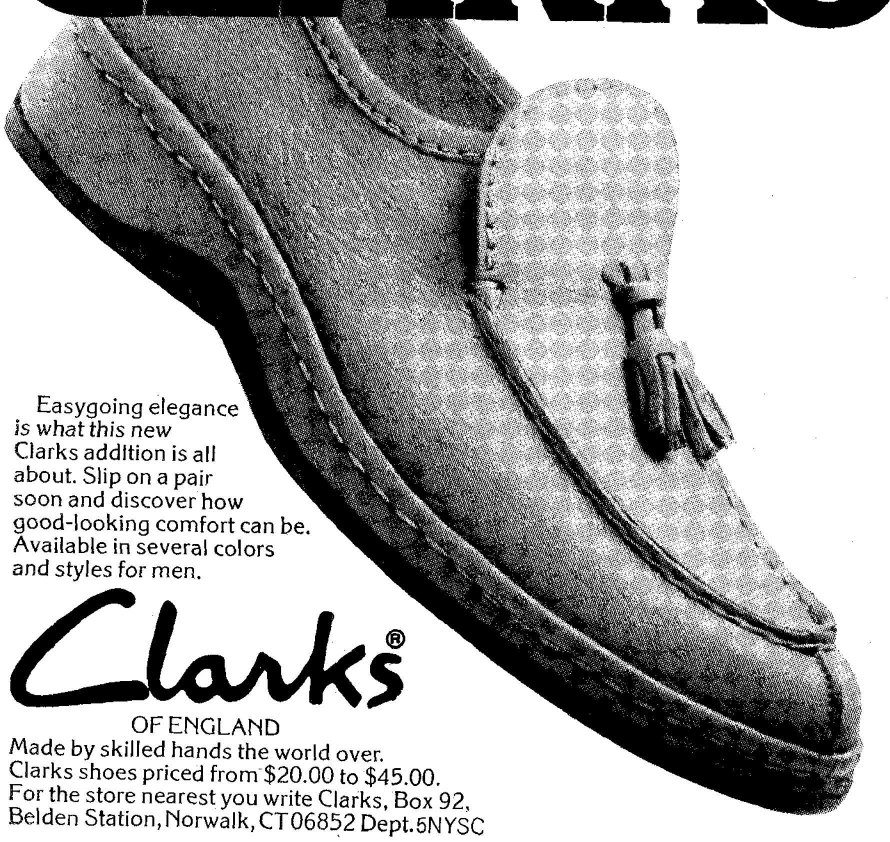

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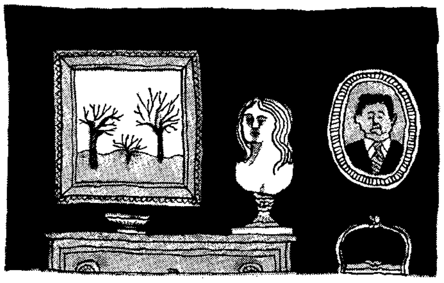
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

April 30

"I WANT to be tested in the most severe way," Jimmy Carter said in the course of his campaign last year. The words, which could be read as expressing either a lack of security or an excess of it, seemed to suggest that he would be disappointed if he found no adequate crisis on the White House proving grounds, and, out of his need for a worthy challenge, might even feel compelled to arrange one. There are some who believe that the energy crisis he proclaimed last week was in a sense contrived: it was not that he overstated the gravity of the problems he was addressing—some think he understated them—but, rather, that his timing was arbitrary. In this view, he may have served himself badly by putting forward as his first major initiative in domestic policy a program that was, as he and his colleagues well knew, bound to encounter heavy, and perhaps insuperable, resistance from industry, labor, and many other interest groups in this country, including what may be the most powerful of them all: the owners and users of automobiles. Though estimates of the world's reserves of oil and natural gas vary widely, no one has ever denied that they are finite, and it has long been clear that our society not only consumes more than its share of energy but wastes a great deal of what it consumes. If conservation is urgent now, it was hardly less so four or eight years ago—or, for that matter, forty or eighty years ago. Carter has no insights that were denied Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, or even Theodore Roosevelt. The disasters he foresees if we do not mend our ways are real enough, but if there is to be an Armageddon of energy, it will not be upon us until some time after he has left Washington. (His analysis was based largely on a Central Intelligence Agency report that predicted shortages and possible runaway price increases by 1985. But a recent United Nations study by eminent geologists and economists concluded that the world's supply of oil and gas is unlikely to be depleted within a century.) Carter could have followed the Nixon-Ford lead and got through his days in the White House with no more than an occasional admonition to avoid waste, husband existing resources, and search for new ones—this, of course, to be accompanied by denunciations of the gouging tactics of the foreign oil cartel.

That Carter chose to act as and when he did may be explained in part as his wish to have, early in his tenure, a suitable test of his capacity for leadership. Although he can trim his sails even in relatively untroubled waters, as he did when he discarded his plan for a fifty-dollar tax rebate, he does have a way of making things hard for himself, as he showed when he announced a decision not to fund the dam projects that so many politicians—particularly in the West, where his support is weakest—regard as monuments to their vision and to their concern for their constituents. However that may be, there were elements of both statesmanship and political savvy in his decision to issue his call for austerity before he had completed three months in office. The statesman is one who looks into the future and anticipates difficulties and opportunities that others either do not perceive or, in the case of difficulties, are willing to leave to their successors. And the politician who is less than a statesman knows that if there is a disagreeable task he cannot avoid performing, he had better try to handle it when his standing with the public is at or near its peak, which is generally soon after taking office. Polls conducted in April show that Carter currently has the approval of about two-thirds of the public, which means that his standing has gone up by about twenty-five per cent since Election Day. It is an impressive showing, though considerably less so than that of John Kennedy, who won narrowly in 1960 but after three months of rather meagre accomplishment in the White House—and the disaster of the Bay of Pigs—had the confidence of eighty-three per cent. Moreover, much of Carter's popularity seems to be based on wasting assets; it is more personal than political. People like his informality, his disdain for pomp and ceremony, and what they regard as his candor. But these are qualities that soon come to be taken for granted; the people may like to see a President in casual dress, but it has now become the order of the day. In matters of political substance, Carter does not do very well. Half the respondents in recent polls have disapproved of his pardoning Vietnam draft evaders. And, to what must be the astonishment and disappointment of the man who as a candidate was constantly telling the American people how "good" they were and how inspiriting their moral values were, there is more disapproval than approval of his injection of human-rights matters into foreign policy. There seems to be little conviction that he is on the right track in managing the economy, and only two per cent take him at his word when he says he will balance the budget by 1981. He might have eased the way for some of his other programs if he had put off energy until next year or later this year, but if—as is apparently the case—he felt it imperative to get Congress to write his proposals into law, this month was clearly the time to move ahead. Doing so, he knew, would lead to a drop in his ratings. (He anticipated that he would lose about fifteen per cent; the latest surveys show the loss at eight or ten.) And he has not only public opinion to think about but—more crucial at the moment—opinion in Congress, and there his ratings have never matched those in the country at large. If it will be difficult to get the program through in the coming weeks and months, it would be far more so at any time in the foreseeable future.



Now, a week after the last of his energy seminars, it looks very much as if he will be tested every bit as severely as he may have wished to be, and it seems as likely as not that while he will surely get bits and pieces of what he wants, he will, in the end, fail. What he needed first of all and most of all, as he repeatedly said before he undertook his formidable efforts at persuasion, was to convince the public that a crisis existed, or, at least, was imminent, and that a failure to meet it with a "comprehensive" policy would invite "national catastrophe." "We'll be seventy-five per cent of the way home when seventy-five per cent of the people believe there's a problem," one of his aides said then. Before his three appearances on television last week, fewer than half the people thought there was a "problem" serious enough to be treated as an emergency; now not seventy-five per cent but a mere fifty-four think that his concern was warranted. That is a gain of a few points and something of a tribute to his leadership, but it hardly provides the kind of margin likely to impress Congress, which might not be impressed even if the figure were seventy-five or eighty per cent, since its members know that it is one thing for people to accept a diagnosis and quite another for them to accept a proposed remedy, particularly as complex and multifaceted a remedy as Carter's. Whatever its shortcomings, the Carter program is, as such things go, rather delicately and purposefully calibrated. It would not work if half its major provisions were voted up and the other half voted down. An industry might conserve gas and oil by converting to coal and then go on producing more petroleum products, such as plastics or appliances that required increased use of the scarcer fuels. To tax purchasers of large, inefficient cars and reward with rebates buyers of small, more economical ones would be almost pointless unless there were some mechanism for lowering—or, at any rate, not much increasing—the overall demand for gasoline for large cars and small. It could be that the greater use of more efficient cars, with the purchase of them subsidized in part by government funds, would lead to even freer use of the automobile and to the consumption of even greater amounts of fuel than would be saved by the increase in efficiency. The five-cents-per-gallon tax to be levied—cumulatively, up to a possible fifty cents in years in which consumption exceeded the amount set by government—might hold down mileage, though some think the tax so small that it would be absorbed almost unconsciously by a people accustomed to the steadily rising cost of just about everything. When energy is in short supply, the goal is not simply to get the most out of what is used—though life can be made less painful that way—but to bring about, if not an absolute reduction in consumption, at least a brake in the rate at which consumption increases from year to year.

There are constituencies for several parts of the program—penalties and rewards for car buyers, tax credits for insulating homes and other buildings, subsidies for developers of solar energy. But there seems to be no constituency for the program as a whole, and what support there is for various parts of it seems likely to diminish as people begin to grasp the magnitude of the changes in American life that would be brought about if the nation actually charted a course toward austerity in its use of oil and gas. Carter sensed this and began softening his language and modifying his requests, making some of them sound as if he had earlier exaggerated the sacrifices entailed and explaining that they would be accompanied by certain fringe benefits that would increase prosperity and make us all not

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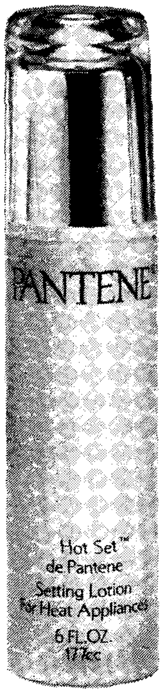

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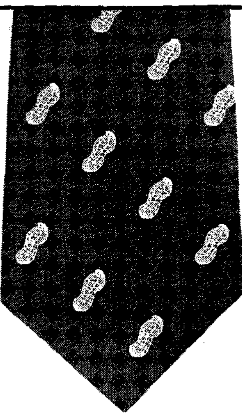

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only more virtuous but happier. (Assuming that the President saw trouble ahead and was beating a retreat, one observer said last week, "He says he's giving up fifteen per cent of his popularity on this package. He might as well have done it for a tiger as for this pussycat.") One difficulty faced by the program is that it would very likely lead to more inflation and unemployment. Some countries—Sweden, West Germany, France, Japan—seem able to maintain standards of living comparable to ours with a much lower consumption of energy. In every case, the per-capita rate is half of ours or less. Our economy is energy-intensive with a vengeance. There are almost no goods or services in which costs are unaffected by the costs of gas or oil; as these fuels become either less available or more expensive, prices rise and jobs are lost. Many economists seem to think that if Congress accepted the Carter program as currently modified, the adverse effects on inflation and unemployment, though severe enough to lead to political protest in some places, would for the most part be marginal. But if a truly effective program should be adopted, far more than jobs and the cost of living would be affected. Cheap, plentiful energy and its use as a fuel for automobiles have determined much about how we live and where we live, how and where we work, how we use our leisure, how we plan our landscapes. The automobile—its production, its merchandising, and its maintenance and that of the highways it uses—accounts for one job in six. It has had much to do with the decline of cities and the growth of suburbs and exurbs. If its use were to be greatly curtailed—through self-denial on our part or by the denial of oil by those who export it to us—whole industries would vanish, whole communities would become dysfunctional. The automobile has determined our siting of factories, schools, hospitals, and shopping places. It is all very well to talk of a greater use of mass transit; it would benefit the inner cities and some of the suburbs, but there is no way to provide mass transit to the gates of our most modern factories or to the shopping centers, whose existence depends on filling their parking lots.

There is, of course, nothing in Carter's vision so apocalyptic as the death of the shopping center. He asks only that we cut back the rate at which we *increase* our energy requirements—from four per cent annually to two per cent. If this were done, daily savings of fuel by 1985 would amount to the

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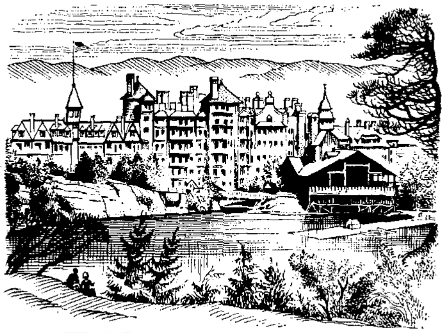

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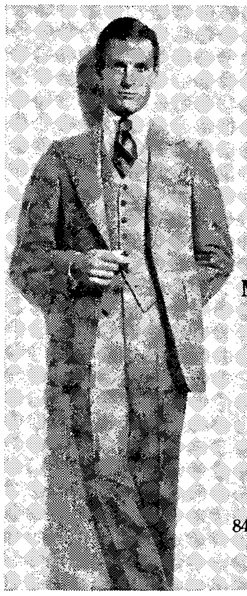

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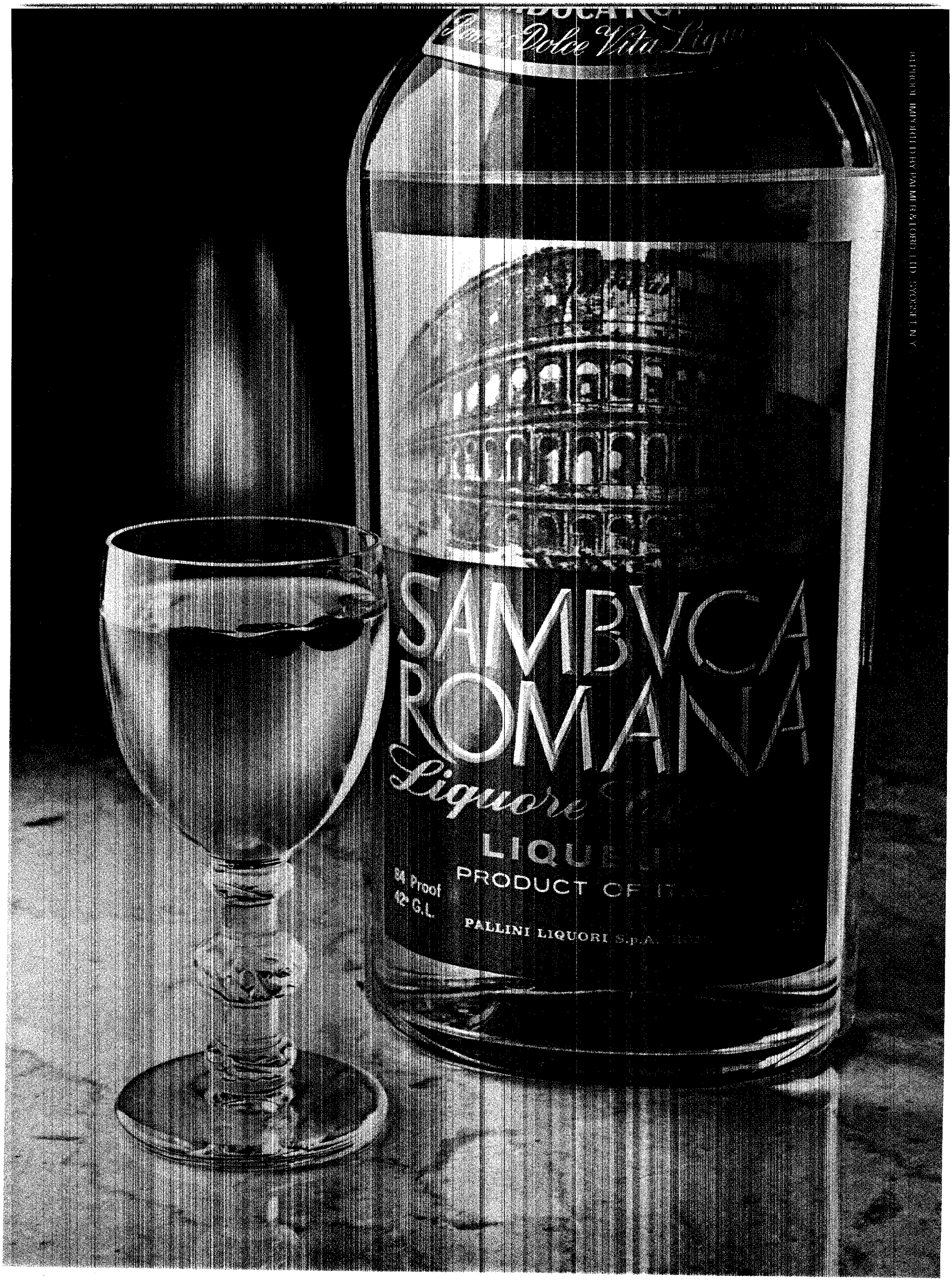
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equivalent of about eight million barrels of oil. It could even be said that eight years from now, with a population increased nine per cent and with perhaps a slow but steady economic growth, we would be getting along on no more fuel than we had in this year and last, which would mean an actual *decline* in per-capita consumption and thus a lower standard of living. A nation persuaded that it was in its own interest to accept such a program might live with it easily. The sacrifice might be as slight as staying off the road, or doing without air-conditioning, for a day or two a month. But as of now, despite Carter's strenuous effort of last week, the nation is far from persuaded, and the President would probably find that he had worn out his welcome if he made another such effort in the months ahead.

CARTER leaves for London on Thursday for another, perhaps even more difficult, campaign of persuasion. He will be engaged in multilateral and bilateral talks with the heads of government of Great Britain, West Germany, France, Italy, Canada, and Japan. The agenda could hardly be more comprehensive: the world economy, relations between the developed and the underdeveloped countries, relations with the Soviet Union and the other Warsaw Pact members, the military readiness of the West, nuclear proliferation, the export of plutonium technology, and the future of Berlin, the Middle East, and southern Africa. But the purpose of the meetings seems less to go through a fixed agenda than to provide our allies with an opportunity to size up our new President and to let him hear what they think is right and wrong about American foreign policy today. Carter, it is expected, will spend much of his time on the defensive. The Europeans in general think that he is wasting his breath and needlessly making trouble for himself and them by lecturing the Russians on human rights. (His sense of their feelings in the matter may account for the fact that he hasn't brought the subject up for more than a month.) Some Europeans are also uneasy about his efforts at disarmament. The International Institute for Strategic Studies, a widely respected multinational research organization with headquarters in London, has recently expressed apprehension over the Soviet armaments buildup, and finds the same cause for alarm in its reading of Soviet "intentions" that is found by the C.I.A., the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the Committee on the Present Danger in this country. The feeling is that Carter, his

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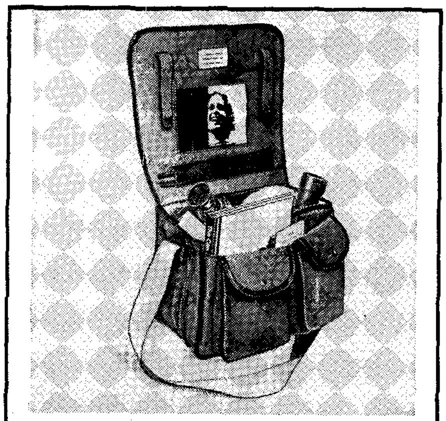

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Secretary of State, and Paul Warnke, his chief disarmament negotiator, are taking a far too sanguine view of Soviet policy and may reach some kind of accommodation with Moscow at the expense of Western Europe. There is also resentment over the American and Canadian embargoes on uranium supplies to the Common Market. The French and the West Germans do not wish to be penalized for selling breeder reactors overseas. And the Japanese are particularly troubled not only by our objections to the use of reprocessed nuclear fuel, which they see as their only sure way of lessening their dependence on imported oil, but by the clamor in certain industries here for restrictions on the import of Japanese-manufactured goods.

Carter is not likely to make any converts to his views on foreign policy. His opinions are partly expressions of his character and temperament, partly expressions of American national interests. His and our concerns are bound to be different from those of even our closest and nearest allies. But successful negotiations with foreign leaders do not require the kind of persuasion that is essential to the acceptance by Congress and the people of the sort of legislation called for in his energy program. Diplomacy seldom involves numerical majorities and minorities, parliamentary victories and defeats. It is in the nature of alliances that particular principles and policies of one participating nation should be disapproved of by others. If the Europeans send the Russians a message that they are not committed to Carter's use of the human-rights issue, their point will have been made. It is unlikely that Carter can win much agreement on his views concerning nuclear proliferation and the use of plutonium, but he and the French and West Germans can probably agree on some kind of code governing exports which will provide at least a minimum of safeguards. He can continue to follow his own lights on disarmament and at the same time reassure the Europeans that, just as we would oppose Soviet aggression, we will oppose any efforts on the part of the Russians to wring political or economic concessions from Europe by bluster. If not much is likely to be accomplished at meetings of this sort, neither is there much risk of failure. If the President comes away from them without having created the impression that he plans to abandon or radically alter the American policy that has prevailed for more than three decades, he will be able to count the meetings a success.

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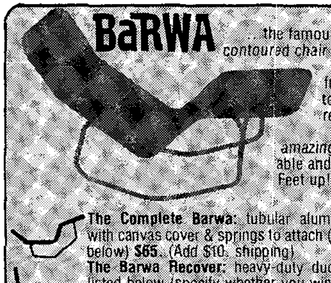

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BOOKS

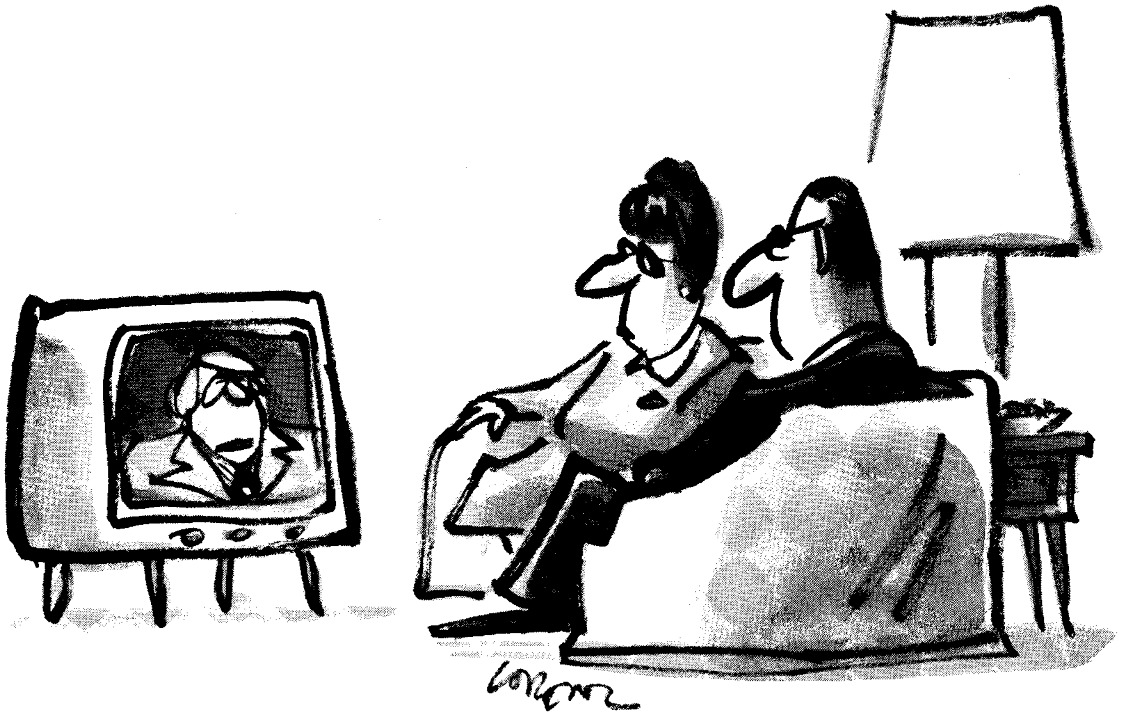
Of Cabinets and Kings

IN the Godkin Lectures for 1970, which were published by Harvard University Press as "The Myths of Cabinet Government," the late Richard Crossman, who had served in Harold Wilson's Labour Governments between 1964 and 1970, distilled a theory of how British government has changed in this century and who in Great Britain exercises ultimate political power. During many of his years in Parliament, Crossman kept a diary. A first volume, "The Diaries of a Cabinet Minister, 1964-66" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), deals with his tenure as Minister of Housing and Local Government, and offers the experience on which the theory of "Myths" is based. The material is fascinating. Crossman, a good writer who intended to publish his diary in order to tell the general public what governing is like, took pains to be vivid, exact, and frank. As far as I know, Aristotle was the first writer to compare government and household management; Crossman's mass of political-housekeeping detail gives Americans an intimate sense of the workings of a government different from yet akin to our own.

Crossman's central theme is the similarity between our chief executives. As a member of the Cabinet, he discovers that that body is no longer what British political theory has claimed. The Cabinet is not a ruling committee of the majority party in Commons chaired by a first among equals: no Minister is equal to the Prime Minister. The Cabinet does not collectively formulate national policy: most Cabinets meet to learn of policies that the Prime Minister has already determined with the help of advisers who often are not fellow-politicians but specialists that he, like an American President, has recruited. Some Ministers have more influence on the Prime Minister, some less, but most of the time, Crossman finds, they function only as delegates from their departments; he remarks that "a Cabinet Minister is reluctant to weigh in on too many things" for fear of making enemies.

Crossman offers several reasons for these changes. In "Myths," he says that Prime Ministerial government began with the wartime-emergency arrangements of the First World War and returned permanently in the Second. He mentions the device of the Cabinet committee: by allotting an issue to a small subgroup of the Cabinet, the Prime Minister detracts from the powers of the Cabinet as a collegial body. Then, too, Crossman blames the mass media for personalizing politics. The media, he thinks, impel a Prime Minister to seek stardom at the expense of the Cabinet. During the election campaign of March, 1966, Crossman complains that Wilson has been on television "every night" and "hogged most of the available Labour publicity," but after Labour has won a substantial victory he gratefully writes, "Harold's personality has been a great help—middle class, not professional or upper class. . . . They [the middle class] recognize in him a man of their own kind whom they are proud to have at No. 10." Americans have also blamed television for turning politics into theatre. I think this is a mistake. There has always been a theatrical element in politics, and people have always been curious about their rulers, for the good reason that personality and policy cannot be separated. The modern mass media are carrying out functions once performed by annalists, court poets, and gossips, and by rulers themselves: the etiquettes of medieval courts were intended to impress the barons summoned to attend the king, so that the barons, in turn, would transmit a flattering "image" of the sovereign.

Crossman thinks the most important reason for the decline of Cabinet government is that modern Ministers have too much to do in their own departments to make useful contributions on the whole range of issues that confront Britain. His diary illustrates this truth. The first problem (he never wholly solves it) is to make his Ministry serve his purposes—to insure that he is running the civil-service machine, not vice versa. The diary is enlivened by the presence of the Ministry's redoubtable Permanent Secretary, Dame Evelyn Sharp. (Her relation to Crossman has parallels in other settings—you might think of her as the tenured old dean and of him as the innovating new university president, like Dean Andrew West and Woodrow Wilson at Princeton.) Crossman and Sharp respect and defy each other: they are both so able that they cannot help valuing one another, and so committed to their own ideas and ways that they cannot help fighting all through the book. Crossman starts out with no notion how great his work load will be, but he is soon deciding large matters (how Manchester can get more water without draining the Lake District dry) and small ones (whether to preserve a house



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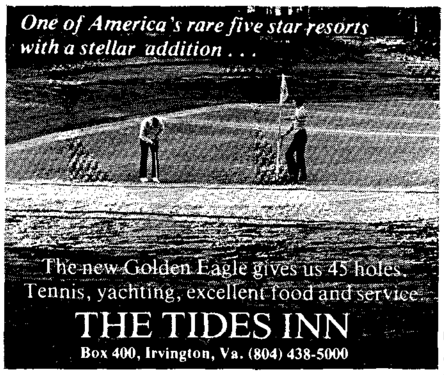

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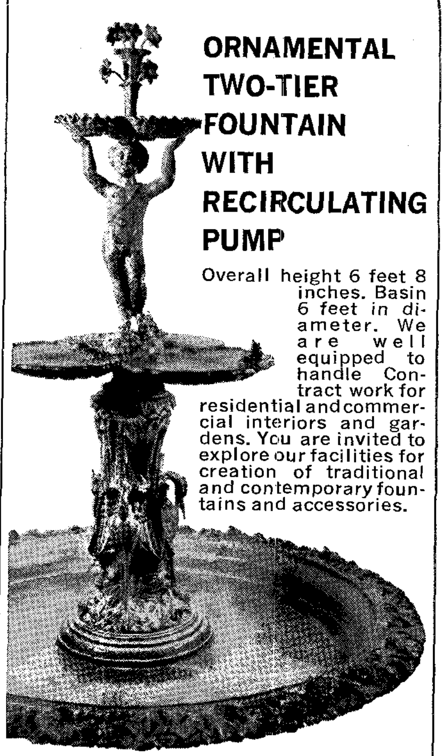
in Cheyne Walk whose owner wants to tear it down). He finds that he can never make an apolitical decision: every act of government is politics, whether it concerns local-government boundaries or a permit to build in a green belt. In the latter case, Crossman learns that green belts have a vociferous constituency, and that such high-minded groups are quite as capable of making a politician's life miserable as is any wicked special interest. Crossman also has a host of projects he wants to undertake, such as preserving coastal areas. He approaches his work at the Ministry with conscientious gusto; only outside it does he admit disappointment, telling friends, "I didn't much like being a Cabinet Minister under Prime Ministerial government but I suspected it was something that Cabinet Ministers had been suffering under ever since Churchill's war Cabinet in 1940."

Crossman never mentions one reason for the waning of Cabinet government: Cabinet government was aristocratic government. It evolved while Great Britain was run by grandees who considered themselves their country's natural rulers, and who always expected to have their wishes attended to, whether in or out of government. Nobody in the Western world now thinks of himself in quite that way. The growth of democracy may not have enhanced the egos of the humble but it has diminished the egos of the great. Crossman feels lucky to be in the Cabinet at all, and especially to have his own Ministry. Toward the end of this volume, Wilson decides on a Cabinet reshuffle, and tells Crossman that he is to become Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Commons. Crossman is not a bit happy at this news, because losing a Ministry entails "a loss of power," but he says that he "gave way straight away," and only risked a brief argument about who should succeed him at the Ministry. The change from aristocracy to democracy means that a modern Cabinet member like Crossman usually lacks great territorial or family influence, and may have little money except his salary. He has no material basis for independence—only the strengths that his personality supplies. This is an instance in which reforms that one approves (salaries for M.P.s, 1911; manhood suffrage, 1918) have consequences that one dislikes.

The British discovered that they had Prime Ministerial government (although I do not think the expression was then in use) at the time of Suez. The day after Nasser seized the canal, Prime Minister Anthony Eden set up



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WATERWAYS IN EUROPE

a small Cabinet committee—the Suez committee. Even allowing for the alibis that normally follow failures, it seems likely that many members of the Cabinet really knew as little of the plans for the descent on the canal as they later claimed. Suez was something like a British Vietnam, in that both ventures revealed the powers of what had become, in each country, an elected king. In Britain, the existence of the hereditary monarch obscures the Prime Minister's powers; the "imperial Presidency" is more visible. Yet after Suez the British public did not insist upon a grand political inquest into the powers of the Prime Minister, and it is possible that Americans are not deeply upset about the growth of Presidential power. On Suez, as on Vietnam, the objection may have been primarily to the lost battles rather than to the deviations from what had been considered correct constitutional practice. Voters may not mind the concentration of power in one man as long as he does what they want. I do not think that our potent chief executives, with their assortment of Ministries, departments, councils, and commissions, are leading us to Communism or Fascism; they look like updated versions of old European monarchs. I suspect that we remain, in our hearts, medieval people: our assumptions are Aristotelian, not positivist or existentialist; our deepest concerns are parochial, and we are content to delegate vast powers to a good king. So twentieth-century parliamentary democracy has created a brand-new *ancien régime*.

But one, I think, with a difference: the English-speaking countries have extremely powerful legislatures. Crossman, like many another political thinker, would disagree. He does not believe that the House of Commons is powerful. Yet one reason that he was made Leader of the House of Commons is that the victory won by Wilson's personality produced a Labour majority of ninety-seven, and in Britain, as in the United States, the greater a party's majority in the legislature, the greater that party's indiscipline. Those English party-disciplinary powers about which Americans hear so much are not invoked in cases of large-scale rebellion: when twenty-seven Labour M.P.s failed to vote for a Labour bill, Crossman notes, the Chief Whip did nothing, for "if he drummed twenty-seven people out of the Parliamentary Party he was merely creating a new party on the Left which would have its own parliamentary rights." Crossman's mission as Leader is to see that this kind of thing doesn't happen again; he calls

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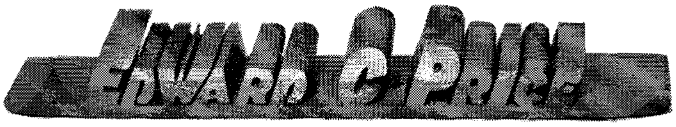

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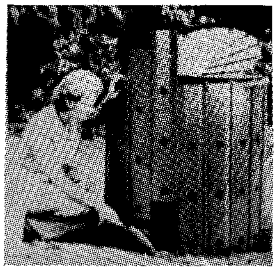

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it "making sure that the rank and file feel themselves linked with the leadership." One does not pay that kind of attention to powerless men. The alleged decline of legislatures has been attributed to the organization of modern parties and to the organization of the legislatures themselves. While it is true that organization makes individual legislators less powerful, it makes the legislative branch much more so.

The greatest difference between British government and our own—it accounts for Crossman's enormous work load—is Britain's centralization. In "Myths," Crossman said that he "personally would rather welcome . . . provincial powers to be devolved from the centre to provincial government," because Britain had "just one central government and then municipal government underneath it," and this produced "a great sense of resentment against Whitehall and the centre." Until recently, decentralization was a cause of the right. Nowadays, devolution is popular all across the political spectrum. The right complains of "big government," and the left calls for "community control." Feeling against the center is widespread, though in the United States it seems to be expressed more often against the bureaucracy than against the Presidency. Nonetheless, the most difficult problem of decentralization—attaining a national norm—remains unsolved. Crossman found, for example, that because the local authorities in Kent had been generous in providing camping sites for gypsies, Essex, which had not, was sending its gypsies (and all the social-welfare problems associated with the presence of indigent people) into Kent. In the United States, too, local control has frequently rewarded nasty jurisdictions and punished generous ones. I do not know that we will always have to choose between autonomy and equity; in the past, though, that has often been our dilemma.

Crossman's verve is stimulating. He finds government exciting, and he communicates his excitement to the reader. Such high spirits about government have been rare lately, and it is refreshing to read someone who is thinking about possibilities instead of limitations. It is also consoling to recognize that the political problems that confront Americans are not uniquely American.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COMING THROUGH SLAUGHTER, by Michael Ondaatje (Norton). A brave attempt, presented as a novel, to re-create the mind and spirit of Buddy Bolden, the celebrated, semi-legendary New Orleans cornettist who was born in 1877, went mad during a parade in 1907, and lived out his days in the East Louisiana State Hospital, where he died in 1931. Mr. Ondaatje has used all the help he could get, including his own fiction (surrealistic), brief interviews (Louis Jones: "Buddy Bolden began to get famous right after 1900 come in. He was the first to play the hard jazz and blues for dancing. . . . When he bought a cornet he'd shine it up and make it glisten like a woman's leg"), and a photograph of Bolden (the only one known, which is used as a frontispiece and which the author poetically attributes in his story to E. J. Bellocq, whose marvellous 1912 photographs of Storyville whores have been published by the Museum of Modern Art in "Storyville Portraits"). More often than not, this collage works. We understand the slow, ceremonial sense of time peculiar to New Orleans, we see the leaking colors of the houses and streets, and we feel the brilliant pressures of the music. But the book really works when Bolden begins to go mad and Ondaatje moves right inside his head. The title is unfortunate: "Slaughter" is not carnage but a town near Baton Rouge that Bolden was taken through on his way to the hospital.

"FOOLS SAY," by Nathalie Sarraute, translated from the French by Maria Jolas (Braziller). A babble of voices tumbling over themselves as they examine and evaluate certain persons, objects, and ideas. The speakers are not named or identified, and the persons and things being scrutinized are never more than partly described. Threading through the voices is an anxious desire to be "intelligent" and a fear of being a "fool": "One of our teachers, one of the greatest, spotted a sort of limp, slippery idea, he isolated it, he compressed it as he knows how to do, reduced it to a few words, put it between quotes, and without further ado, without an additional touch, without running the risk of getting soiled, without deigning to lose his precious time, he added the simple warning: 'fools say.' " Again: "Sometimes you are amazed to hear from the mouths of persons you revere as 'the most intelligent,' things that if you only dared to examine them you would call the 'most arrant nonsense.' " In a way, Mme. Sarraute disarms criticism by describing the enthusiasms and self-doubts of critics and their eagerness to be "right;" anything one says about this book is also what "fools say." Yet, after the wit of the first few sardonic reversals has worn off, one does miss the coherence of a conventional narrative.

GENERAL

Hermit of Peking: The Hidden Life of Sir Edmund Backhouse, by Hugh Trevor-Roper (Knopf). Edmund Backhouse (1873-1944) was a genuine baronet, but practically everything else about him was fraudulent, from his memoirs to his benefactions. Nobody knew this until Trevor-Roper, in 1973, was entrusted with the manuscript of Backhouse's autobiography—a mixture of pornography, tall tales, and verisimilitude—which he, as a historian, was supposed to check out. That took some doing. Backhouse was a good student, with an exceptional gift for languages, but he incurred such heavy debts at Oxford that he fled England as a bankrupt, without taking a degree, and fetched up in China, where his knowledge of the language, rare among Westerners, made him useful to Western businessmen and diplomats; he persuaded them that he had entrée to the Chinese authorities (he did not), and he promised great coups (never delivered) to Western railroad consortiums; to John Brown & Company, the Scottish shipbuilders; to the American Bank Note Company; and to the British government when it attempted to buy arms in China during the First World War. He gave the Bodleian two immense collections of genuine Chinese books and then donated a third, forged collection. His secretiveness, hypochondria, gentility, and scholarship kept his victims from comparing notes, and, until this book appeared, Backhouse ranked as an eminent sinologist. Trevor-Roper's reconstruction of his real career is like a magic show: now you see him, now you don't. Backhouse remains as uncannily plausible as he evidently was in life, and the reader is always expecting a spark of honesty even while yet another giant hoax is being prepared by the subject (and his biographer).

The Vidocq Dossier, by Samuel Edwards (Houghton Mifflin). François Eugène Vidocq was born, the son of an Arras baker, in 1775, served in the Army, sailed on a pri-

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vateer, did time in the galleys, worked as a police spy, invented the plainclothes detective, founded the Brigade de la Sûreté, led the Sûreté Nationale, experimented with fingerprints as a means of identification, experimented with handwriting as a means of identification, experimented with ballistics as a means of firearms identification, invented the private-detective agency, inspired Balzac's famous Inspector Vautrin, inspired Eugène Sue's crusading belief in the possibility of rehabilitating criminals, founded a moneylending agency (which collected bad debts by robbery), enjoyed the friendship of Balzac, Hugo, Sue, Gautier, Louis Napoleon, and Dumas, married three times and never had fewer than two or three mistresses in hand, enjoyed the best of food and drink, and died in Paris, in 1857, in a flat he maintained for a comfortable *maison à trois*—rich, respected, feared, and world-famous. Mr. Edwards traces this extraordinary career with admiration and zest, and with an honest attempt to separate the truth from the fabrications with which Vidocq was encumbered by both his friends and his enemies.

•

RING NASON

THIS notice must be brief, as his life was brief, but notice must be taken that Ring Nason was found dead Thursday before last, at the age of twenty-two. He had worked here, on and off, in our Messengers' Room, and, summers, when he was not carrying manuscripts, letters, and books all over town, played in our weekly late-afternoon softball games in the Central Park Sheep Meadow; he was one of our best fielders and probably our strongest hitter. He was more than liked—he was well loved. It's a rainy afternoon as we write this—wet and cool, a good day only for transplanting shrubs. Bad weather for couriers around New York City; fine for staying indoors but definitely not a time to be outside. Our parting words to him were "Goodbye and good luck." How we wish we could have told him what we thought of him—that his green vigor promised a fine and durable flowering. But some promises aren't kept, so instead we are saying that we mourn with his family and miss him; it is terrible that summer is coming and Ring will not be back.

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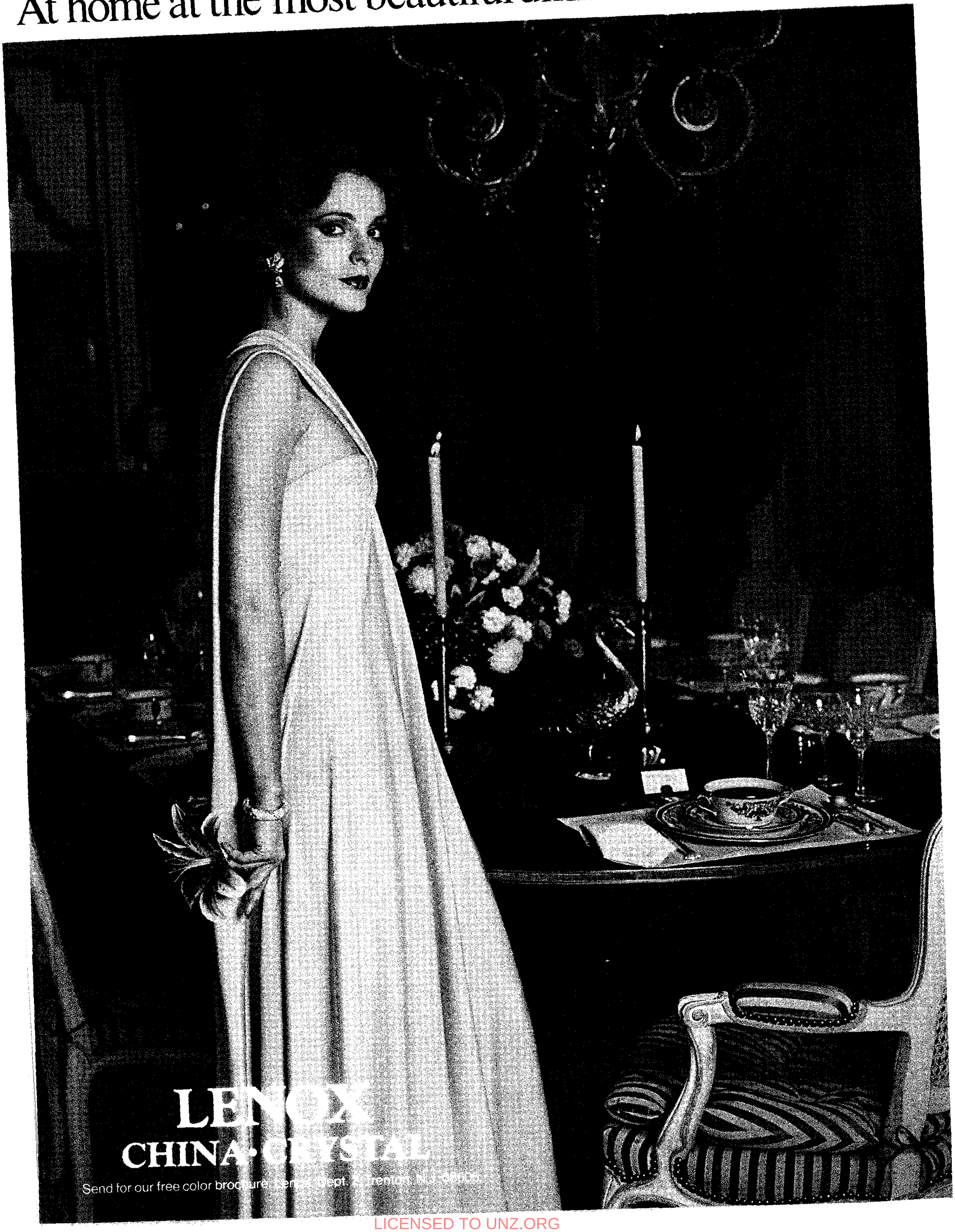
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